

CHATTELAIN

APRIL

1960

15¢

The Canadian Home Journal



Exclusive: The Czar's sister tells her story
I'm tired of being a New Canadian
Women's TV shows—good or bad?

Is she a typical Canadian beauty?





SHE HAS A WORLD OF SPACE AT HER FINGER-TIPS— *with the new, roomy G-E swing-out shelves*

That shopping list is just half the story because the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer really packs them in without taking up extra floor space. Wait till you see the wonderful Swing-Out Shelves! They swing out for easy selection and easy cleaning, and they really shout "strength" — the sturdiest shelves you can get.

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Democracy needs your personal touch

ABOUT A YEAR AGO a six-month-old baby girl was found dead in an unheated shack on the outskirts of an Ontario town. One of several children, her father had been out of work most of the winter. The coroner's verdict was that she had died of malnutrition. He also noted that her nose had been broken in a fall and it had not been treated. "Why didn't somebody *do* something?" was the question that flashed across the mind of everyone who read of the tragedy. Later, when the case was investigated, neighbors admitted that they knew that the family was in desperate need of help, but they didn't feel that the matter was "their business."

Then there was the recent case of the woman who stepped into a taxi and found the cabby driving in an erratic manner and muttering strangely. No psychologist was needed to tell that this man was seriously disturbed. She got out as soon as possible, but she called neither the head office of the taxi company nor the police. The next day she read in the paper that the driver had been killed in an accident in which two passengers were seriously injured.

Do you remember the report of the farmer whose car had stalled at the side of a busy highway in midwinter? His truck was full of chickens which were slowly freezing to death as car after car sped by, oblivious to his anguished signals for a lift to the nearest garage where he could get help.

What you do *is* important

When we lived in smaller communities we would complain to the local store owner if goods were damaged on arrival. Today, if merchandise is imperfect, we are more inclined to shrug and simply switch to another brand. The manufacturer or store owner can't do much about remedying the situation, if he isn't told what is wrong.

As our society grows more complex, we abdicate more and more our individual responsibility to one another. We tend to think we are ineffective unless we act through public bodies. We feel the government should do something about the matter, or the schools or the church — not ourselves. We forget that a democracy needs the individual effort, thought and conscience of many people. Sometimes our sins of omission and indifference can be as serious as if we wantonly maimed or killed another human being. We don't wish, nor do we have the time, to poke our noses into other people's business, but we should have the courage to act when action is obviously our duty.

Dr. F. Cyril James, principal of McGill University, summed up our obligation in today's world when he said, "Freedom to help others is one of the fundamental liberties of mankind. It is much more fundamental than freedom of speech and much older, and it is more vital than freedom from want."

Alton Goldbloom
EDITOR



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, APRIL 1960

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Trushay

Look for Trushay in its new
"dressing table" bottle!

What's New at Chatelaine

Elaine Collett (second from
left) at Seville olive plant.



That's Chatelaine all over

CHATELAINE editors *do* get around! Over a period of two weeks recently six of them were scattered halfway around the world. **Elaine Collett**, director of Chatelaine Institute, was in Spain, gathering food facts on Spanish cooking and especially olives—as we see above. **Editor Doris Anderson** was in Vancouver and other western cities, contacting writers. **Christina McCall Newman** was in New York on a writing assignment. Home planning editor **Barbara Reynolds** was in Quebec City, working on Homes '60. **Vivian Wilcox** was in Montreal, looking for new clothes for our June fashion feature, and **Dorothy Dew** was in Ottawa, making a speech.

Man with a royal exclusive

A mutual interest in old icons brought together author and subject in the case of **Ian Vorres**, who wrote the biography of **Grand Duchess Olga** which begins on page 23. Besides collecting icons, Vorres also collects stamps, breeds Great Danes and drives fast cars. He helps the Grand Duchess into his sports car for a spin in the country, below. Vorres was born in **Athens, Greece**, and educated there and in the U. S. During World War II he served with OSS, the U. S. intelligence organization, behind the German lines



Writer Ian Vorres and Grand Duchess Olga at her Cooksville, Ont., home.

in Greece. After the war he came to Canada and took a degree in philosophy at Queen's, and his master's degree at the University of Toronto. A mountain climber, he has scaled most of the mountains we know through Greek mythology with the exception of Mount Olympus which he plans to tackle this summer. He began to write professionally after he had won a poetry as well as a short-story contest at the University of Toronto. For two years he was art critic of the daily *Hamilton Spectator*. Every summer when he goes back to Greece, he searches out more icons for his collection, which is one of the best private ones on the continent. His book on the Grand Duchess Olga will be published later.

Murder is fun for her

Thirty-four books, nine motion pictures and three plays is the impressive list of works to date of author **Mignon G. Eberhart**, who wrote **Speak of Love . . . and Murder** (page 28). Mrs.



Author Eberhart

Eberhart says she began to write in her early teens when she used to swap English essays for the answers to geometry problems with an obliging classmate. After several novels and plays were filed away in the ash can, she made her first sale in her early twenties. The successful work was a murder mystery, and murder mysteries then became her specialty. "They're fun to write—and fun to read," she says. She attributes some of her writing success, however, to the fact that she married a civil engineer and traveled all over the world. She wrote, she says, in self-defense, to pass the time in remote areas. Mrs. Eberhart now lives in New York.

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What's New in the shops

Inspired by Paris

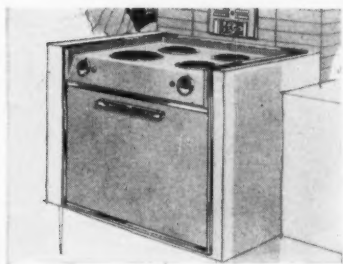
In the **Paris spring collections**—many collarless, sleeveless dresses; two-piece styles with princess-cut tunic tops; long torso styles with lightly gathered skirts; many pleats. **Fabrics** are invariably featherweight. The result — soft and subtle silhouettes. Watch for similar lines and details in Canadian summer clothes.



Around the house

From Canadian and American furniture shows, home decorating editor **Barbara Reynolds** reports: the increasing popularity of Colonial furniture; the U. S. adoption of early **French-Canadian** furniture designs; the vogue for **striking ornamentation** on wood pieces—buffets with sliding doors of enameled copper, walnut tables inset with brass, leather or rosewood; **strong colors** such as electric blues, deep purples, tropical yellows and orange upholstery fabrics. Especially in the Canadian Furniture Mart, there is a general feeling of more individuality and scope for personal expression in furnishing a home.

Now small and budget kitchens get a **built-in look** from a free-standing **range**. Available in pink, yellow, turquoise and white. Canadian General Electric, about \$289.



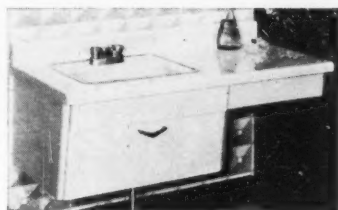
Carefree cooking

"**Boil-Pak**" is the latest arrival in frozen prepared meals. All you do is put the **clear plastic pouch** food container into a pan of boiling water and presto! in a few minutes you have broccoli with hollandaise

sauce, creamed spinach, green beans supreme or some other delectable dish. Shrimps creole and potatoes au gratin come in their own heat-and-serve aluminum casserole. The price is about thirty-nine cents for a packet for two — at present available in Ontario and Quebec.

Bathroom vanity

Designed for a bath-dressing room or powder room, **Pioneer Vanity** (below) illustrates the new status of prefabricated merchandise. The top is of Arborite in golden glitter on various colors, with painted cabinet. Price about \$67, made by Moore Woodworking Limited of Toronto and available through lumber dealers across Canada.



New faces to order

Illusion Wand will give you that dimple you've always wanted—or a new slant to the cheekbone. The wand is a **double-barreled pencil**. With one end you trace the required contour line on your face, with the other you blend the line into your foundation cosmetic then apply powder. Price is \$3.60. By Diedré Products, 370 Eglinton Avenue West, Toronto.



Verve—a new **figure-control machine**—has transistor, will travel. Portable, packable, weighing only one and a half pounds, it is battery-powered for use anywhere. By Relax Acizor, about \$300.

Correction: TCA Jetliners

TCA's new **Jetliners** begin domestic service in **April**; the transAtlantic service, from Montreal to London, will start in **June**. We regret that incorrect dates were published in March — Fashion Flies in New Jet Colors.

What's New Continued on page 4

Some things you should know about . . .

Excessive Drinking

MOST CANADIANS either leave alcoholic beverages alone entirely—or they drink moderately and sensibly, mainly for social and special occasions.

Unfortunately, however, there are 250,000 men and women in our country who cannot control their drinking—and most of them break down socially, emotionally and physically. Inevitably, they also damage the lives of their families and other people . . . sometimes tragically.

Since alcoholism is among our most important health problems, it deserves our attention. These questions and answers may give you a better understanding of it.

Why do people become alcoholics?

Medical science does not yet know the precise cause or causes of alcoholism. Authorities agree, however, that emotional difficulties—tension, worry, guilt, inferiority and other dreaded feelings—are certainly connected with alcoholism. The alcoholic drinks to escape his inner conflicts. And he becomes so dependent on alcohol that he cannot face life without it.

What are the warning signs of alcoholism?

When a person starts "gulping" alcohol to "fortify" himself, trying to hide from others how much and how often he drinks, drinking alone or in the morning, giving strange excuses for his behavior, having trouble on the job or at home . . . addiction to alcohol may be in the offing. It may develop quickly

—within a few months—or slowly over a period of years.

Can an alcoholic recover?

Recovery depends on the alcoholic's own fundamental desire to stop drinking—and, having stopped, never to drink alcohol in any form again.

Medical treatment is becoming increasingly important in furthering recovery. New drugs help ease the alcoholic's discomfort. Psychotherapy helps him recognize his problems and enables him to deal with them without alcohol.

What should you do to help an alcoholic?

Face the problem without embarrassment . . . just as you would any other serious threat to your home and your family.

The family—especially those members closest to the alcoholic—should seek help from someone who knows the problem. The family doctor, or a clergyman, or a social worker, or a friend may be able to advise you about the best course to take.

Alcoholics Anonymous helps many people conquer their compulsion to drink. The only requirement for AA membership is an honest desire to give up liquor. There are no dues or fees for its services. In many communities there are also special clinics for the treatment of alcoholism.

When given the help they need, many alcoholics can recover and make a fresh start in the world.

Help for the Alcoholic and His Family

Alcoholics Anonymous is listed in the telephone directory of most cities.

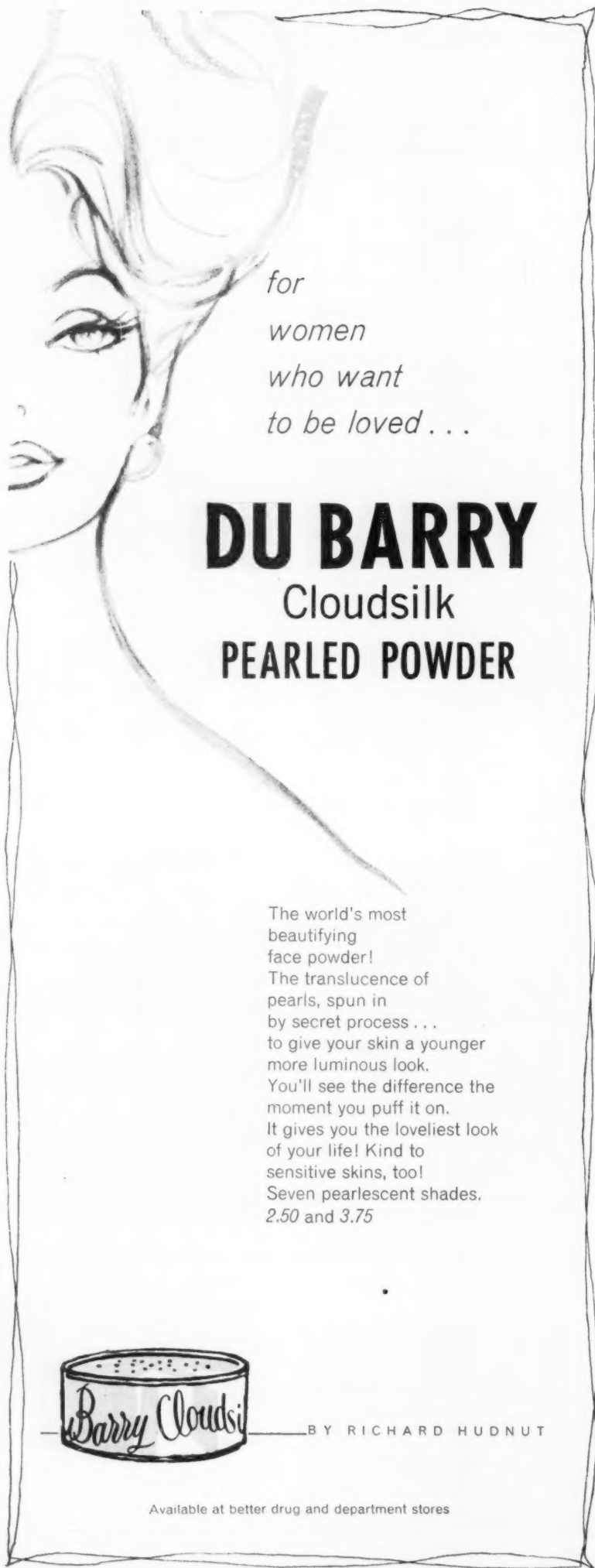
For family guidance, educational material or consultation, enquire from your family doc-

tor, your local hospital or your Municipal or Provincial Department of Health.

Metropolitan's new booklet—"Alcoholism, A Guide for the Family,"—summarizes the most important facts about this problem and offers helpful suggestions for its solution.

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What's New with you

By JESSIE LONDON

Three bookworms turned . . . and now **St. Martin, Que.**, has its own library. Credit goes to avid readers **Mrs. G. E. Fountain** and **Mrs. E. A. Walker**, who determined to tackle their community's need for a library. A call for aid, posted in the local supermarket, brought **Mrs. L.**



Schwartz, Fountain, Walker at work.

Schwartz, and all three signed up for a ten-week night course for volunteer librarians at **Macdonald College**, twenty miles away in **Ste. Anne de Bellevue**. A dentist gave his basement for the library; public and publishers gave three hundred books; a mill gave lumber for shelves (husbands **Fountain** and **Walker** gave the carpentry skill); and local merchants gave cheques. A children's section? "Certainly," says **Mrs. Walker**. "we have five school-age children in our own households."

Calling all clubs: Send in your entries for **Chatelaine's** third annual **Club Award** to be made in September to the Canadian women's group which has, woman for woman, made the most outstanding contribution to its community for the 1959-60 season. Last year's award went to the **Ladies' Auxiliary to the Kinette Playground, North Bay, Ont.** Tell us the number of members in your club, the purpose of your project, the members' contribution in time and money toward the project, and the money-making method used. To the winner will go the **Chatelaine Club Award** plaque and a cheque for **one hundred dol-**

lars. Deadline for entries: in the mail by **May 16, 1960.**

Woman of the month

CHATELAINE tips its hat to **Dr. Irene Uchida**, second-generation Japanese-Canadian, who has been named director of the **Winnipeg Children's Hospital** department of genetics. Pert, youthful **Dr. Uchida** thus becomes the first of her race to head up a Canadian hospital department, and the third Canadian woman to lead a research project in the field of human heredity. (The others: **Dr. Norma Ford Walker** of **Toronto University** and **Hospital for Sick Children**, and **Dr. Margaret Thompson**, of the **University of Alberta**, Edmonton.) **Vancouver-born** **Dr. Uchida** moved east with her family during the wartime security transfer of Japanese families. She received her PhD in genetics in 1951, and joined her professor, **Dr. Walker**, in starting up the new genetics research department in the



Geneticist
Uchida

Hospital for Sick Children. **Dr. Uchida's** work in Toronto was recognized last year by a **Rockefeller Foundation** fellowship for research at the **University of Wisconsin**, in Madison. While there she received **Winnipeg's** bid to lead their pioneering project.

They're doing something about: home-town improvements

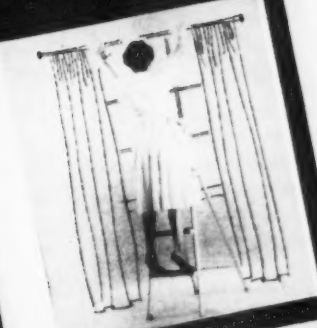
A peppery lot — maybe because they'd never be there otherwise — are the women in local politics in

What's New continued on page 6



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For the busy life you lead! You can bend, stretch, dash for the door in perfect comfort, perfect ease, everything under perfect control. If you're not wearing a Sarong right now, hurry to your favorite store and make amends. You'll love the freedom and the figure only Sarong can give you.



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B
All over shaping. White batiste, leno and satin elastic. Odd and even sizes. B 32-38 - C 32-40. \$13.00.

C
Bra in white embroidered sheer and lastex. 32A-40C. \$4.00. Paris-dip front, pull-on girdle, white power net. S-M-L-XL. \$7.50.

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What's New with you Continued

Canada. From **Halifax** we hear of **Councilor Eileen Stubbs**, whose forte is asking questions—and getting answers which bring results: improvements in city hospital service; saving money on school construction to boost teachers' pay. Councilor Stubbs astounded fellow members when she turned up for an important meeting the day following the birth of her eighth baby. Century-old **Charlottetown** has voted in its first woman councilor — **Mrs. Dorothy Corrigan**.



Ground-breaker Mallory and rooters.

North Bay, Ont., Alderman Nell Mallory had two planks in her platform when she ran for council two years ago — a unified parks and recreation organization for the city's youth, and a new home for the aged. The first is now fact, and, this August, Alderman Mallory (who chairs the welfare committee of council), will see the opening of **Cassell Holme** residence for two hundred and twenty-five senior citizens of the area.

The woman's touch by **New Brunswick's** first woman mayor, **Mrs. Allan McLean**, has made the village of **Port Elgin** a brighter place. One of the bylaws sponsored during Mayor McLean's one year in office gives taxpayers an assessment reduction of one hundred dollars for the year if they paint the outside of buildings on their properties. Other credits racked up before Mrs. McLean retired recently: improvements in fire fighting, streets, sidewalks and welfare.

Crowning nineteen years in Toronto city politics (eleven as a school trustee), **Alderman May Robinson**

attended the official opening of the three-million-dollar **May Robinson House** — largest low-rental apartment project for the elderly in North America. The long-time welfare exponent (retarded children; the deaf, the unemployed), barely paused for reception tea and cakes, then set forth in search of a site for more low-rental housing.

Add to your list of Canadiana: **Songs of Old Manitoba** (Ryerson, \$3.95), the province's first published collection of home-grown folk songs. The author is **Winnipeg** musician-historian **Margaret Arnett MacLeod**.

A gal from the east, with a flair for western music, has given **St. Catharines, Ont.**, an all-girl orchestra. Guitar-playing songstress **Jackie Hicks**, of **Dalhousie, N.B.**, arrived in the Ontario orchard-belt city to find no ready-made market for her solo act. Now she has rounded up her own six-girl western group, with members ranging in age from sixteen to thirty,



Singer Hicks fits Carol Woiceshyn

and, in occupation, from school-girl to city-hall stenographer. Billed as **Dynamite and the Firecrackers**, and outfitted in costumes designed and stitched up by Jackie herself, they are booked for a six-month contract in a **St. Catharines** theatre. Off the bandstand, Jackie works as a checker in a dry-cleaning plant. Her hobby: oil painting.

Quote of the month

Eighty-year-old retiring **Alderman Anna Sprott** of **Vancouver**: "I'll continue to fight for women's equality. We don't have equality, only some sops . . . as long as banks refuse to give women executive training and women city employees have to retire at sixty."

What's New to see and hear

By EDNA MAY



Edna May and actor Austin Willis:
Can a Canadian actor afford success?

Wandering Willis: act and see the world

Easter in Stockholm is on the agenda of Canadian actor **Austin Willis**: he's scheduled to play an American secret-service agent in a Paramount thriller, **The Man in the Middle**, with **William Holden** and **Lilli Palmer**. In a series of successful dates abroad last year, Austin made movies in England, scored a hit in London's West End, appeared in Paramount's **A Crack in the Mirror** with **Orson Welles** in Paris, and then moved into Munich for a Columbia picture — untitled at presstime — with **Curt Jurgens** and **Gia Scala**. On a short trip home this winter Austin appeared on CBC-TV (GM Presents) and starred in **The Tunnel of Love** at Toronto's Lansdowne Theatre. Why does he spend so much time away from home? "Two reasons," he tells me. "To make more money and to avoid overexposure at home. The only way Canadian actors can really make a living is to take as many parts as they can get. But at the same time the public doesn't like to see the same face turn up in too many roles too often." After **Sweden**, Willis will be off to **Rome**, for a still untitled film with a Biblical theme.

Music menu at Stratford

Louis Applebaum, music director at the Stratford Shakespearean Festival has organized the most stimulating season yet. Not only will he conduct **Gilbert and Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore** (July 15 - August 14) in the Avon Theatre, with **Tyrone Guthrie** directing, but he



Louis
Applebaum

will also again head Stratford's National Festival Orchestra and Musicians Workshop. Resident artists will include **Glenn Gould**, pianist; **Oscar Shumsky**, outstanding violinist and professor at the Juilliard School of Music in New York; and **Leonard Rose**, a long-time first cellist with the New York Philharmonic. Applebaum has also announced the biggest International Composers Conference ever held. Sponsored by the Canadian League of Composers, this also will be a Stratford highlight, during the week of August 7. On hand will be visitors from thirty countries, including Russian composer **Dimitri Shostakovich**.

Italy steps on Canada's stage

For the first time since 1924, when **Eleonora Duse** made her final tour



Italy's **Piccolo Teatro di Milano** production of *Servant of Two Masters*.

of the United States, an Italian theatre troupe is visiting this continent. The famous **Piccolo Teatro di Milano** began its tour in New York, is booked into Her Majesty's Theatre in Montreal (March 21-26), then will play Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre (March 28-April 2). The company, which is presenting **Goldoni's The Servant**

What's New continued on page 8



Now! Guaranteed "non-run tops and toes"!

From Corticelli comes striking new evidence of fashion leadership! Sensational Corticelli hose with famous "NON-RUN TOPS AND TOES" is now GUARANTEED! If runs ever enter the leg area from the top or the toe — and the "pencil test" above proves they *can't* — written guarantee assures you of a new pair FREE! You'll welcome this lasting beauty

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What's New to see and hear Contd.

of **Two Masters**, with **Marcello Moretti** starring, performs in the two-century-old *commedia dell'arte* style, which is guaranteed to make all proceedings joyously comprehensible to all audiences — Italian or not.

Tiger-free houses, tense husbands and college injustice

For a pick-me-up try **Alexander King's** current best seller, **May This House Be Safe From Tigers** (Simon and Schuster through Musson, Toronto, \$4.50).



Alexander King

King will no doubt stay at the top of the best-seller ladder for the rest of the year, as he did with his first book **Mine Enemy Grows Older**. In zany, yet erudite sketches the author takes you through his unusual life from the first premature minute (when he weighed less than a broiler and was warmed in the oven), until he winds up in **Greenwich Village**. King makes such diverse people as artists, garbage men, dope addicts, beautiful women and even "the man who practised Creative Stupidity" come to life with witty words and original drawings. I think his philosophy on love and the relationship of the sexes is the best part of the book. I get bored with some of the cuss words he seems to feel obliged to keep repeating, but still I would say that if you don't read anything all season, read this one. I'm already looking forward to his third, reportedly more serious work, **I Should Have**

Kissed Her More, which is scheduled for publication next year.

A different kind of do-it-yourself book has been written by **Beth Wheeler**, wife of "America's Number One Salesman," Elmer Wheeler.

How To Help Your Husband Relax (Double-day, \$4.50)

warns wives to take better care of spouses so as to ward off breakdowns and heart attacks. Mrs. Wheeler insists on **vacations, long weekends and few arguments**. Most of all, she says, make your husband feel important, interesting and intelligent. There is some excellent advice in this book but its weakness is caught in the dedication: "To Elmer—who wishes I could more consistently practise that which I preach." I also feel that it's a bit too much to blame the women, who these days are being blamed for all that is wrong with our society, for the fact that more men are dying of heart attacks.



How-To's Wheeler

Another title to watch for is **The Affair**, by English writer **C.P. Snow**



Novelist Snow

(Macmillan, \$3.50). Ignore the unattractive printing job to read about a miscarriage of justice at a college when a young scientist is dismissed. As in all Snow's work, there are men of more or less good intentions on both sides. **END**

CHATELAINE

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The beauty of the soft colors of ScotTowels is heightened by the new texture. So it isn't surprising that these new towels - together with their attractive, durable holders are showing up in the smartest powder rooms as well as the brightest kitchens. (A comforting thought to know your guests need never again see a soiled hand towel in your home.)

And here's more news. Super-Absorbent ScotTowels not only come in white, pink and yellow, but also are now available in two sizes: a handy new Big Roll of 228 towels and the Regular Roll of 150 towels. Both fit the ScotTowel holder. Discover the joy of these new towels right away. Look for Super-Absorbent ScotTowels at your food market.



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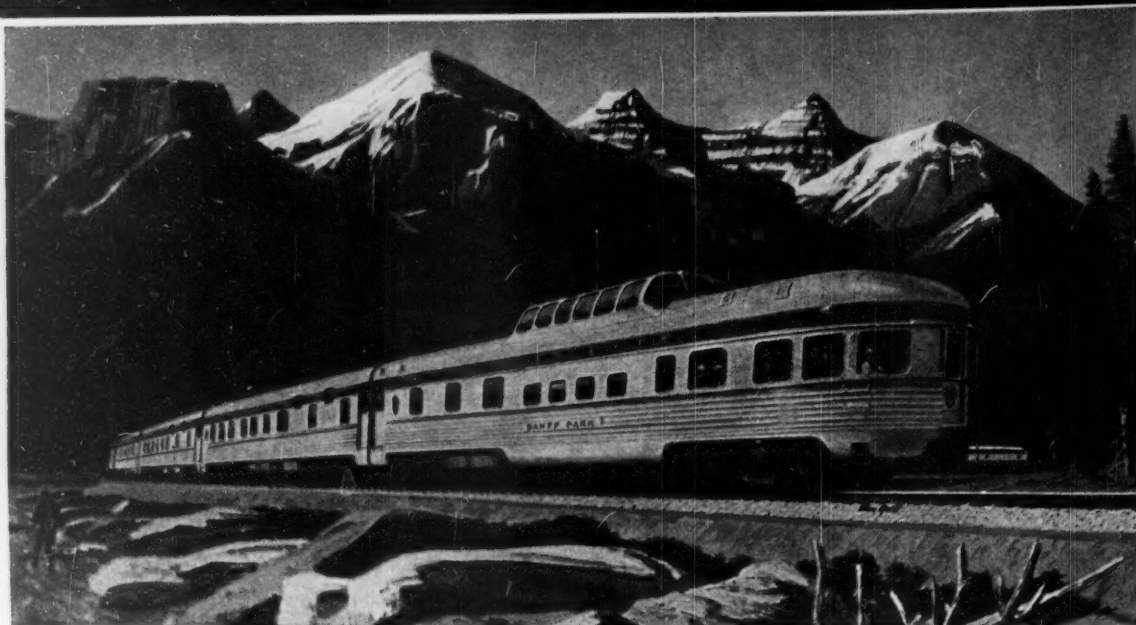
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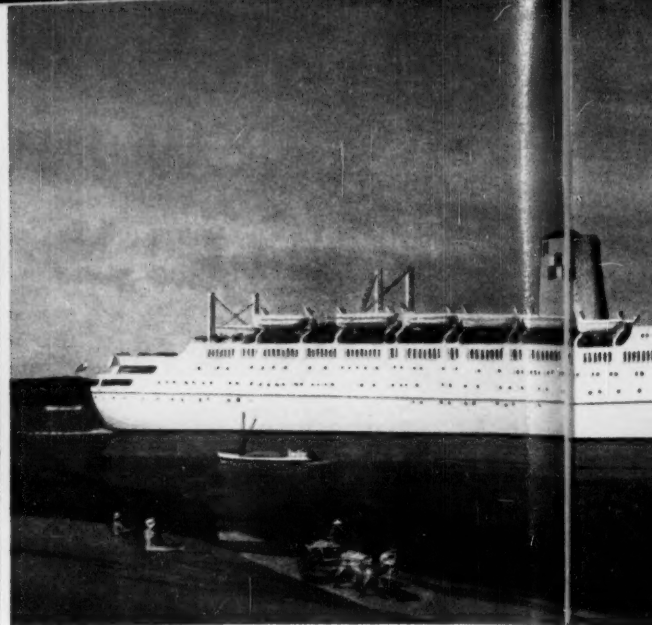
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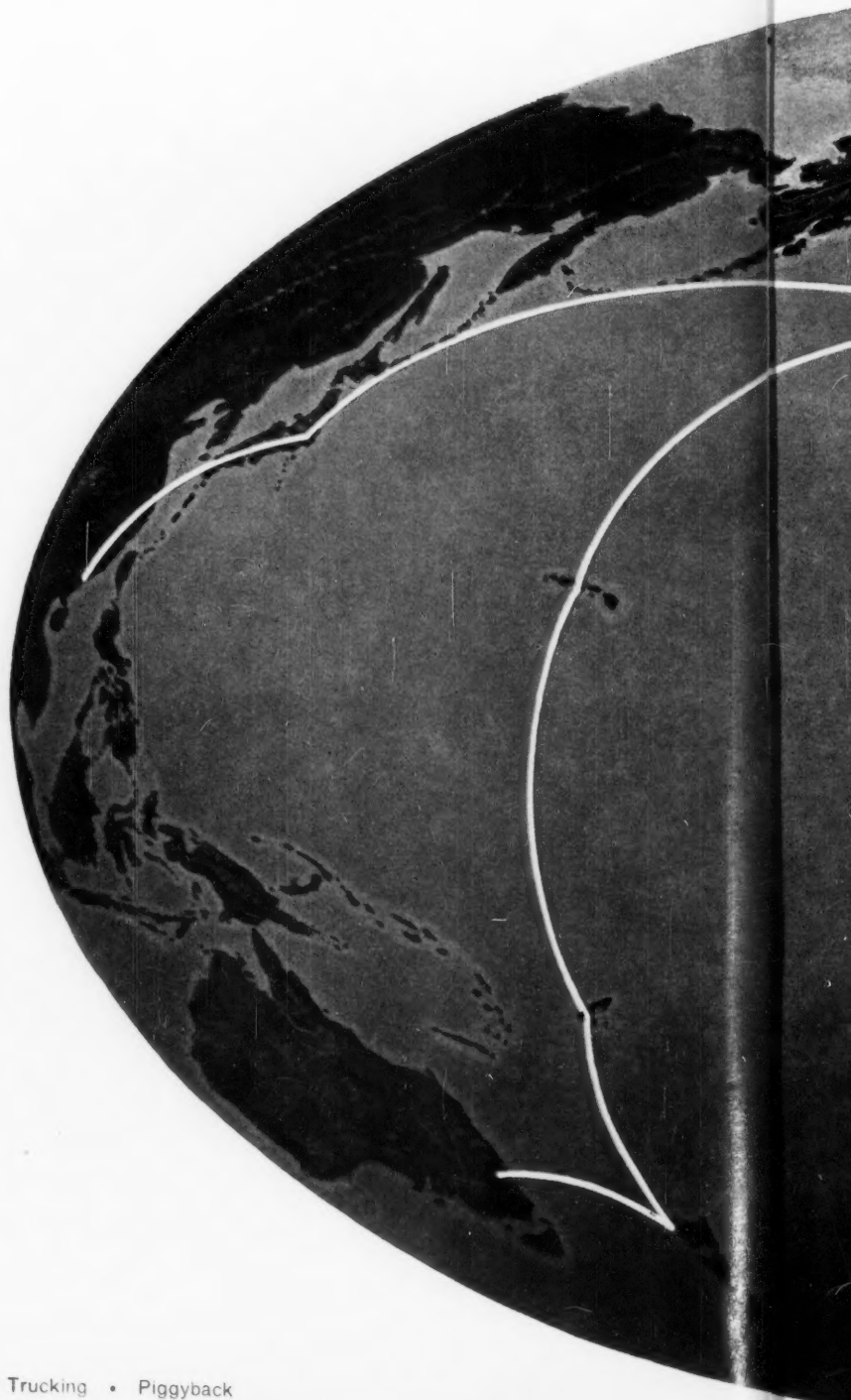
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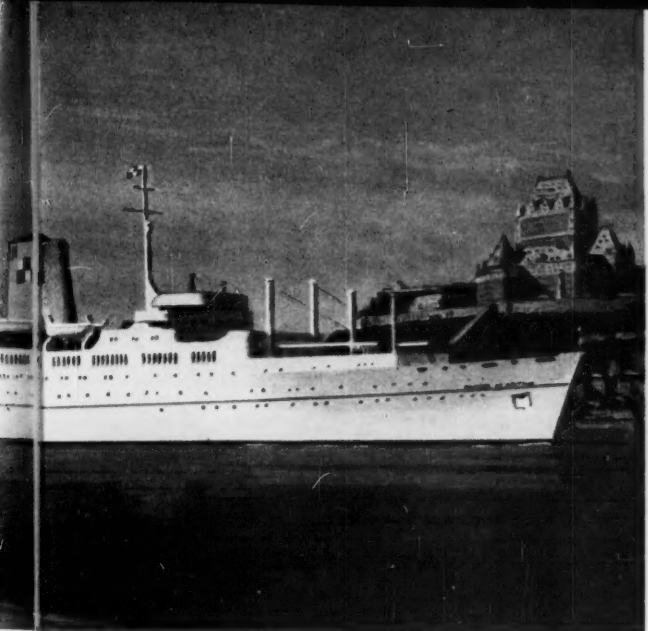
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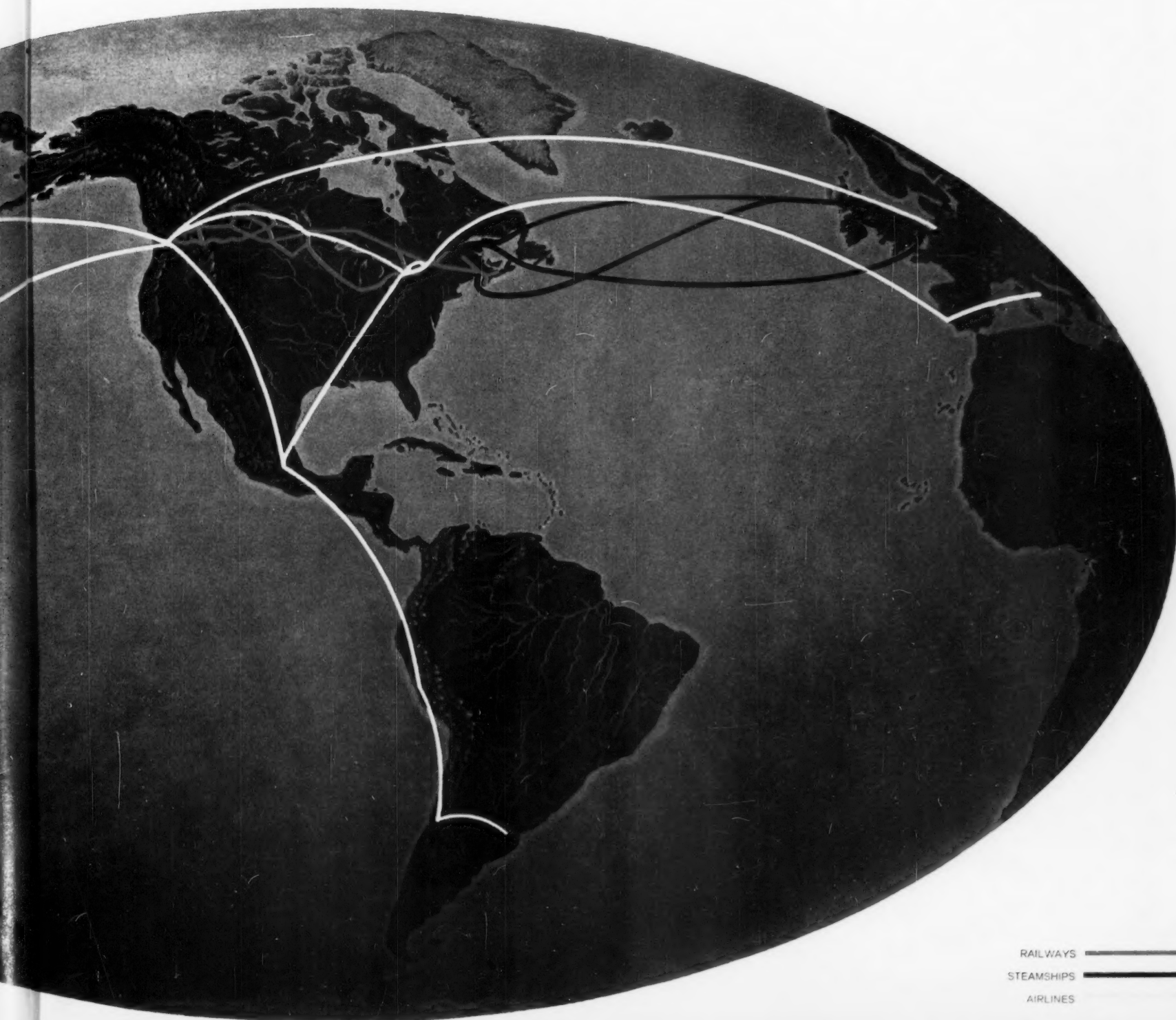
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here's health

by Lawrence Galton

How surgery is reducing miscarriages

In some women who have had repeated, unexplained miscarriages during the fourth through sixth months of pregnancy, the cause may be weakness of the muscular structures of the cervix. In such cases, surgery to apply a purse-string suture around the cervix often is effective in preventing premature expulsion of the baby. The operation was performed, during their latest pregnancy, on 40 women who had had 182 previous pregnancies with only 35 surviving infants. Of these only 15 had been full-term babies, the others being premature. Thirty-two of the 40 women who underwent this surgical treatment have since been delivered of normal babies.

Are babies upset by hospitals?

When they must be hospitalized, babies less than seven months old suffer no apparent psychological disturbance as the result of being separated from their mothers. That's the word from investigators in the Department of Child Psychiatry at Glasgow's Royal Hospital for Sick Children. The report has been made after a study of seventy-six infants admitted to the hospital at ages ranging from three to fifty-one weeks. For a child more than seven months old there is a considerable separation upset. But the Glasgow study shows that those younger generally make immediate good adjustments to the new hospital environment and to the people in it.

The practical implication, say the Glasgow investigators, is that, where there is a choice, such as for elective surgery, an infant should be hospitalized *before* seven months.

They're fighting arthritis with rest

In an English experiment to determine whether sanatorium methods might be helpful for severe rheumatoid arthritis, forty patients have been treated over the past four years, using ten beds previously employed for tuberculosis cases at the Black Notley Sanatorium. Average stay for the arthritic patients — all women who had had the disease for an average of almost nine and a half years — was six and a half months.

They were treated along standard sanatorium lines, with prolonged rest in bed, as much time out of doors as possible, and suitable splinting. At the time of discharge, there was significant improvement in the ability to move arthritic joints. The proportion of patients completely disabled decreased from fifty to twenty-four percent. Checked again seventeen months after discharge, the sanatorium patients showed further improvement in ability to move their joints.

New help for the senile

Some aged patients with mental and nervous disorders may respond well to a new drug, Nozinan. At the St. Boniface (Man.) Clinic, the compound was studied in ninety-eight patients — most of them over seventy — who suffered from depression, schizophrenia and other ills. As judged by their general behavior and the response of depression and other symptoms, over half showed

marked improvement, and results were considered excellent in ten percent. Senile, confused patients became less restless, more sociable, better oriented in space and time, and better adapted to reality. Impressive relief occurred in five of seven chronic schizophrenics.

TB drug works against urinary infection

Recurring infection of the urinary tract in women is notoriously difficult to treat and, even after apparently successful treatment, relapse is common. Such infection occurs more often in diabetics and complicates control of diabetes. Now University of Edinburgh investigators report striking results with cycloserine, an antibiotic previously used against tuberculosis.

In three diabetic women seriously ill because of urinary infections which had resisted repeated sulfa and antibiotic treatments, a two-week course of cycloserine produced prompt and lasting control of the infection with striking improvement in diabetes and general health. Two young nondiabetic women, with alarming illnesses due to urinary infection, were completely relieved in forty-eight hours. In up to seven months now, no recurrence has been noted in any of the five patients.

Two-in-one attack against asthma

Hay fever and asthma often respond better to a combination of promethazine and ephedrine than to other treatments. So reports a Lancaster, N.B., allergist. Previously each of the drugs has relieved many patients, although promethazine is too sedative for some and ephedrine sometimes proves too stimulating. In the combination, the side effects cancel each other. Among one hundred and twenty-five patients who took tablets combining the drugs, forty-one percent obtained better relief than from other prescriptions. Six other Canadian allergists report similar experiences.

Wrong foods may cause bed-wetting

Nocturnal enuresis, or bed-wetting at night, may in many cases be the direct result of a hidden allergy. One physician reports success in controlling enuresis in sixty children by use of an elimination diet to spot allergic factors. In order of frequency, enuresis was traced to allergy to the following foods: milk, wheat, eggs, corn, chicken, oranges, pork, tomatoes, peanuts, beef, apples, fish, berries, peas and chocolate. Milk, wheat and eggs were the major offenders, accounting for about sixty percent of the bed-wetting cases.

A basic diet — confined to lamb, rice, rye, apricots, peaches, beets, spinach, cherries, soy beans, olives and tea — was found to control enuresis in as few as three to seven days. Once bed-wetting stopped, the diet was slowly relaxed by adding a new food every two or three days. When the offending food or foods were reintroduced, the patient again became enuretic. In this way, the culprit was discovered and could be avoided thereafter.

In addition to controlling enuresis, avoidance of offending foods has produced favorable personality changes and has improved school performance in many of the children.

Good news for bursitis sufferers

The drug priscoline, commonly used to improve circulation in some blood-vessel disorders, has been put to new and apparently effective use: it appears to be surprisingly effective in treating bursitis. University of Virginia Hospital physicians report that one hundred and thirty-nine to one hundred and fifty patients with shoulder bursitis were relieved by intravenous injections of the drug. It worked in some cases where Hydrocortisone, a hormone, had failed. In many instances, pain was relieved either immediately or within twenty-four hours. END

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"LAVEZ-LE COMME DE LA LAINE — S'IL RETRÉCIT NOUS LE REMPLAÇONS"



Maurice Duplessis (left) died in September; Paul Sauvé (centre) in January. Antonio Barrette now leads—but can the party recover from double tragedy?



IT'S YOUR WORLD A monthly background to the new headlines

WHERE DOES QUEBEC GO FROM HERE?

In less than a year death has taken two leaders—Maurice Duplessis, then Paul Sauvé. Can successor Antonio Barrette hold a shaken party together against foes who at last see hope?

By RENÉ LÉVESQUE

MONTREAL—The province of Quebec is like a boxer who's just been rocked by a powerful one-two combination. It's still politically groggy, not quite certain where it's headed.

Punch number one came seven months ago when strongman-Premier Maurice Duplessis died at sixty-nine. Many people quickly went through some bewildering ups and downs. There was shock, incipient panic and then respectful thinly veiled relief among supporters and hangers-on of his Union Nationale Party. Liberal stalwarts, fifteen years in futile opposition, felt at first like shouting, "At last!" then asked themselves, "Now what?" and ended up wondering, "But are we ready?" Labor leaders paid dutiful public tribute while sourly thanking heaven for belated mercies. Many church dignitaries felt exactly the same way. As for the man on the street, he was like a swimmer coming up after near-drowning: breathless and mixed-up, both worried and grateful, looking about for some reassuring landmark.

Did Sauvé lead a revolution?

By the end of 1959, just four months later, it looked as if Quebec had settled down once again in the same old Union Nationale bed. The new premier, a master decorator named Paul Sauvé, had done a brisk and delicate remodeling job on that creaking period piece, so that it felt at once buoyantly up-to-date and yet comfortably familiar. In the seven-year war with Ottawa about university grants, peace was being negotiated with quiet efficiency. Provincial civil servants were getting their salaries overhauled after an eternity of waiting. Labor legislation, higher education, hospital insurance, in all the main fields of Duplessis' personal cold war against change and progress, a thaw had set in.

To some people, this seemed to be a revolu-

tion. In a way it was. The old man's last administration had been terrifyingly sclerotic and negative. Simply by bringing back normal methods of government, his heir and successor could and did take on the appearance of radical newness. But in fact, Sauvé was a Macmillanesque Conservative, carefully unassuming in public, superbly equipped as an executive and party leader—and quite probably a bit less "radical" than Ontario's Premier Leslie Frost.

By January 1, 1960, there was no question left in anybody's mind about the forthcoming provincial election. Paul Sauvé had become the new landmark *Québécois* were casting about for when Duplessis died.

Then, early Saturday morning, January 2, punch number two struck its stunning blow. The man of the future, just fifty-two, died suddenly in his suburban home town of St. Eustache, near Montreal. And as suddenly all the newly rebuilt certainties came crashing down. There they still are, lying around in shattered pieces like so many question marks all over the province. Can the Union Nationale, twice beheaded, win anyway? Are the Liberals ready to take over? What about third-party possibilities?

But the question remains now as ever: What exactly is Quebec?

For make no mistake about it, Quebec will take up all questions in a way that is bound to look peculiar if you don't know the answer to that last one, for Quebec is the only one of Canada's ten provinces basically and permanently different from all others.

Of its approximately five million people, approximately eighty percent are French-Canadian. In spite of Louis St. Laurent's yeoman service for unhyphenated Canadianism and John Diefenbaker's persistent assumption of "there's nobody here but us Canadians," they think of and feel about themselves as quite hyphenated. Moreover, they know they are.

Two centuries of survival have made them into one of the most compact and tight-knit little nations on earth. As a French Catholic minority tied to a Protestant English-speaking majority, they've inevitably developed some of the traits of a beleaguered garrison deep in hostile country: overinsistence on their uniqueness, and the social rigidity of a people who feel an excessive need for an authoritarian chain of command.

What Duplessis would not face

Quebec is above everything else made up of its own national consciousness. And twenty-five years ago, it was still mainly an agricultural society, where authority is traditionally over-emphasized and personal freedoms looked upon as inventions of the devil.

In 1936, onto this easily ridden horse sprang Maurice Le Noblet Duplessis, a lawyer and son of a judge, so by birth a natural wielder of the God-given powers of a good paterfamilias—even though he remained a bachelor to the end. He did a lot for Quebec. He changed it, or at least let it change radically in many ways. Foreign capital pouring in brought about sensational development. Since the end of World War II an industrial revolution has turned "quaint old Quebec" into a bustling modern community of city dwellers, with a blue- or white-collar majority and new social elites coming up alongside the old trinity of priest-lawyer-doctor.

But the great and many-faceted problems accompanying such transformation he would not face. Most probably he could not. He was too much the traditional authoritarian, with built-in resistance to social and economic evolution. He gave this new Quebec (Paul Sauvé presiding) the best system of trade and technical schools in the country. Everything else

Continued on page 81

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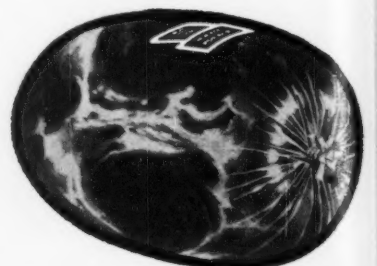
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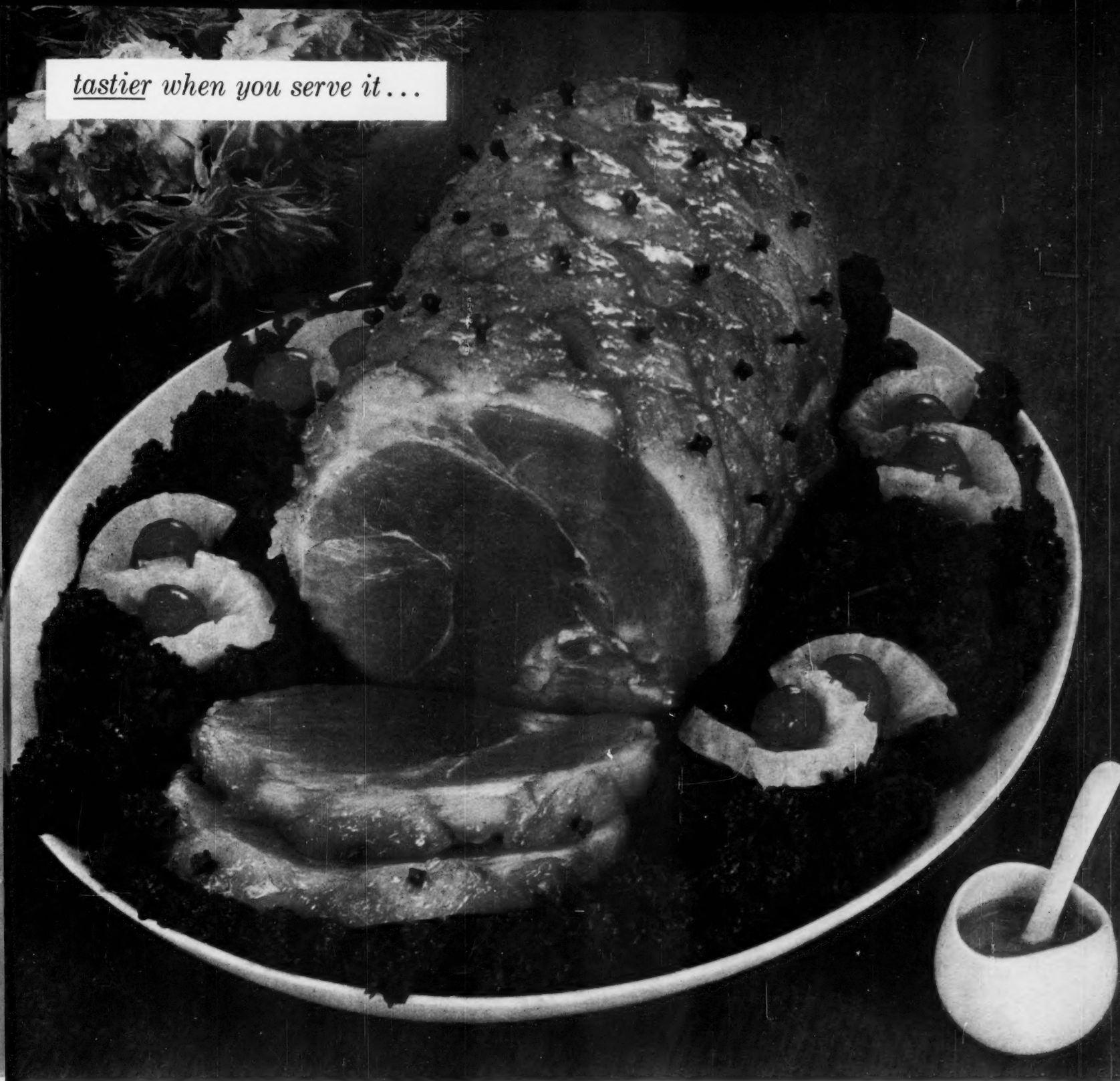


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Half an hour before the ham is done, slit and peel back the "Visking" casing. Turn oven to 425°. With quick strokes of the knife, score fat in a criss-cross pattern. Stud each diamond with one whole clove. Cover ham quickly with a mixture of 1 tbsp. dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, and enough pineapple juice to moisten. Return ham to oven to glaze. Baste once or twice.

When ham is done, set in bed of parsley on large platter. Garnish with half pineapple slices and cherries.

VISKING COMPANY



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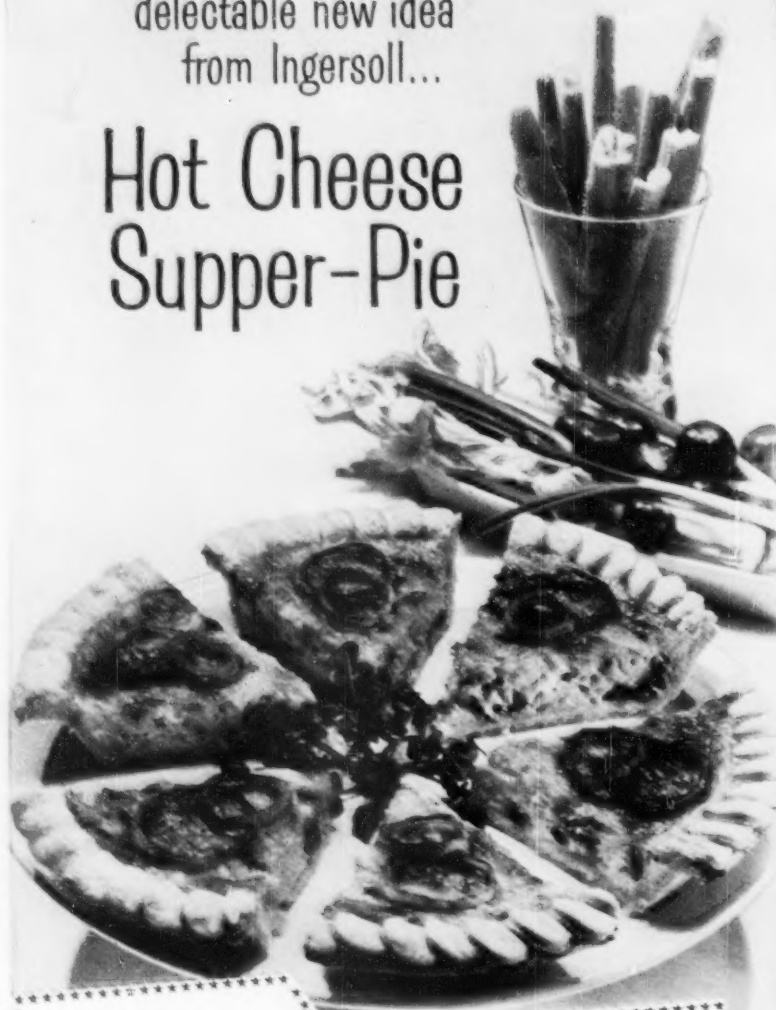
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Spread or new Ingersoll
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Few grains salt
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prepared mustard
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Cut up bacon and fry until crisp. Drain. Line an 8 1/2" pie plate with rolled out pie paste. Preheat oven to 350°. Scald milk and onion in top of double boiler. Add cayenne, mustard, salt and Ingersoll Cheese Spread. (For smooth, delicate flavor, use Ingersoll Cheese Spread — made from aged Canadian cheddar. For livelier taste, use new Ingersoll Picnic Cheese Spread — imported cheese gives it that extra zip. Look for the flavor flecks.) Stir until cheese is melted, remove from heat. Beat eggs slightly, mix in baking soda. Stir in hot cheese mixture and bacon chips (if used). Pour into pie shell, sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake until filling is set, about 45 mins. Serve hot with a garnish of fried onion rings. For best results, make sure you use Ingersoll—the spread that gives your dishes cheese flavor that can't be matched!



Ingersoll
REAL CHEESE TASTE TREATS

By DR. MARION HILLIARD



How to meet the challenges of modern life

This is the fourth in a new, exclusive series of six articles by the late Dr. Marion Hilliard, taken from her last book, Women and Fatigue, on which she was at work at the time of her death in 1958. It was completed by her friends Opal Boynton and Marion Robinson, with the assistance of her brother Dr. Irwin M. Hillard, and will be published late this spring.

We think of great social changes as occurring in other parts of the world — India, Africa, China. So they do. But just as great changes take place right here at home.

My generation came from families in which the patterns of living were pretty well laid down and fairly rigid. But there was a stability about it. I look back on childhood and girlhood as a wonderful, glorious experience of life. It was a kind of free period before going into another quite rigid pattern. (From what we saw of our friends and relatives we could see that getting married imposed restrictions.)

Today the family pattern isn't rigid at all. In the first place, families live and move on wheels. The minute school is out, the whole family takes off. In the second place, the drudgery is gone. What with appliances and cake mixes coming in the door, drudgery has flown out the window.

Today young women have free access to education. My mother had to insist that her daughters have the same chance for an education as her sons. Now everyone accepts the fact that any girl who has the ability can have the kind of education she can absorb.

"I would like to have another child"

Girls are marrying earlier, and are planning to have more children than their parents had. "I was brought up where there were just two of us, or one of us. I am going to have lots of children," some of them say.

A patient came to me recently and said, "I would like to have another child."

"Take it easy," I said. "I'd like you to wait a while."

"But, doctor," she wailed, "all my friends are having their third."

"Never mind about that," I said. "Two will be enough for you for quite a while."

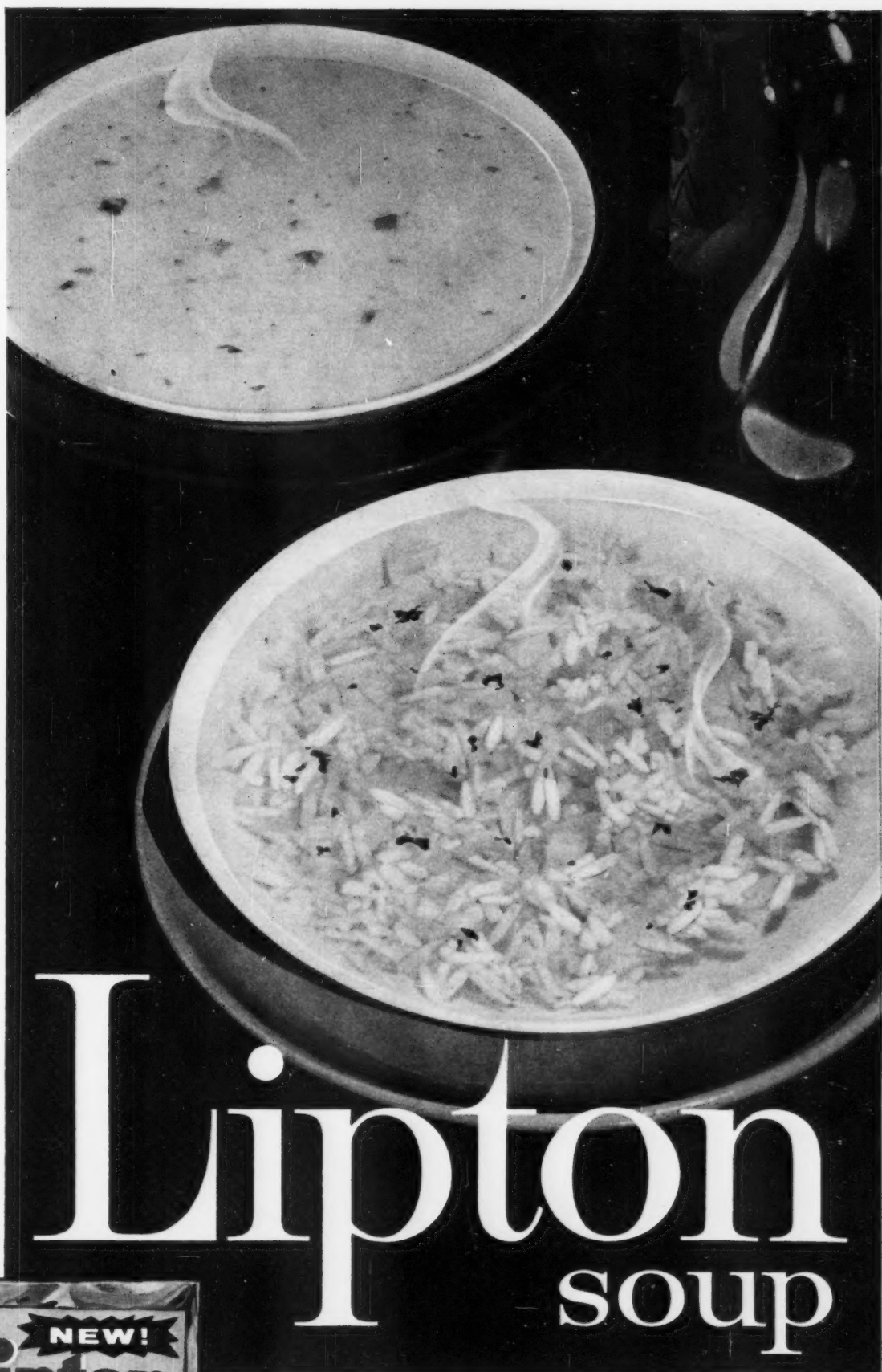
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*"There is nothing wrong with being a New Canadian
... but surely, somewhere along the line,
I and others like me must have graduated."*



*"If the words 'home' and 'nationality' mean
anything at all, I am a Canadian and I resent
having the term qualified in any way."*

*"Our national anthem is a song that leaves
millions standing in embarrassed silence,
because they can't truthfully sing of
Canada as their 'native land.'"*



By SONJA SINCLAIR

*"Just what does a
New Canadian
have to do to
become a
plain Canadian?"
asks the author,
who came
to Canada twenty
years ago—but,
frustratingly,
remains New, even to
Old Canadians who
weren't born
when she arrived*

I'M TIRED OF BEING A NEW CANADIAN

TWENTY YEARS AGO, on the ship which carried me across the Atlantic toward a mysterious country called Canada, a fellow passenger from Quebec City asked me where exactly I intended to make my new home. I said in Toronto, and to my surprise he replied, "Too bad: you won't meet any Canadians there."

The meaning of that remark, utterly obscure at the time, has since become painfully clear to me: so far as my friend was concerned, Torontonians just hadn't been in this country long enough to call themselves Canadians. Nor does his attitude seem strange to me any more, for if there is one thing I have learned in the past twenty years, it is that New Canadians remain new more or less indefinitely.

A new hat turns old within a matter of weeks, a car sheds its novelty at the end of a year, new babies grow up to become boys and girls and, eventually, adults. But New Canadians, particularly those with non-British blood in their veins, go on being new year after year and decade after decade, even though their Canadian citizenship may date back to a time when whole generations of Old Canadians were no more than a twinkle in their fathers' eyes.

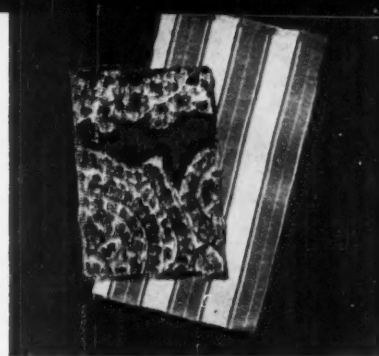
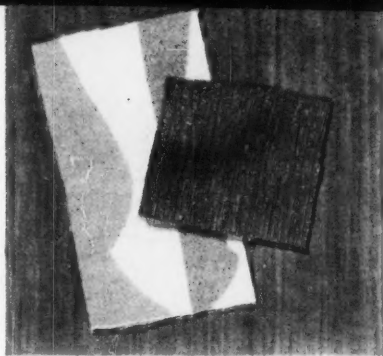
I am forcibly reminded of my own status every time someone I have just met asks me how long I have been in Canada. Disappointed — for I never give up hoping that, some day, I'll mumble my How-d'you-do just like a native — I admit that I first set eyes on Canadian shores during a violent snowstorm way back in 1939. Invariably, the conversation then develops something like this:

"And where is your home?"

Continued on page 156

Smoothly Swedish

Stage your beautiful blond furniture dramatically on grey *soft-sheen* "Jaspé" (J-739). Drapes stay in the Nordic mood with shapes of white, blue and green from a sunlit glacier. Cover your sofa with a glowing turquoise fabric. Effect is softly cool, not harshly cold.



Suavely French

Light-hearted but not loud! Give your living-room a "salon" air with quietly ornate drapes picking up the blue of your *soft-sheen* "Jaspé" (J-726). Cover couch and chairs with a silky fabric in "Empire" stripes of burnished orange and white. Vive la quiet look!

Step elegantly into fashion with the soft-sheen floor DOMINION LINOLEUM

Isn't this Italian bedroom distinctive? A melody of colours, but played "pianissimo" for fashion's sake! Note how well the *soft-sheen* "Jaspé" tiles of the Dominion Linoleum floor are tuned to the smart muted theme. The total effect is the quality look of elegance. You'll find quality in other ways, too, when you live with linoleum... how its resilient composition masks scratches and ordinary burns, cuts down

noise and feels friendly to walk on. Today, linoleum helps you even more than ever before with fashionable *low-key* decorative ideas. You'll love the new fully illustrated book, "Modern Floor Decor". Send 25¢ to Home Planning Dept., Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company, Limited, 2200 St. Catherine Street East, Montreal. Free illustrated guides on colour selection, installation and maintenance available on request.

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited • Makers of Dominion Linoleum, Dominion Vinyl Tile, Asphalt Tile and Associated Products



Stylishly Italian

A bedroom in the Mediterranean mood! Rich in colours, yet the whole effect isn't shrill. It's as soft as a muted melody. Colour "played down" in brilliance is the fashionable "tune". The pic-

ture demonstrates this perfectly with a pretty violet and a sunny yellow against *soft-sheen* "Jaspé" tiles in a Florentine "mosaic" arrangement... "Jaspé" beige (J-746) and "Jaspé" walnut (J-712).

BY-THE-YARD FOR THE SMART SEAMLESS LOOK, OR IN TILES FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS... MARBOLEUM... DOMINION JASPE... HANDICRAFT... BATTLESHIP... TILECRAFT... MADE ONLY IN CANADA... SOLD BY STYLE-SETTING CANADIAN RETAILERS.



You . . . lovely in yellow!



You . . . glamorous in grey!

Angel Face makes all the difference! On the left, it's Golden Angel Face. On the right, it's Blushing Angel Face.

New Cosmetic Discovery! Now you can
magically change your skin tone to go with
any fashion colour!

Most fabulous beauty fashion since Pond's created the first compact make-up—new Angel Face with *cosmetic-silicones*!

Now you can change your skin tone to make any fashion colour flattering—without looking artificial!

New Angel Face is a totally new *kind* of foundation-and-powder. Now, with *cosmetic-silicones* you can make dull skin blush, sallow skin go golden-pink, flushed skin turn pure ivory—in the touch of a puff.

Pond's discovery of *cosmetic-silicones* gives you soft, subtle shades never possible before . . . prevents the moisture in your skin from changing them. No darkening or discolouring! What's even more remarkable, *cosmetic-silicones* actually capture light, to give your complexion a lovely radiance—a *natural* beauty!

See the 8 new Angel Face shades. Choose two, three or *more* and discover how many ways you can look lovely, day and night!



New complexion beauty for you: Angel Face in the delicate pink Date Case—just \$1.00. Also in the blue-and-gold vanity box—just 89¢

New **Angel Face** by Pond's

A CHATELAINE EXCLUSIVE

Told for the first time anywhere, the complete and dramatic story
of the youngest sister of Russia's last czar



Grand Duchess Olga:

THIS IS MY STORY

In the forty-two years since the Bolshevik Revolution I have kept silent about the events in my life before, during and after the bloody upheaval that drove my family from power in Russia. But now, in my seventy-eighth year, because of the many inaccuracies and outright distortions that have been published, I have decided to reveal the true facts for the first time, and I have made available to Mr. Ian Vorres all the files, photographs, letters and other information that I possess so that this story may be told in the pages of Chatelaine.

Olga



STORY BEGINS ON NEXT PAGE

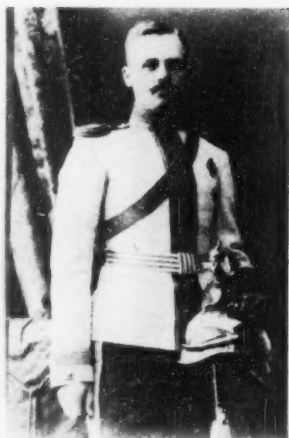
Grand Duchess Olga:

THIS IS MY STORY

BY IAN VORRES FIRST OF TWO PARTS



Grandfather Czar Alexander II. He was killed by a bomb thrown at his sleigh in St. Petersburg, March 1881.



Second husband, the late Colonel Nikolai Koulikovsky, helped Olga escape from Russia. Her first marriage was to a prince.



Father Czar Alexander III, with his family: Grand Duchess Olga (centre foreground) and (from left) Grand Duke Michael, Empress Marie Feodorovna, Grand Duke Nicholas (later Czar Nicholas II), Grand Duchess Xenia, Grand Duke George. Alexander was a favorite with court children, who called him "Uncle Sasha." Photographed in 1888, when Olga was six.

"Look back, Olga, look back," the royal children cried teasingly to their younger sister, Grand Duchess Olga. Obediently the fair-haired nine-year-old turned and looked fearfully into the dark forbidding immensity of the corridors of Anitchkoff Palace in St. Petersburg, one of the vast homes of their father, Alexander III, last but one of the czars of imperial Russia. Filled with awe, she turned and fled.

Now a gentle grandmother of seventy-seven, living in retirement in a five-room cottage in Cooksville, just outside Toronto, Grand Duchess Olga has never really ceased to look back into darkness. For the brilliant era of her life under the reign of two czars, that of her father Alexander III and her brother Nicholas II, was permanently marred by tragedy. Her present exile in Canada epitomizes in a way that tragedy.

Today, however, she can at least look back without fear and anxiety. Although death and revolution have claimed most of those she loved and deprived her of the riches that traditionally went with royal position in imperial Russia, nothing short of her own death can now take away the wealth of her personal memories. In these she is undoubtedly the richest woman in Canada.

She is probably the only person in the world who holds the key to the secret of Anastasia, her niece and youngest daughter of Olga's brother, Nicholas, last czar of Russia. Since 1920 controversy has raged over the identity of a woman

Continued on page 26



Brother Nicholas, who became czar on the death of Alexander III, and his empress Alexandra Fedorovna (Alicy) at his right, with their children: (from left) Grand Duchesses Marie, Tatiana, Olga (niece of the surviving Grand Duchess), Anastasia. Five-year-old Alexis, at his father's feet, was suffering from hemophilia. The entire family was murdered by the Communists on night of July 16, 1918.



Mother Empress Marie Feodorovna and Grand Duchess Olga at Peterhof Palace, near St. Petersburg. The empress, sister of Britain's Alexandra, died in 1928.

CONTINUED

Grand Duchess Olga: THIS IS MY STORY

Continued

claiming to be Anastasia. Until that year no one disputed the fact that the young princess had been brutally murdered, along with her father, mother, sisters and brother, by Communist guards on the night of July 16, 1918 at Ekaterinburg. Grand Duchess Olga, who knew her niece intimately, interviewed the woman who says she is Anastasia — and emerged convinced, without shadow of doubt, that the woman's claims are false.

Grand Duchess Olga is also probably the only person alive today who has seen Rasputin, the notorious charlatan or saint, in his close fateful relations with the imperial family of Russia.

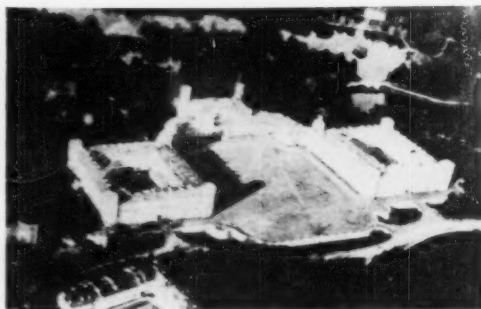
Almost daily for about six months I have been working closely with the Grand Duchess, compiling her memoirs. I have enjoyed the privilege of seeing at work a mind of surprising vigor and versatility, a memory that can with ease recall minute incidents and world-famed personalities within a span of more than seventy history-packed years. I have come to know a woman of deep faith, disarming simplicity, generosity, and profound understanding.

As remarkable as the versatility of the Grand Duchess' mind is her physical energy. Though handicapped for the first time by rheumatism, she still manages to rise at six every morning ("I seem to have an automatic alarm clock within me"), and run her entire household, consisting of her younger son Gury Koulikovsky and her two grandchildren, eighteen-year-old Xenia and sixteen-year-old Leonid. Her elder son Tihon Koulikovsky lives with his wife in nearby Erindale, Ont.

Only after the entire family has left the house by nine each morning does the Grand Duchess find time to relax by stretching out comfortably on an old sofa in the living room. There she paints or replies to the innumerable letters she receives every day. Last Christmas alone she received some forty letters and cards a day from—among others—almost all the crowned heads of Europe.

"There was a time I used to reply to every

Continued on page 104



Gatchina Palace—favorite childhood home of Grand Duchess Olga, who lived with parents in right block—was said to be haunted by son of Catherine the Great.



Touring Czar Nicholas, with daughters Marie (left) and Olga, in France just before World War, repaying French state visit to Russia.



Sailor Czar Alexander with his empress and their children Xenia, George and Nicholas on a summer cruise on the Black Sea aboard one of the royal yachts. Photograph was taken in early 1880s, before the birth of Grand Duchess Olga. Now in her eighties, Grand Duchess Xenia, Olga's only sister, today lives in England.



Royal pastime—feeding ducks on Gatchina's many lakes. At left, Czar Alexander with Michael, George, Nicholas. Attendant was member of navy detachment that supervised palace grounds.

Grand Duke George, left, at Abbas-Tuman in the Caucasus, where he went to recover from tuberculosis contracted while on a world tour with his brother Nicholas in 1890—and where he died in the summer of 1897, only twenty-seven years old.

Playful Olga, right, scampers through Gatchina's vast parks with father Czar Alexander. It was 1886, and Olga was four.



Grand Duchess Olga: THIS IS MY STORY

Continued

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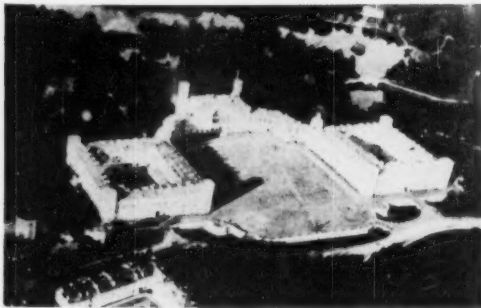
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Playful Olga, right, scampers through Gatchina's vast parks with father Czar Alexander. It was 1886, and Olga was four.





Speak OF Love... and murder

by Mignon G. Eberhart

FIRST OF TWO PARTS Late in the afternoon Maggy escaped the house and found the old path that twisted through woods and shrubbery upward to the lookout point above the river. A rose bramble snaked out to catch at her ankle as she emerged onto the little rocky promontory. There were too many roses, she thought; there were great clusters of them everywhere, blood-red in the summer sun.

Down at the house they were still taking gifts from their wrappings; the big room was strewn with excelsior and white tissue paper. On Friday, after the wedding on Thursday, the array of silver and crystal and china would have to be sorted out and places found for all of it.

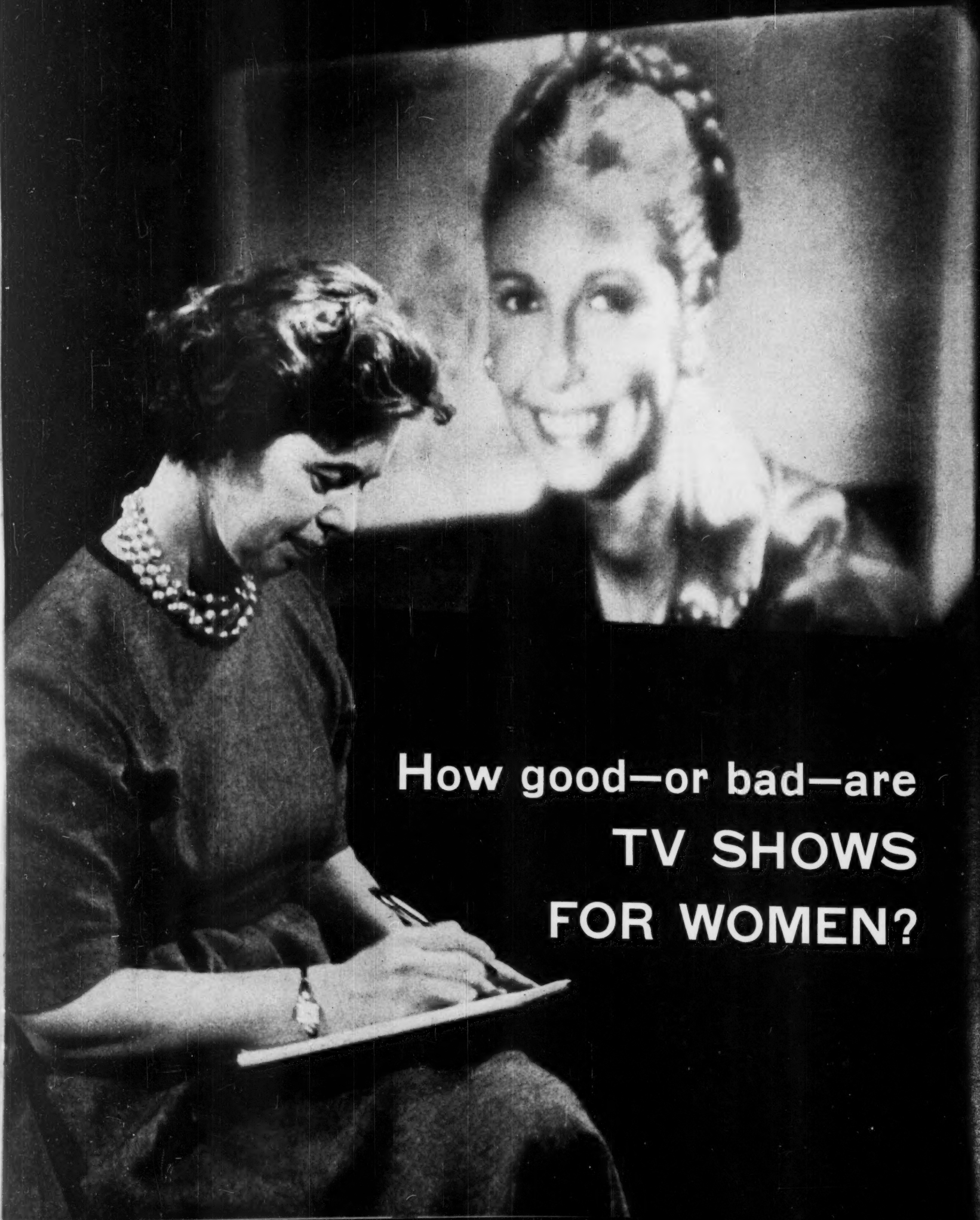
She wiped her arm across her moist forehead. The sun was full and hot on her face. Behind her the old rose arbor still stood, a trellised enclosure on three sides with the fourth side open upon the view of the river. Her eyes half-closed against the light, she sank into a dreamy reverie. Her marriage was to bring her back to live in this place. She was Cinderella. She smiled, deprecating her own extravagance. She, Maggy Warren, a sensible twenty-two, a registered nurse who had earned her own bread and butter for several years would be no fairy princess, even though she was

Continued on page 138



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**How good—or bad—are
TV SHOWS
FOR WOMEN?**

Do they entertain, inform — or waste your time? Last year this writer sized up what TV offers children. Now, after weeks of watching, she reports on what the ubiquitous box in the corner is offering you

By DOROTHY SANGSTER

IF I LOOK LIKE a punch-drunk boxer staggering from the ring after a groggy nine rounds, it's because I have undergone the modern equivalent of a fate worse than death—several weeks' staring at daytime television.

"Write a piece about television for women," the editors of CHATELAINE suggested. "Find out what Canadian women are looking at, and whether they like what they're getting. Is daytime TV good or bad, and what's the outlook for the future, now that so many new private stations are being licensed?"

Since then I've been sitting like a zombie in front of my old seventeen-inch screen, watching an endless succession of quiz-game shows whereon rival panelists guess their way to such prizes as mink coats, teak furniture and trips to Paris; audience-participation shows on which husband-and-wife teams vie to balance boxes on their heads, juggle hard-boiled eggs and submit to other idiocies—all for the sake of the loot; "fun shows" on which smart-aleck youngsters are encouraged to gossip impertinently about their parents; and anything-but-fun shows on which unfortunate adults are bribed to relate their personal troubles in exchange for giant freezers, electric hot-dog broilers and a lifetime supply of face creams. All this, plus an enervating stream of what I call soap operas but New York network officials assure me are "successful daytime dramatic serials."

When I felt strong enough to drag myself away from my set I interviewed dozens of housewives about their viewing habits. In Toronto, I spoke to CBC people responsible for Canada's only two network shows for women, *Open House* and *P.M. Party*. In Montreal, I spoke to producers of the French-language station CBFT about their afternoon show, *Bonjour Madame*. I sent out questionnaires to forty-eight private television stations across Canada (only twenty-one answered); viewed special screenings of CBC local programs from Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver; and discussed the viewer-rating system (responsible for so much bad TV) with officials of CBS and NBC in New York.

Continued on page 124

The author, a housewife, writer and mother, rates the shows. On-screen, Anna Cameron of Open House.

CANADA'S TWO NATIONAL SHOWS



"*Open House*, with Fred Davis and Anna Cameron, I find unusually satisfying... it's not silly or coy."



"*P.M. Party*, with Alan Millar (above), a spaniel and singers, aims at fun but it lacks in personality."

BEST—AND WORST—OF THE IMPORTS

"On U. S. channels, mediocrity rates high. In left-hand column below, some shows I liked; at right, some of the worst."



"*Woman!* scores with shows like *You Can't Raise Children By The Book*, hosted by Patrice Munsel."



"*Worst show on television is Queen For A Day*, with emcee Jack Bailey, where teariest takes the loot."



"*The Verdict Is Yours* has won U. S. bar award. Real lawyers argue a case, and jurors give a verdict."



"*Second-worst show is Art Linkletter's (left) House Party* with gags and a line-up of precocious tots."



"*The Price Is Right*, with host Bill Cullen, is slickest of the giveaways, and offers rubies and ermine."



"*Like all giveaways Concentration*, with emcee Hugh Downs, lures only with the dubious bait of easy loot."



escape with me

It was wrong to feel this way about another woman's husband, but Kit longed for the assurance that only a man's love could give her. Now she felt herself drawn toward a rendezvous she desired desperately . . . and feared

by Ruth Tempest

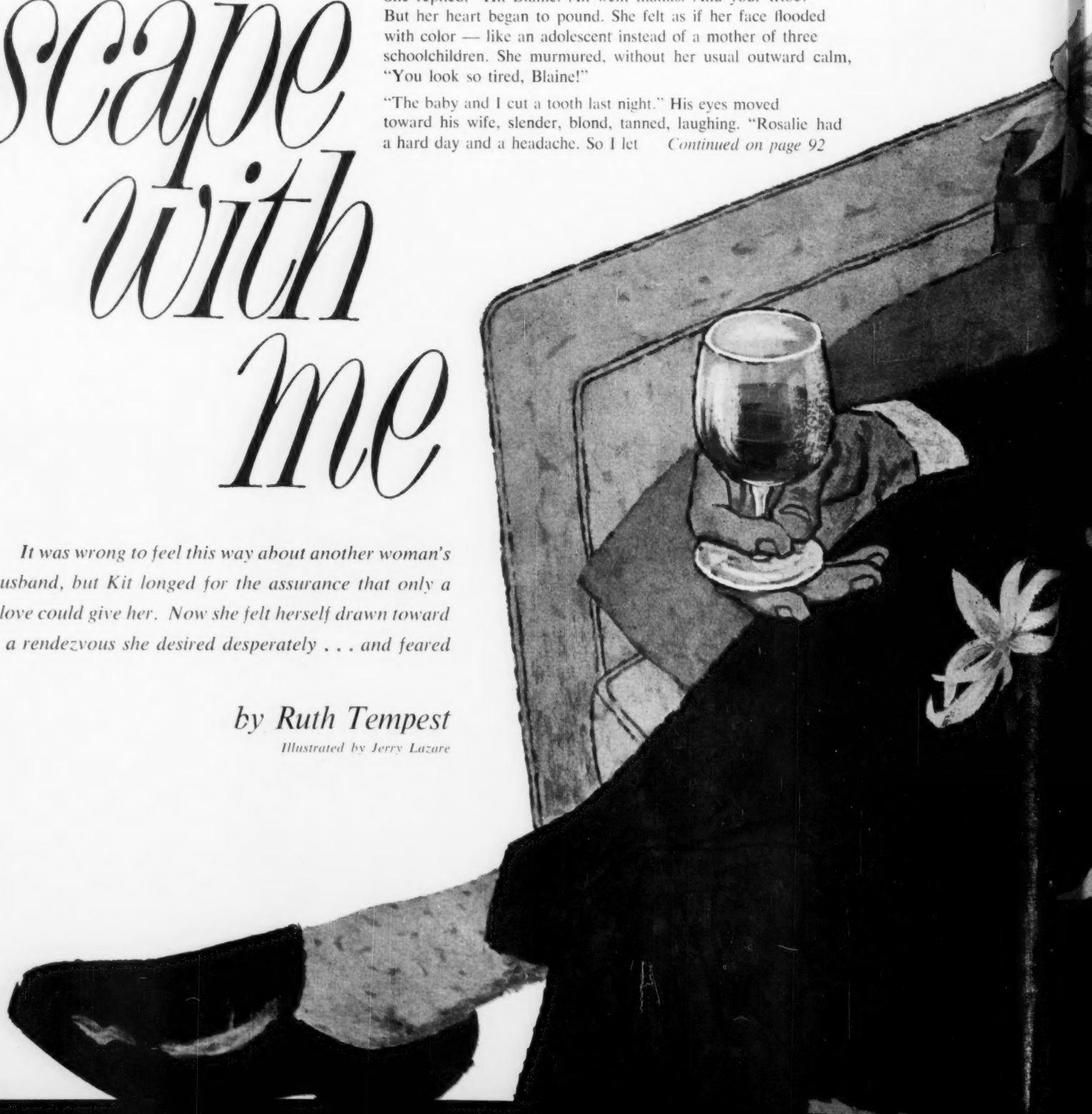
Illustrated by Jerry Lazare

*a*fter all the pleas for honest words and exact communication, Kit thought afterward, their decision for illicit rendezvous was only silently arrived at.

It happened on the Saturday night they met at the Coopers'. Their usual crowd was there — inevitably paired at first like restaurant salt and pepper shakers. Since it was near the end of the month, the Coopers were offering punch instead of open bar, and the supper was spaghetti. Kit Dyer and Blaine Riggs were not too aware of each other to be oblivious to this; in fact, the very predictability of it served to sharpen their mutual sense of delighted discovery. Each would observe — and mention when they talked — a facet of their lives neither of their spouses would ever remark.

Finally they were beside each other. "Well, Mrs. Dyer," said Blaine, for everybody else, "and how are you and yours tonight?" His eyes said: *Kit beautiful and solitary. Kitty — The Searcher.* She replied, "Hi, Blaine. All well, thanks. And your tribe?" But her heart began to pound. She felt as if her face flooded with color — like an adolescent instead of a mother of three schoolchildren. She murmured, without her usual outward calm, "You look so tired, Blaine!"

"The baby and I cut a tooth last night." His eyes moved toward his wife, slender, blond, tanned, laughing. "Rosalie had a hard day and a headache. So I let . . . *Continued on page 92*



*"Jerry's going out of town," Kit said . . . then realized
it was an invitation, and Blaine understood.*





WHAT'S

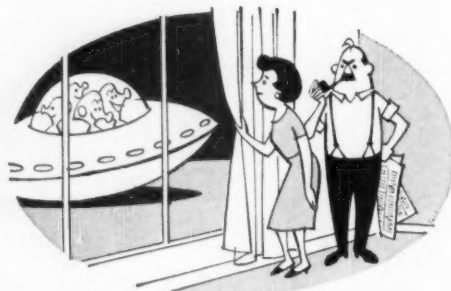
By BARBARA GUILD

• When Russia launched the first Sputnik more than two years ago, what happened was more than just grist for cocktail conversation. It was the first cry of a new age being born.

Once having entered the space age, the world cannot turn back. Space is out there, and man will go out and explore it as inevitably as he once sailed west to find the New World.

While your children may not be among those pioneers who will explore the most exciting frontier of all, yet they — and you — will be directly affected by the discoveries and projects of the space age. Some of the effects can be predicted now; others can only be dimly guessed.

Because she will spend the rest of her life in the space age, the thoughtful woman will want a speaking acquaintance with a suddenly expanded technology.



"Here come the SQAT999S again. We should never have invited them to drop in anytime."

ROCKETS CREATED THE SPACE AGE

What is the space age? What are we trying to accomplish? How will it affect our lives?

The basis of the space age is the rocket. No other type of engine has enough power



"They say they're sick and tired of scenery."

to overcome the tremendous pull of the earth's gravitation, to launch a spaceship or a satellite. Furthermore, and most important, a rocket is the only engine that does not need air to operate, so that it can work just as well in space beyond the earth's atmosphere where there is no air.

The rocket operates on a simple principle. Here is a demonstration you can try yourself. Blow up a balloon. Then without tying the opening, simply let go of the balloon. It will fly across the room. The force of the air escaping has propelled the balloon.

A rocket works the same way. The force is from the tremendously hot exhaust gases being thrown out from the burning fuel. As the gases fume out the back, they push the rocket forward. This principle will work anywhere, including the near-perfect vacuum of outer space.

The size of a spaceship or a satellite is

Has all this talk about satellites, rockets and trips to the moon got you up in the air? Relax - - here are the simple ABCs of what's up there and why it's important to you... and our artist's high-flying guesses about the day you'll be out of this world

GOING ON UP THERE?

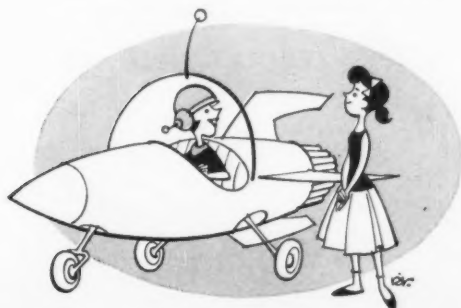
limited only by the power of the rocket that launches it. The power of a rocket is, of course, based on how fast those gases are escaping out the back. Some fuels have greater "exhaust velocity" than others, giving the rocket more "thrust."

Some rockets use liquid fuel, such as a mixture of liquid oxygen (lox) and kerosene. Others use solid fuel. Researchers are now looking for brand-new, unsuspected materials for fuels; appropriately, these are called "exotic" fuels.

WHAT IS A SATELLITE?

Leaders in the rocketry field today are the United States and Russia. The British Commonwealth has a rocket potential that some experts believe will eventually put it

"These Inter-Planetary Council meetings can go on and on. I'll call from Saturn if I want you to start dinner before I get back."



"But, madam, your ticket is to Mars. This ship is going to Venus."

in third position. Other nations building rockets include Italy, Japan, France, Switzerland, West Germany, Sweden and Canada.

How does a satellite stay up? The simplest explanation is that it is traveling too fast — about eighteen thousand miles an hour — to fall down. If you have ever seen someone take a half-filled milk pail and swing it, upside-down, over his head without spilling the milk, you have seen a demonstration of the principle. If he swings fast enough, the milk stays in the bucket. The force that keeps the milk there is called centrifugal force, and it is the same force that keeps a satellite up.

The satellite, however, must be high above the dense lower atmosphere of the earth. Otherwise, air drag would slow it until it did not have enough centrifugal force to stay "in orbit." When this happens,

the satellite usually burns in the upper atmosphere long before it could fall to earth.

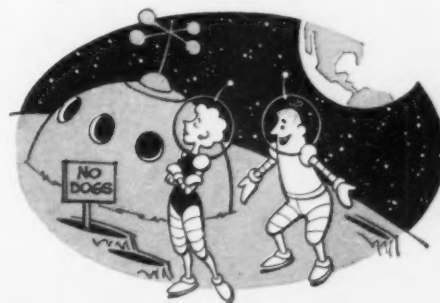
It takes a lot of rocket to put a satellite out hundreds of miles from earth, traveling thousands of miles an hour. A rocket engine must first generate enough power to lift at least its own weight — that is, develop force equal to the pull of the earth's gravitational force. The more power required, the more fuel that is needed. The result is that a rocket is largely, so to speak, a huge flying fuel tank.

The United States Atlas rocket, which can weigh up to 244,000 pounds, has a thrust of about 360,000 pounds. For eventual space travel engines of at least a million pounds' thrust will be built.

The satellite that a rocket carries (the payload) is often quite minute. U. S. Pioneer IV, now in orbit

Continued on page 60

"Sure it's remote. But think of the money we're saving."



LET ME LOVE YOU

He had longed for her since he was a boy. Now Dorothy faced widowhood and debt, with two small children to raise. Allan Martin yearned to offer her his heart, even if he must defy his famous family. But could his youthful love bridge the years that divided them?

• Allan was bitterly hurt that they couldn't see the change in him. They still thought he was the comedian of the Martin family! The youngest son who took nothing seriously, whom no one took seriously. They stared at him with stunned, incredulous faces, utterly rejecting the idea that he was mature enough to father another man's children or to love a woman six years his senior. And how could he tell them? How could he tell them anything when they were blind and deaf to the fact that he was no longer a sniveling kid?

Smarting, on the defensive, he turned with a gesture of futility, first to one and then to the other. "Mom . . . Dad . . . Oh, for Pete's sake, do you have to look at me like that? Darn it all, I thought it was only fair to tell you before I did anything. But I might've known you'd start stewing about it. Look, couldn't you just once believe that I'm capable of running my own life? Just once! Is that too much to ask?"

His voice was shaking in spite of his effort

to keep cool. Somehow he had to make them see that this issue wasn't like the others. When he had gone against them last year, for instance, and bought that little honey of an MG instead of saving his share of the crop money to buy his own land, he hadn't known the things he knew now. He hadn't known what it was to love like a man, fearing for his loved one, caring for her welfare above everything else in life.

But as usual, he wasn't getting through to them. The disparity between his generation and theirs was so great that they were like watersheds on opposite sides of the Great Divide, each flowing to a different sea. His mother was looking at him with an irritating flash of hope in her eyes. "Then you haven't said anything to Dorothy yet?" she asked quickly. "This isn't an accomplished fact?"

He rose and faced her, wary and at bay, knowing her well. She was skilled with words and under her charm was

Continued on page 68

By SHEILA MacKAY RUSSELL

Illustrated by Aileen Richardson

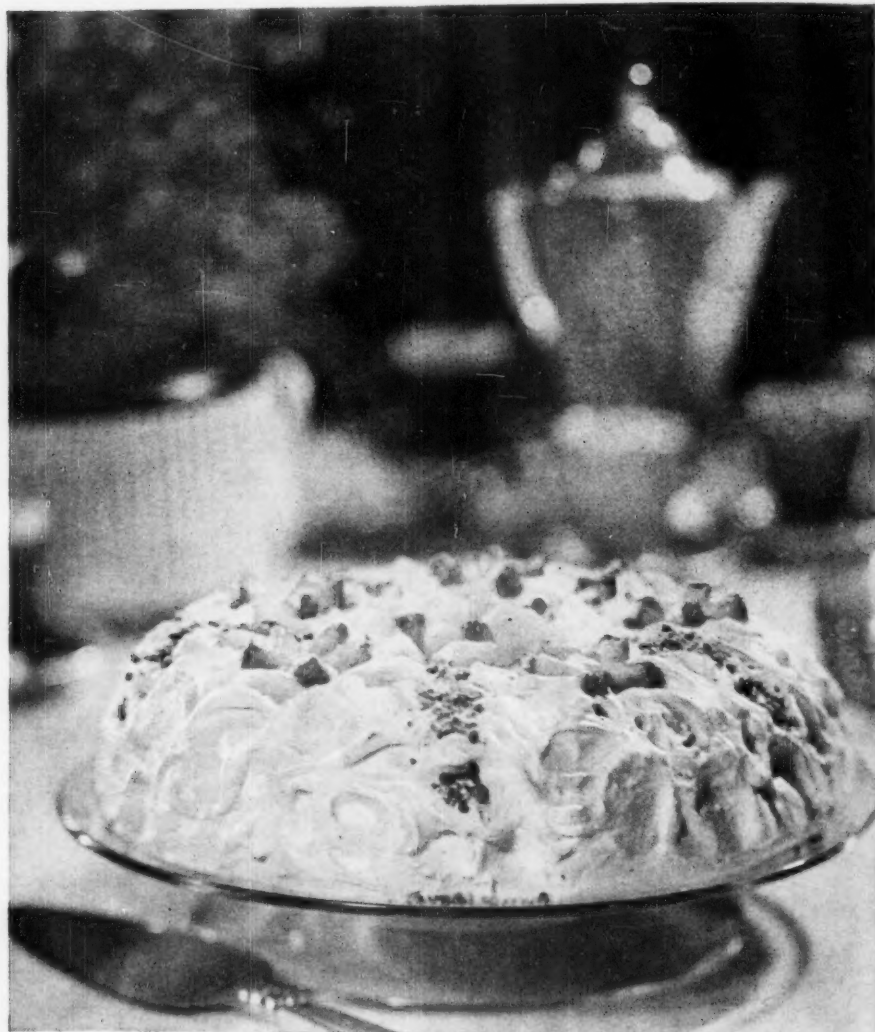


"Oh, Allan, this isn't
fair to you," Dorothy said.
"I need a miracle."

To establish you as a hostess famous for a special dish, we start you off with two menus — and many recipes. They become your own creations by the changes you ring (and some we suggest) in flavorings and garnishings . . .

AT YOUR NEXT PARTY

Serve
a dish that's
distinctly
yours



Hawaiian Torte Chantilly, decorative and low in calories, is a dessert that melts in your mouth.

BY ELAINE COLLETT

Director Chatelaine Institute

THE ENTREE IS THE
SPECIALTY HERE

Sea Food Cocktail
Beef Tenderloin in a Blanket
Pimento Bacon Logs
Horse-radish Mold
Endive Salad
Hot Milk Rolls
Stilton Cheese and Biscuits
Irish Coffee

THE DESSERT IS THE
STAR OF THIS MENU

Spiced Tomato Juice
Cheese Straws
Chicken Liver Casserole
Emerald Rice
Avocado Salad
Hot Herb French Bread
Hawaiian Torte Chantilly
Demitasse



The puff pastry holds succulent juices in the beef; potatoes are disguised as Pimento Bacon Logs; while the bittersweet tang of kumquats adds an unusual accent to the garnish.

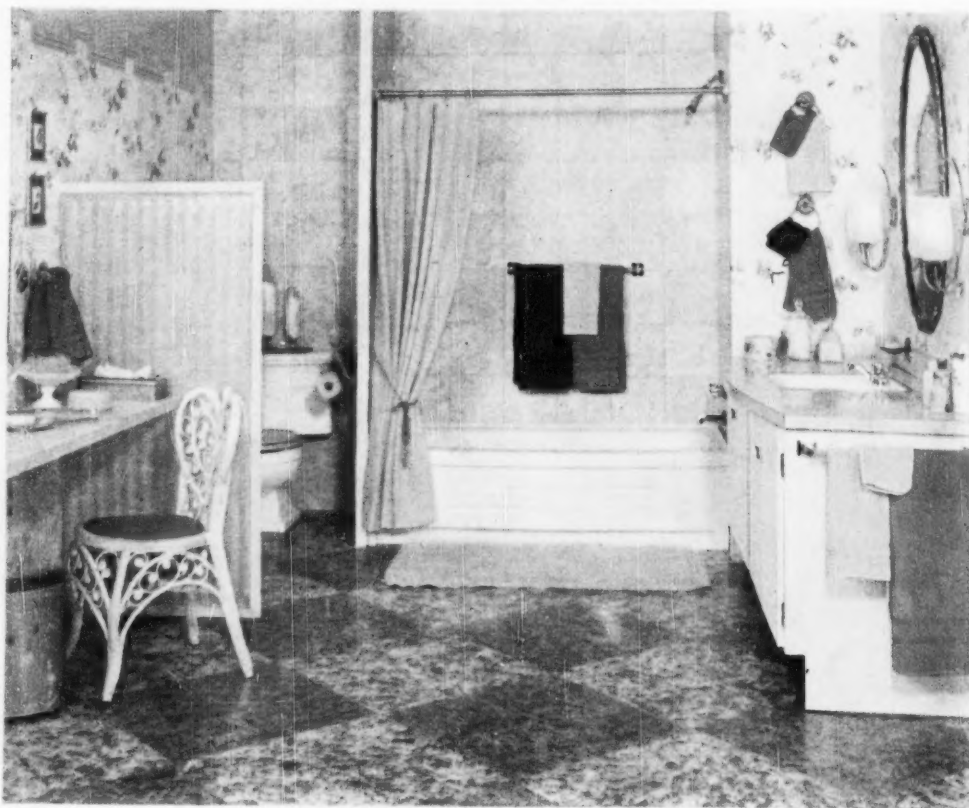
Recipes start on page 54

3-WAY SWITCH ON ONE BATHROOM

Look what we did with a perfectly ordinary bathroom without making any major changes in fixtures!

The method: planned color, clever storage and lighthearted accessories

Bathrooms designed by BARBARA REYNOLDS Chatelaine Home Planning Editor



1 A deluxe edition for you

Unmistakably feminine! ■ Dressing area features special vanity shelf covered in pink marbled plastic laminate and white rattan Victorian chair, lacy gilt mirror for make-up and ornate gilt towel bar for the convenience you want. ■ Awning effect is made from gold- and -white striped paper edged crisply with stripes to frame the elegant rose wallpaper with its touches of gold and silver. ■ New plastic laminate wall tiles in 10-inch squares are applied individually. ■ Glamorous gold-flecked vinyl flooring is laid in diamond design using blocks of four 12-inch tiles together. ■ Finishing touches: gilt towel rings, curly oval gilt mirror, twin-globed lighting fixtures and twin louvered doors on the counter complete the feeling of elegance.

2 A Wild West theme for the children

Children's bathroom: Two standard plywood storage units are mounted on left wall to allow space underneath for towel bars for each child. Adjustable shelves store linens, towels, tissues, pyjamas and toys. ■ Wild West theme of wallpaper is picked up by bow and arrow mounted over the toilet and tissue-paper mural of cutouts shellacked onto Alsynite panel at end of tub. ■ Sheet linoleum floor has a simplified Indian design made from yellow 9-inch linoleum tiles, six turquoise, one black and one red tile that the handy man of the house could install himself. ■ Tub enclosure features bold stripes of turquoise and white plastic laminate creating illusion of width. ■ Bearskin bathmat is Acrilan and dries in record time. Mat hangs by tape straps under the head and paws on wall hooks. We cut it from a 30x54-inch rug, made arms and legs from leftover pieces and used one facecloth for ears and claws. ■ Plywood counter includes built-in clothes hamper and a long step-up bench for youngsters, to be removed when they grow taller.





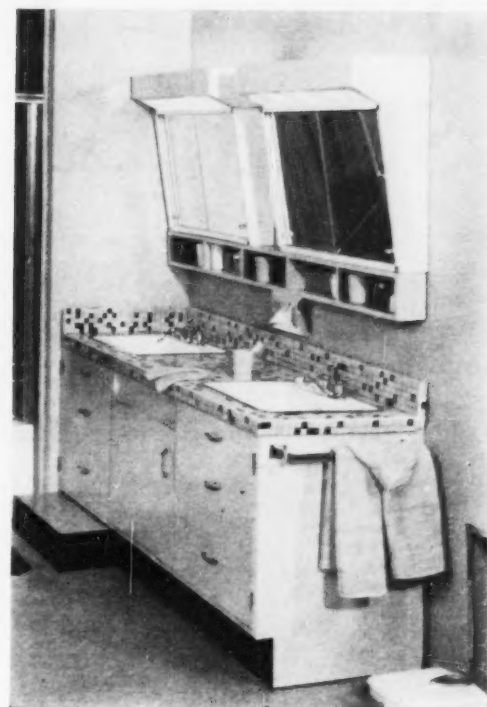
3 In the family bathroom organization saves confusion

Don't be skeptical about the size of these bathrooms. We enlarged the models so that you could see in detail all our new ideas, specially designed for the typical small bathroom (about 6 x 8 feet).

■ Our family bathroom, above, features towel bars at different levels, against painted squares matching the newest towel colors, for all the family. ■ At left, towel dryer cabinet can be painted to match any décor and is heated by duct from the furnace. ■ Built-in chrome magazine rack and toilet-tissue holder has space for an ash tray and cigarettes. ■ The space-saver plywood cabinet over the toilet has sliding doors, again in "towel" colors. ■ Handsome 8-foot-high plywood storage divider

for towels, tissues, jars is easy-to-reach, takes 1 x 2 feet of floor space. ■ Plastic laminate wood-grain panels above tub feature matching vertical trim every 12 inches. ■ Vinyl terrazzo flooring in cantaloupe color is easy to keep clean. ■ Pull-out platform at basin provides suitable height for children. ■ Counter top is covered with ceramic tile in multicolor random design. ■ Mirrored medicine cabinets have their own built-in lighting, exhaust fan and tilted mirrors for better viewing (shown enlarged at right). ■ Sectional plywood shelf holds individual toilet articles. Tissue holder is recessed into wall. New idea: chrome wall scale can be folded away when not in use.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUR BATHROOM — SEE PAGE 122



PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN BELL

SUN- WHITENED SHADES

The smartest shoes are in sun and sea colors
— lightened, whitened, paled, pearly —
like shells, foam, seaweed and coral sands

By **VIVIAN WILCOX**
Chatelaine Fashion Editor



PINK-BOWED pearlized calf (top of page) — a prettier, more feminine shoe would be hard to find. It is high-heeled. By Del Grande.
PEARL-BUTTONED green calf in a V-throated pump that looks wonderful with white dresses, with light, leafy prints. By Pedulla & Agostino.
PEACH PEARL calf in a pump that is stitched, perforated and bowed to simulate a tie. Color and finish make it dressy. By Parino.
GREEN ROSE FANTASY — one of the loveliest shoes you are likely to see anywhere this season. It is a pin-pointed pump of Davis calf in a new shade called spindrift. By Pedulla & Agostino.



BRAIDED LEATHER — three rows — in warm beige on the toe of a bone calf pump (top of page). A Caressole makes this shoe delightfully light underfoot. The heel is slim, medium height. By Golden Pheasant. TAN HEEL AND TOE on a Tarantella pump by Woelfle (top centre). Far side of the shoe is tan too; the rest is bone-colored leather. DRAPED BAND crosses the toe of the suit shoe (centre, bottom of page). It is off-white calf with illusion heel. By Naturalizer. GIANT BOW, chiseled toe — two reasons why the Parino pump (bottom of the page) is a standout. It is in textured calf, has a high heel.

MAUVE — an elegant color for an elegant shoe (top right). Wear this pump with an equally pale shade of blue, navy, pink, pearl grey. Wear it with your best silks, floatiest chiffons. By Bellini. SANDALS are due for revival. Above, one of the newest, by Denny Stewart. Note, the toe is closed and pointed although the general effect is airy. If you are looking for a dressy shoe to complement all your pastel dresses, this is it — in Collis sand pearlized calf.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER CROYDON

WAS THE VICTORIAN FATHER SO BAD AFTER ALL?

Even at his best he was a tyrant, and no one seriously wants him back. But a new Montreal study suggests that, for all his stuffiness, he held a key to family happiness that "togetherness" has failed to find

By JOAN MORRIS

"But, Father — you're being positively *Victorian*!"

Who has not heard or read this anguished protest from a modern teen-ager chafing at the paternal veto of some cherished (but dubious) adolescent plan?

The Victorian father, like the horse and buggy, has indeed gone out of fashion. He has become an image of family oppression — a grim tyrant like Papa Barrett of Wimpole Street, even a comic tyrant like Papa Day in Clarence Day's best-selling recollections of *Life With Father*. The Victorian pattern of family life, unmourned by its descendants of 1960, has also received little sympathy from many sociologists, preoccupied as they are with promoting family "togetherness," equality of the sexes and "self-expression" in children.

But was the Victorian father really a sociological villain? Was it merely coincidence that he went out of style about the same time that society began to find itself beset with the vast and unhappy problems of family disruption, disturbed children and delinquent juveniles?

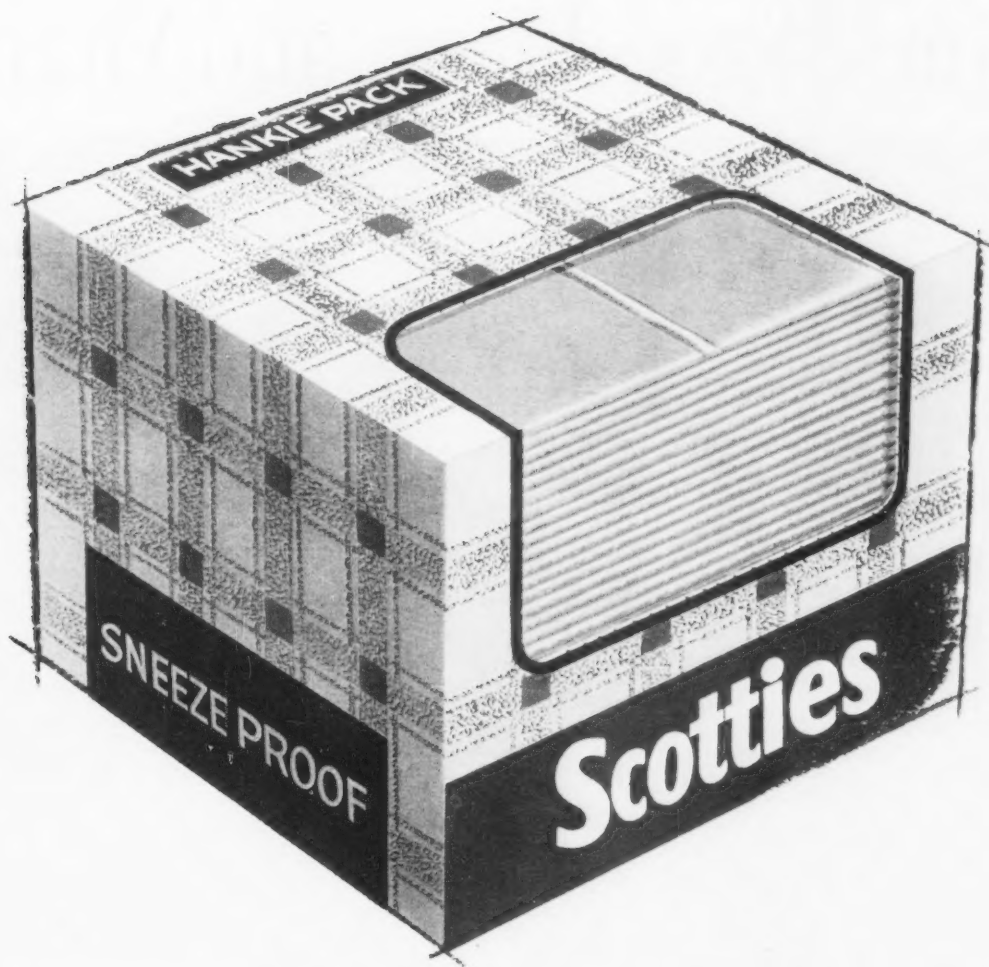


The early findings of an unusual study now being carried out in Montreal suggest interesting answers to those questions; suggest, in fact, that certain aspects of Victorian parenthood may be precisely the difference between mal-adjusted and well-adjusted children.

What makes a child well-adjusted?

The study is unusual because psychology has long concentrated on the causes of maladjustment in children. The Montreal group, financed by a grant from the federal department of health and welfare and directed by Dr. Nathan Epstein, a psychiatrist, and Dr. William Westley, a sociologist, decided to take the opposite track: what makes a well-adjusted child that way? What effect does the parents' pattern of life have on their children's mental health?

Before the study could start the researchers had to define just what constituted good parenting. *Continued on page 47*



WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

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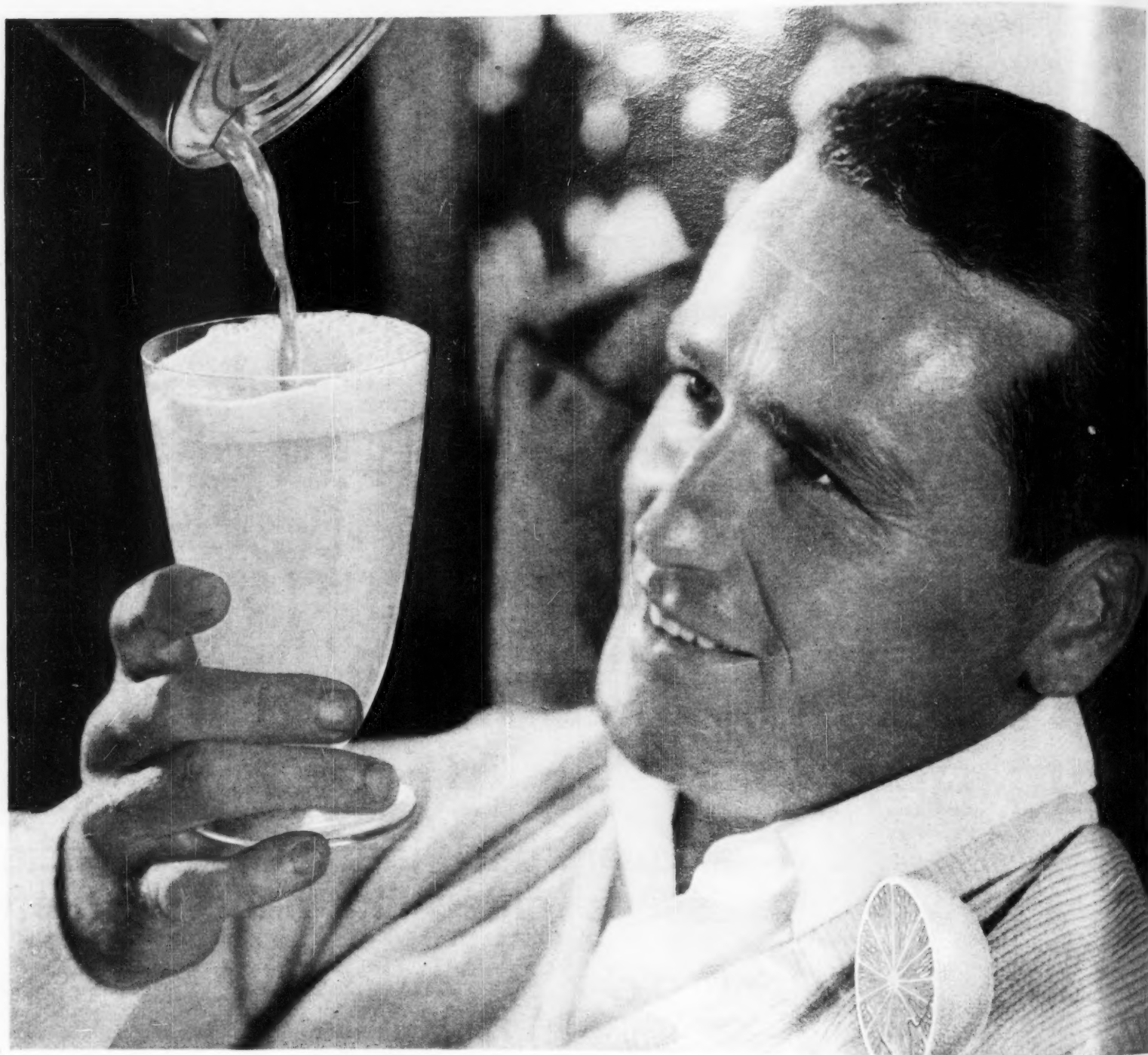


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Scotties

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IS THERE A TYPICAL CANADIAN BEAUTY?

TURN TO PAGE 114 FOR **Our gallery of beautiful women from coast to coast AND THEIR BEAUTY SECRETS**



Also in this Spring Beauty Issue — pages of advice about make-up, grooming, skin care and figure control to help you look your prettiest self
by Chatelaine beauty editor EVELEEN DOLLERY

WAS THE VICTORIAN FATHER SO BAD?

Continued from page 44

emotional health, a term the experts have been debating for years. They decided on a series of tests that would rate the boys and girls on the basis of lack of psychiatric symptoms, on stability, on attitude toward others—in general the subject's "ability to perceive correctly the world and himself."

From twelve hundred first-year college students they made a preliminary selection of one hundred and seventy who were English, Protestant, reasonably well-to-do and living in unbroken families. They wanted a group with similar religious, racial and economic backgrounds to eliminate as many variables as possible. These were given a test of psychological adjustment, and the seventy-six scoring highest were screened further. The twenty top candidates became the subject of the study.

At this point the families entered the picture, since the ultimate objective of the program was to identify the

characteristics common to families producing emotionally healthy children. All twenty adult couples agreed to take part in the exhaustive tests, which included five to seven interviews with each member of the family, lasting up to three hours per interview.

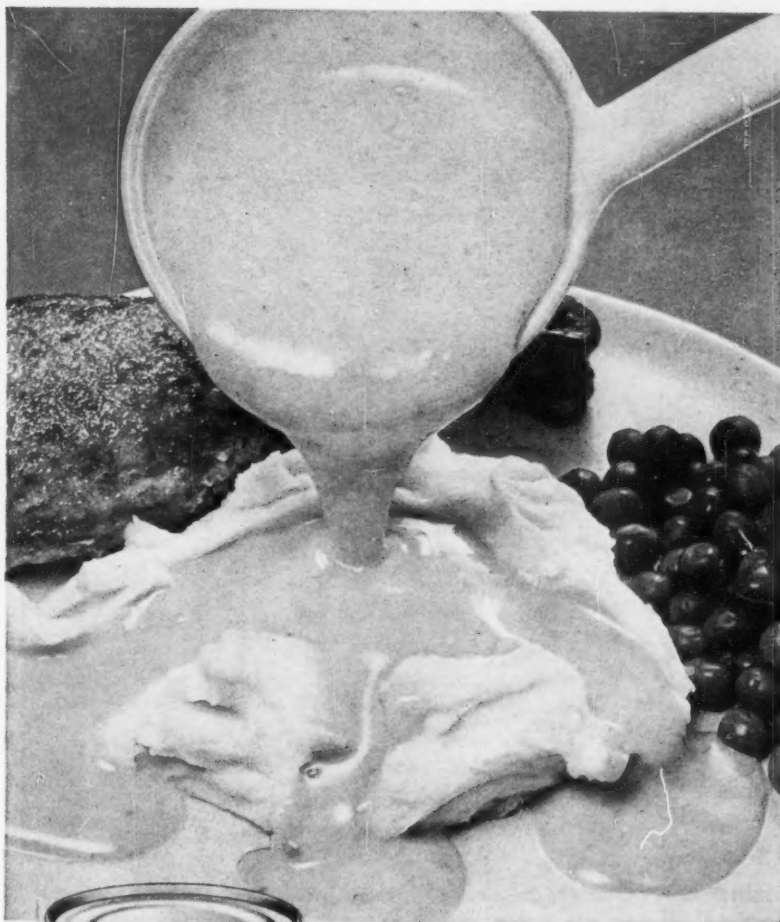
To date nine of the family investigations have been fully evaluated. The researchers point out that the number of cases studied is not large enough for final conclusions, which may come from an enlarged study of one hundred families now under way. But some of the findings are considered so significant and interesting that Dr. Epstein and Dr. Westley have presented them at recent meetings of both the Canadian Psychiatric Association and the American Psychiatric Association.

The most unexpected finding, perhaps, was the one that suggests that the Victorian pattern of parenthood supplies an important ingredient in the raising of well-adjusted nonproblem children. It should perhaps be called "modified Victorian," since it includes none of the grim cold formality associated with Victorian family life.

But what these families of 1960 share with the Victorians is this: the

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fathers were the "senior partners" of the parent team, and played an essentially masculine, decisive role as breadwinners and policy makers. The mothers, while by no means meek or submissive, played an essentially feminine, maternal role. This was one important factor that was very different from those found in previous studies of the families of disturbed children.

Mother needn't be a drudge

But why? Why does this particular type of family produce better-adjusted children? When asked the specific question, "What is the process that makes children mentally healthy because their fathers are dominant?" Dr. Epstein replied, "The answer is not simple, nor is it the whole answer. However, the dominant father does provide a more satisfactory 'identification model' for the male children, and by clearly fulfilling the masculine role within the family he makes the task of sexual identification much clearer for the children — both male and female. Furthermore, we feel that the dominant father, because of his strength, is able to give his wife a great deal of support which in turn enables her to function much more satisfactorily in her roles within the family, and this too contributes to the healthy development of the children."

It should be emphasized that dominant fathers in these families did not mean mothers who were drudges or nonentities. There was a clear division of labor; certain tasks and responsibilities belonged to the father, others to the mother. The researchers suggest that where there is a reversal or confusion of tasks, with the mother taking over some of the father's work and father doing an immoderate proportion of traditionally feminine tasks, such as housework, there will be a poorly functioning family. Epstein puts it this way:

"If father helps mother, he should do it as a father, not as a second mother. It's all right if he helps with the dishes, provided he does not do it because he's afraid that his wife will be mad at him if he doesn't."

The researchers were surprised by some of the factors they did *not* find present in their well-adjusted families. They had expected to find, for example, that the parents had come from stable homes themselves; that their personal adjustment, particularly their sexual adjustment, would be

good; that there would be a high degree of "togetherness" among the members. None of these conditions applied to all of these families. In fact, some of the parents would have rated rather low in the emotional-health scale; many of them had poor relations with their own parents.

This points to an important and hopeful fact—that the creation of an emotionally healthy family does not depend on a long inheritance of favorable characteristics, or on the accidental mating of two people who happen to be especially well equipped to be ideal parents. On the contrary, the study suggests that two people of almost any backgrounds can succeed in producing first-class children—provided the relationship and adjustment of the parents toward each other happen to fit into the "right" pattern.

Dr. Nathan Ackerman of Columbia University, a former teacher of Dr. Epstein, had pointed out previously that a family unit, like a chemical compound, can be more than the sum of its parts. Epstein and Westley found this true in the families they studied. The emotional health of the children was influenced more by the tone of the family and by the nature of the relationship between the father and mother, than by the individual mental health of the parents. As one woman put it, "Neither of us is happy—but we're reasonably happy with one another."

Is "togetherness" vital?

As for togetherness, although the families functioned admirably as units there was not always a great deal of activity within the families. Speaking of this finding, Dr. Epstein remarked that it appeared more important to have "communication" than "togetherness" in a family.

"The desirability of being together is played up so much in our culture these days that a person feels guilty if he wants to be alone. Yet each individual has a need for privacy." The members of the families studied went their own ways and had their own interests to a considerable extent—but they knew that they would be returning to families interested in their activities.

An outstanding characteristic of the nine wives was their satisfaction with the men they married. All emphasized what "wonderful men" their husbands were. The husbands, although they loved and respected their wives, were less lavish in their praise. Four of the



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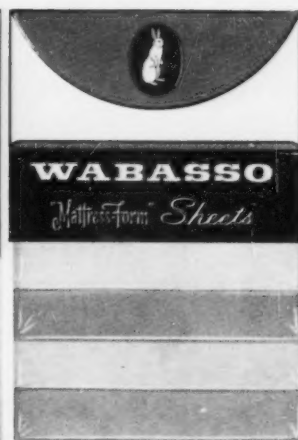
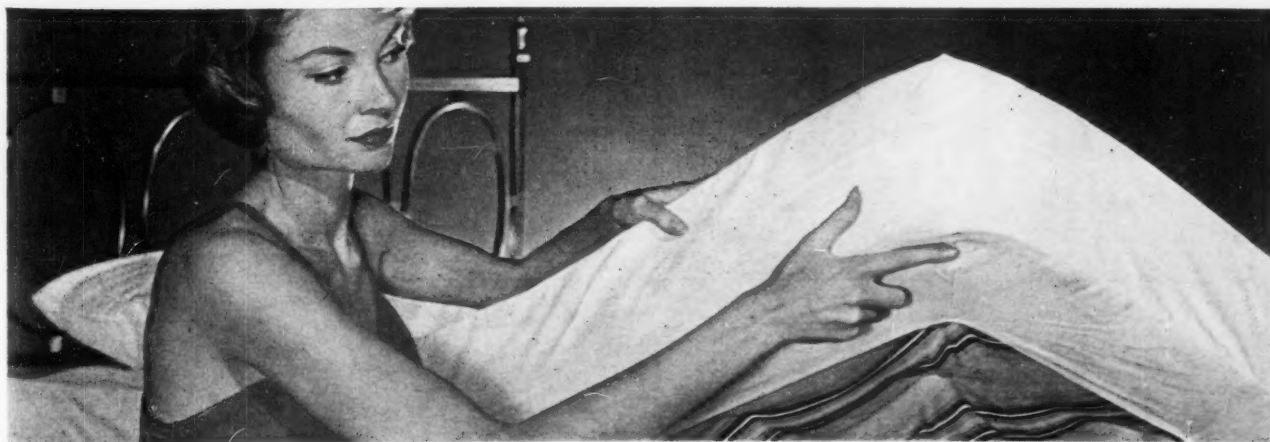
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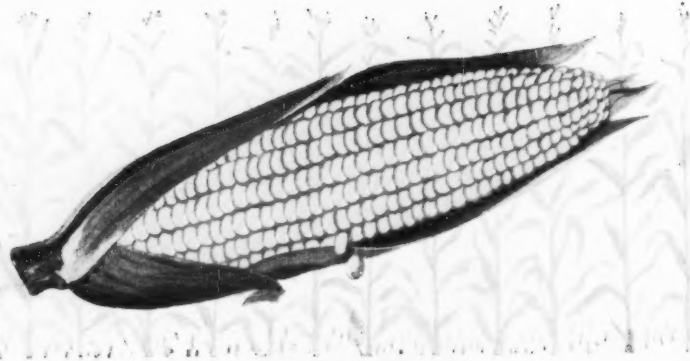
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wives carried their appreciation of their husbands to a point that the researchers termed the "adoration pattern." One wife set the tone of this "adoration pattern" when she said, "I told my daughter that if she finds a husband who will be to her like her father is to me, she will have struck oil."

In spite of the strong warm feeling between the parents, in some cases, their sexual adjustment was not good. In fact, one of the specific findings of the project indicated that there was no firm relationship between parental sex adjustment and the level of emotional health of their children. Indeed, the parents in some of the highest-scoring families had sexual compatibility that the researchers rated "poor." But the couples did not take out their frustration on their partner. They achieved an adjustment in

executive positions. Their average income was estimated at between ten thousand and twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

The comparatively high economic level of the families was not in itself a factor in their mental health, since numerous accepted surveys have shown that family affluence appears to have no effect on the "happiness potential" of a family.

Father has the final word

What did appear to influence the family's well-being was that the children had witnessed their fathers' growing success in business, and their own consequent improvement in economic and social status. The strength of the father in business carried over to his role in the family.

Not that the families were ruled by a dictatorial father, on the contrary, family administration was democratic. The major decisions rested with the father ordinarily, but most plans and decisions were discussed with the children. The latter were allowed considerable freedom of choice to follow their own interests. But discipline was far from lax. Westley and Epstein rated it as ranging from "firm and flexible to rigid." These well-adjusted children clearly had guidance and a strong person to help them. The researchers were struck by the children's self-reliance combined with a total absence of adolescent rebellion.

Epstein and Westley stress that there appeared to be a connection between the acceptance of the wives of their feminine role, even their dependence on their husbands, and their success as mothers and homemakers. They suggest that women who lack the particular needs of these women might find the role of mother-housewife a more difficult one to accept—or to succeed at.

As the researchers put it, "This would imply that modern women with a strong sense of self-esteem and self-sufficiency would have difficulty in adapting successfully to the role of mother and housewife."

So perhaps after all it is the femininity of Victorian mothers rather than the masculinity of Victorian fathers that is the key to the well-adjusted family. This is a point that the researchers hope to learn a great deal more about in their enlarged study of what it is that equips a family to meet the stresses and strains of our 1960 way of life.

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which warm feelings were predominant. There was no element of destructiveness or blame in their relationship. They did not want to hurt or wound one another.

One of the outstanding findings of this study was that most of the fathers were successful in their careers. Within the lifetime of their children most of them had taken considerable strides upward. These men had come from the families of laborers, storekeepers, farmers and clerks, and had risen to



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A DISH THAT'S DISTINCTLY YOURS

Continued from page 38

Sea Food Cocktail

Mix about 2½ cups sea food together using canned or fresh shrimp, flaked tuna, crab meat or lobster. Add ½ cup diced celery or cucumber. Spoon into 8 glass compots lined with shredded lettuce and chill. To serve, top with commercial cocktail sauce; or make your own by combining ½ cup chili sauce, ½ cup ketchup, 2 tablespoons each of horse-radish and mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, juice of ½ lemon and dashes of Tabasco and black pepper for nipiness.

Beef Tenderloin in a Blanket

4 lb beef tenderloin
(from a two-year-old steer)
¼ cup port or Burgundy
¼ cup garlic-flavored
French dressing
½ pkg cream-puff mix

Trim any excess fat. Set meat on a platter and pour on a mixture of the port and French dressing. Refrigerate for four hours, turning the meat several times. Make up the puff mix according to package directions. About 25 minutes before serving time drain the meat and save the marinade. Brush off excess marinade with a pastry brush. Place meat in a shallow pan. If there is a thin end, pin it under with toothpicks to make the tenderloin uniformly thick. Spread the top and sides with the cream-puff mixture and bake at 450 degrees F. for 20 minutes or until a meat thermometer barely registers 140 degrees. Decorate top with ¼-inch dice of pimento and serve on a heated platter with Pimento Bacon Logs and a kumquat and watercress garnish. Serves 8.

THE SAUCE: Stir about ½ cup boiling water into the meat pan to loosen and dissolve the brown bits, then add enough marinade to flavor pungently.

VARIATIONS: (1) Instead of using cream-puff paste, spread tenderloin with soft sweet butter flavored with garlic or herbs and cover with slices of rindless side bacon; or (2) spread tenderloin with sausage meat before roasting; or (3) wrap tenderloin in rich flaky puff pastry, as the French do, and roast.

Pimento Bacon Logs

3 to 4 cups seasoned
mashed potatoes
¼ cup mashed pimento
1 tbs Parmesan cheese
Dash cayenne
1 egg, beaten
Crushed cereal flakes
Sliced side bacon

Mix the first five ingredients together and form into 16 to 24 log-shaped croquettes. Roll in crushed flakes then wrap in half slices of side bacon snipped lengthwise. Secure with toothpicks. Prepare these ahead of time and place in a shallow pan; refrigerate until needed. Place in the oven at the same time as the tenderloin and bake about 20 minutes.

VARIATIONS: (1) Omit pimento and Parmesan cheese and flavor potato mixture with grated onion. Form into log-shaped croquettes around strips of process or cheddar cheese. (2) Form plain well-seasoned potato mixture into croquettes and roll in a mixture of slivered almonds and Parmesan cheese.

Endive Salad

Endive can be slightly bitter, so I like to cut off a good ½ inch of the bottom, separate the leaves, then soak them in cold water with salt for about an hour. Dry on absorbent paper or clean tea towel and save the best leaves for the edge of the salad bowl. Fill bowl with a tossed mixture of broken lettuce, cucumber slices, tomato wedges, sliced celery, shredded carrot, green pepper and remaining endive cut in strips. Dress with a good French-style dressing and tuck endive leaves around bowl. Garnish the top with sliced ripe or stuffed olives. Chinese lettuce, young spinach leaves, chicory or curly endive may be used in place of endive.

Horse-radish Mold

Dissolve 1 package of plain gelatine in ½ cup hot water, add ½ cup sweet pickle juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and ½ cup drained horse-radish. Chill until thickened, then fold in ½ cup mayonnaise and ½ cup chopped celery or cabbage. Pour into a small oiled mold that has been sprinkled with chopped parsley. Chill until set.

An alternative is Horse-radish Cream Sauce.

Continued on page 56

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Seven Seas Casserole—

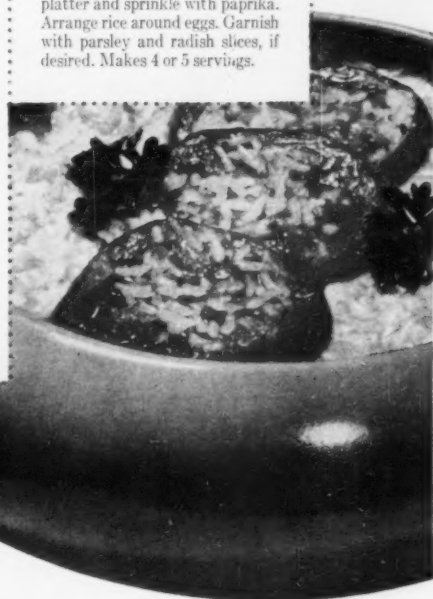
Combine 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup or condensed cream of celery soup, $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and dash of pepper in a saucepan. Bring to a boil over medium heat, stirring occasionally. Pour about half the soup mixture into a greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole. Then in layers add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice (right from the box) 1 package (12-ounces) Birds Eye Green Peas, thawed, and 1 can salmon (approximately 8 ounces), drained and flaked. Add remaining soup. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Cheddar cheese and paprika. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes. Cut through mixture with knife or fork after 10 minutes of baking to help distribute soup mixture. Makes 4 servings.

Baked Rice, Italian Style—

Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice to 1 cup boiling water in saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Cover and let stand while preparing cheese sauce. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a saucepan. Add 2 tablespoons of flour and mix thoroughly. Add $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture is smooth and thickened. Add 2 cups grated process or Cheddar cheese, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of pepper. Mix well. Lightly sprinkle 3 firm ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced with additional salt. Arrange alternate layers of rice, cheese sauce, and sliced tomatoes in greased $1\frac{1}{2}$ quart baking dish, finishing with layer of tomatoes. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Eggs and Rice au gratin—

Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups Minute Rice and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water in a saucepan. Mix just to moisten all rice. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Divide rice in half. To one half, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green onions and 2 tablespoons butter, mix lightly with a fork. Cover and set aside in a warm place. Then blend $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk. Beat 6 eggs; add mustard-milk mixture, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated Cheddar cheese and remaining rice. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in frying pan, add egg mixture, and cook and stir until eggs are cooked but still soft. Place on platter and sprinkle with paprika. Arrange rice around eggs. Garnish with parsley and radish slices, if desired. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

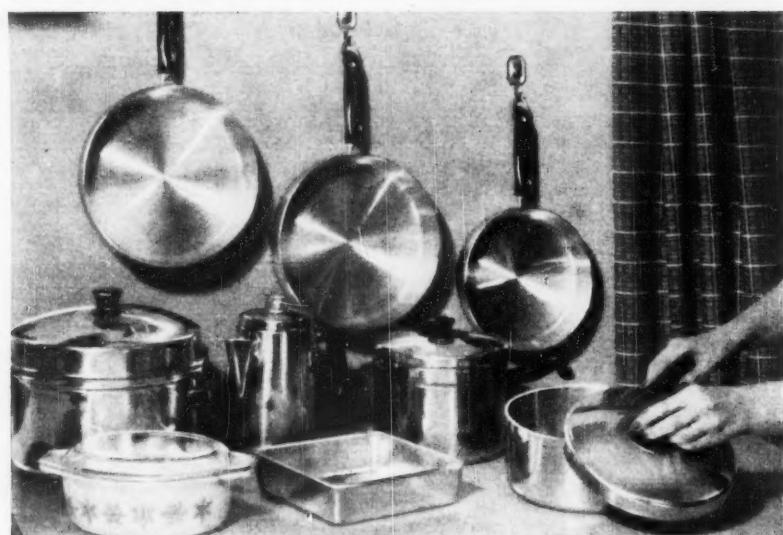


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Continued from page 54

HORSE-RADISH CREAM SAUCE

Fold ½ cup or more of drained prepared horse-radish into ½ cup whipped cream with a dash of salt and a pinch of sugar.

Note: You may use sour cream in place of whipped, or ¼ cup fresh grated horse-radish in place of prepared.

Hot Milk Rolls

¾ cup lukewarm milk
2 tsp sugar
1 pkg dry yeast
2 tbs soft shortening

¾ tsp salt
2 cups sifted all-purpose
flour
¼ cup melted butter

Mix the milk, sugar and yeast together in a bowl. Let stand 10 minutes. Stir in the shortening and salt. Add flour to make a soft dough. Knead slightly and roll out to 8-inch square. Place in greased 8x8-inch pan and press out to the edges. Cut into 16 pieces as you would for a freshly baked cake. Pour ¼ cup butter over the top letting butter run between the cuts. Cover and let rise about 45 minutes. Bake at 400 degrees F. for 15 minutes. Break apart and serve hot. May be made the day before. Wrap in foil and reheat before serving.

VARIATIONS: (1) Make a hot roll mix according to directions using milk in place of water. (2) Buy milk rolls from your baker and reheat before serving.

Irish Coffee

Very hot, strong, sweet coffee flavored with Irish whisky and served in demitasse cups or small glasses, and topped with unsweetened whipped cream.

Spiced Tomato Juice

Mix tomato juice with a few broken celery leaves, a sliced onion, few whole cloves and allspice plus dashes of Worcestershire sauce, salt and sugar. Leave chilled for several hours and strain. Spike with lemon juice, if you wish.

Continued on page 58

FACTS ON FLOUR

Know the types you use — and avoid failure

Baking failures often result when homemakers use a type of flour other than what the recipe calls for. There are four types on the Canadian market: self-rising, cake, cake-and-pastry, and all-purpose or bread flour.

Always use bread or all-purpose flour in yeast mixtures, never substitute another type of flour; and never substitute self-rising flour for another type.

Substitutions can be made in some cases by adjusting quantity. For instance, in cake, pastry, cookie and quick bread recipes, if recipe calls for 1 cup sifted cake flour you may substitute 1 cup sifted cake-and-pastry flour less 1 tablespoon. When recipe calls for 1 cup

sifted cake-and-pastry flour, use 1 cup sifted cake flour plus 1 tablespoon.

If a cake recipe calls for 1 cup cake or cake-and-pastry flour, you can use ¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour and add 1 tablespoon more liquid.

IMPORTANT: Never use a one-bowl-cake method of mixing when using all-purpose flour. Instead use a butter-cake method, that is, cream fat, sugar and egg together thoroughly by hand or with a mixer, then fold in the all-purpose flour and other dry ingredients by hand (alternately with liquid). Never mix with a beater, because it will develop the gluten in the flour and make the cake heavy.

BY CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Another Robin Hood 'Sure-Fire Success' Recipe

POPPY SEED CAKE

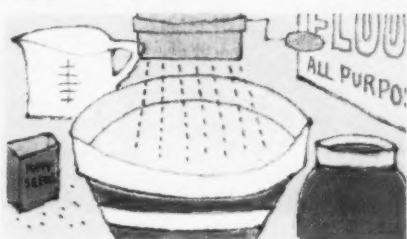


This cake has unusual elegance. It is meltingly light, not too sweet, and contains a real surprise: dark speckles of poppy seed that give it a subtle "lift" out of the ordinary. Filled with a fairly tart fruit jam or jelly, dusted with powdered sugar... it's a queenly dessert that's surprisingly easy to make.

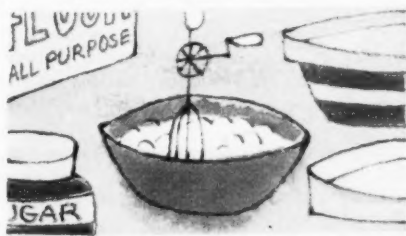
And when you bake it with Robin Hood Flour, you know it will come out just like the picture. Robin Hood is specially milled from the nutritious hearts of wheat... and every batch is *bake-tested* before it's ever sold. So Robin Hood Flour is extra-good... in every possible way.



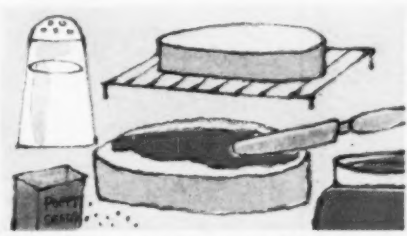
Step 1 Assemble together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup poppy seeds, 1 cup milk, 2 cups sifted Robin Hood All-Purpose Flour, 3 tps. baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 4 egg whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup apricot, peach, or plum preserves, and a little icing sugar.



Step 2 Soak poppy seeds in the milk for 1 hour. Sift together salt, baking powder and flour. Cream shortening. Add sugar gradually and continue beating till fluffy. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk-poppy seed mixture.



Step 3 Beat egg whites stiff but not dry. Fold into batter. Pour into two 8" greased and floured layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 to 35 minutes. (Cake is done if centre springs back when lightly touched).



Step 4 When cake is cool, fill with preserves. Lay paper-lace doily on top; sift icing sugar through it. Lift doily gently, and pattern remains. Serve cake with custard made from 4 left-over egg yolks.



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12-Minute Magic Fudge

- 1 package (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
- 1/2 cup PLUS 1 tablespoon Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- Pinch of salt • 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3 tablespoons ground nut meats

1 Heat chocolate in double boiler top over fast-boiling water, stirring until just melted. Remove from heat.

2 Add super-smooth, ready-blended Eagle Brand, salt, flavoring and nuts. Stir until smooth. Turn into wax paper-lined container and press into block one inch high.

3 Chill in refrigerator until firm, about 2 hours. Makes 1/2 pound of the creamiest, mouth-meltingest fudge ever.

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Continued from page 56

Chicken Liver Casserole

- 1 lb chicken livers
(cut in halves)
- 1/2 to 1 lb fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 1/2 cup butter
- 3 tbs flour
- 2 tbs onion flakes OR
- 1/4 cup chopped onion

- 1 can cream of chicken or
mushroom soup
- 2 cups chicken broth*
- 1/2 lb cooked ham, diced
- 2 egg yolks
- 1/2 cup evaporated milk or cream
- 1/2 cup sherry OR milk

Sauté the chicken livers and mushrooms in the butter for 5 to 8 minutes. Push to the side of the pan and stir the flour into the butter. Add the next four ingredients and heat until bubbly. Let cook slowly for 5 minutes. Stir in the egg yolks and milk mixed together. Cook 3 minutes. Stir in the sherry. Season with dashes of garlic powder, Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice. Keep hot in a candle-warmer casserole. Serve with Emerald Rice. Makes 8 servings.

*Made with chicken bouillon cubes.

VARIATIONS: (1) Use diced fresh chicken or sweetbreads in place of chicken livers and ham. (2) Use 1 can frozen shrimp soup plus 1 cup water in place of chicken broth and 1 pound freshly cooked deveined shrimp, adding the shrimp just before reheating.

Emerald Rice

Sauté 1/2 cup chopped green pepper and 1/4 cup sliced green onions in 1/4 cup butter until transparent. Keep heat low and stir in 1 cup chopped raw spinach and 4 cups hot cooked rice. Season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle top with Parmesan cheese. Serves 8.

VARIATION: Omit spinach and add 1/4 cup chopped parsley.

Avocado Salad

Peel and slice 1 or 2 avocados into thin lengthwise slivers. Combine with about 2 cups of drained grapefruit or orange sections and 1/2 cup each of sliced celery, green pepper and toasted almonds (optional). Toss lightly with French-style dressing or a mixture of 1/4 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 cup sour cream. Serve in a salad bowl lined with shredded lettuce. Serves 8.

Hot Herb French Bread

Cut a long French stick in half. Slice both halves in 1-inch slices almost through to the bottom. Spread Herb Butter between the cuts and wrap separately in foil. Heat at 375 degrees F. for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve half the loaf, and keep the second half hot until needed.

HERB BUTTER: Cream 1/2 cup soft butter with 1/4 teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 teaspoon celery seed and a dash of curry powder, thyme, basil, or any other herbs you prefer.

Hawaiian Torte Chantilly

- 1/2 pkg. cream-puff mix*
- Rich plain pastry
- 1 pkg. vanilla pudding
- and pie mix (cooked type)
- 2 envelopes low-calorie

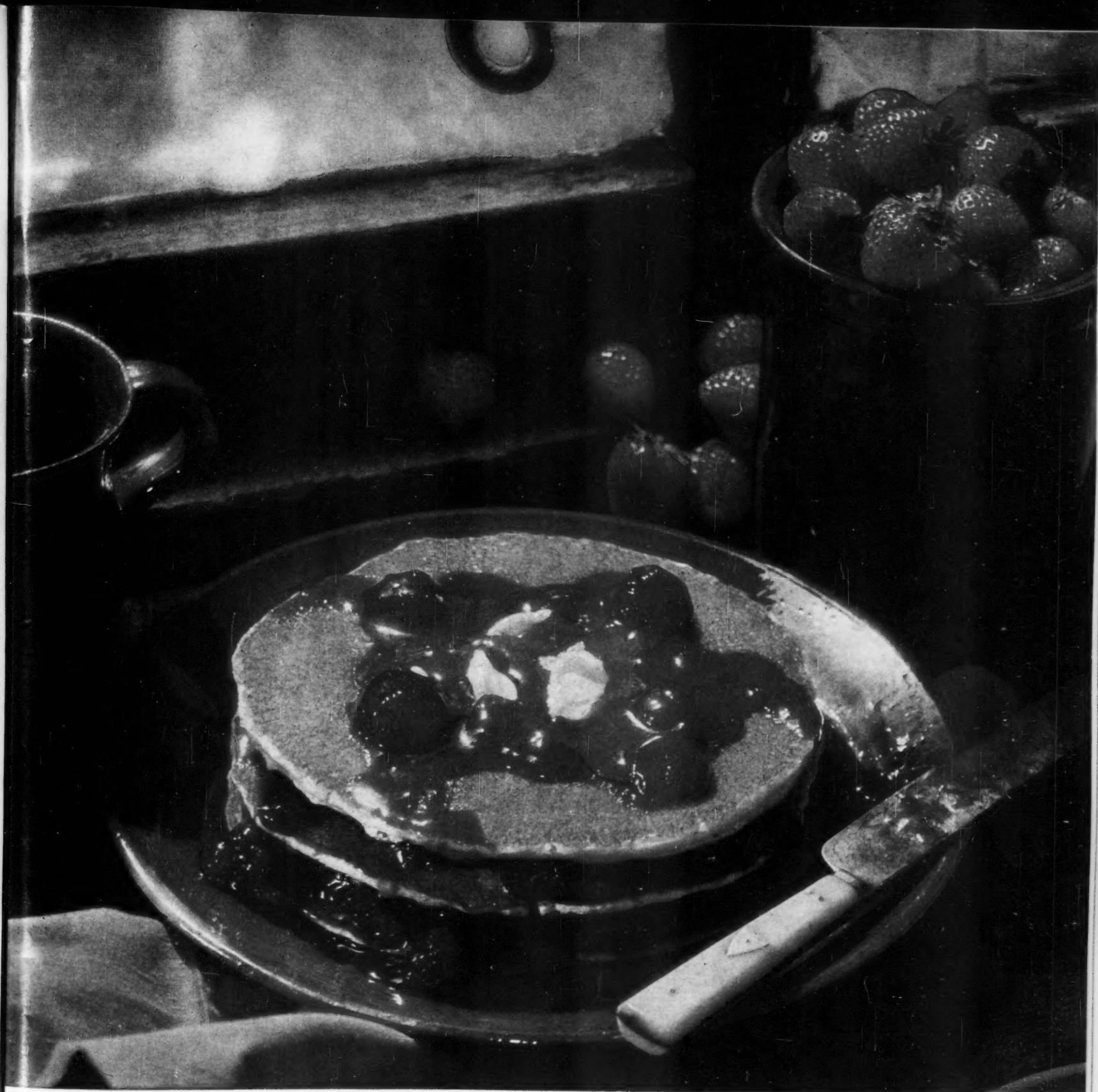
- lemon gelatine
- 2 (8-oz) cans dietetic pineapple
- 1 cup orange juice
- 2 pkg powdered topping mix*
- 2 tbs sugar

Draw a 9-inch circle on a cookie sheet with a pencil, then draw a 4-inch circle inside the first. Spread cream puff mixture thinly and evenly between the lines. Bake at 425 degrees F. for 20 minutes. Remove from pan. Cool and cut off the top. Roll out pastry 1/8-inch thick and cut in a 9 1/2-inch round. Prick and bake on a cookie sheet at 425 degrees F. for about 12 minutes. Cool. Prepare vanilla pudding and cool.

Dissolve gelatine in heated pineapple juice, then add pineapple plus orange juice. Chill until thickened then fold in 1 package prepared topping mix sweetened with 1 tablespoon sugar. Spread the pastry with the cooled vanilla pudding. Cover with half the puff and fill with pineapple mixture. Replace puff top. Sweeten remaining package topping with remaining sugar and swirl over top and sides. Fill centre with a mixture of flake coconut and cubed pineapple. Garnish with chopped pistachios and pineapple bits dipped in rose coloring, then blotted. Chill. Cuts into 14 servings. Calorie count 275 per serving.

*Make according to directions.
VARIATIONS: (1) Substitute dietetic peaches for pineapple; or (2) use 2 cups fruit juice in place of orange and pineapple juice in the gelatine mixture and fold in 2 sliced bananas in place of pineapple; fill centre with sliced bananas and mandarin oranges.

END



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**WHAT'S GOING
ON UP THERE?**

Continued from page 35

around the sun, weighs 13.4 pounds. It was launched by a Juno II rocket weighing 121,000 pounds. The "talking" satellite that broadcast President Eisenhower's Christmas message in 1958, launched by an Atlas, weighed 8,750 pounds, was 75 feet long, 10 feet in diameter and was the largest U. S. satellite launched into orbit to date.

Since long before Sputnik, scientists all over the world have been working out jobs for satellites to do. Some of these fall in the area of basic research, but others will have immediate practical application.

Spies in the sky

One of the most useful function of these whirling balls would be spying on weather conditions throughout the world, reporting storms at sea and mapping jet streams. These howling eastbound streams of wind flow about seven miles above the earth, at speeds of two hundred or three hundred miles an hour. An eastbound plane that travels the same course as a jet stream can pick up a powerful boost to its speed. The streams, however, have a tendency to "wander" in an, as yet, unpredictable fashion. Much more information is needed about them.

A satellite making several trips around the world a day would give weathermen enough information to make their predictions far more accurate. Scientists feel that with weather satellites, eventually we will be able to predict weather accurately for months or even years in advance. Accurate three-month weather forecasts are expected in fewer than ten years. No one need be told what this could mean to the farmer planning his crops, or even to a city dweller planning a vacation. The terrible cost of floods, tornados, and other natural disasters can be reduced when we know about them in advance, and scientists believe that one day the satellite may even help avert the presently large toll resulting from these disasters.

Satellites will ultimately be developed that can spot forest fires in the remote wooded sections of the world, and track ice packs and icebergs menacing northern navigation.

But perhaps the greatest contribution the satellite can make is toward

world peace, through world understanding. With satellites to beam the signals around the globe, dependable world-wide radio and television will be possible.

Today's short-wave radio does not always work. Radio transmission depends upon an easily disturbed part of the atmosphere known as the ionosphere. Magnetic storms upset the ionosphere to such an extent that it will not play its usual function in relaying the signal. Sometimes these storms cut this continent off from the rest of the world for hours at a time.

The communications satellite, as it is often called, would act as a relay station for radio and television signals, thus reducing our dependence on a very undependable ionosphere. (This ionosphere, by the way, is of no help with television signals, which explains why the present range of television is so limited in comparison to radio.)

Most authorities believe that we will have world-wide radio and television in ten to fifteen years.

With this communications aid, no nation will be able to hide its people behind a curtain of censorship. Some believe that world television will lead eventually to an international language. It is certain that it will be a medium of cultural exchange, to the benefit of all.

Need you fear bombing or attack

from alien satellites whizzing daily over your head? The answer is probably no. An armed satellite is too impractical. It costs too much, and the problems of firing a missile from a satellite are enormous. An ICBM (intercontinental ballistic missile, a rocket that can be shot halfway around the world) is easier, cheaper, and probably faster. In addition, a satellite's orbit is known, and one can compute where it is going to be at a given moment, making it a vulnerable target for destruction.

Satellites could photograph military installations and manoeuvres, but doubtless the art of camouflage will keep up with the advances of satellite cameras.

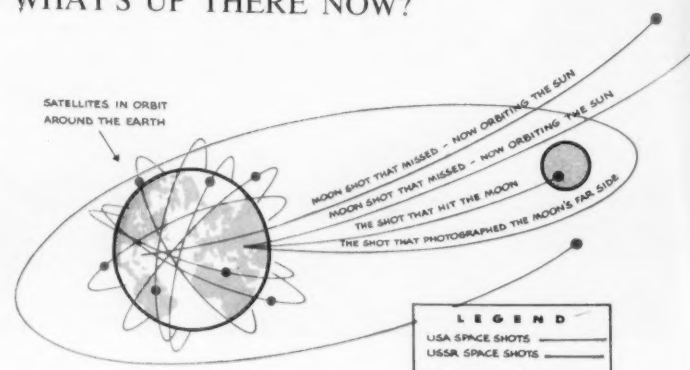
In other words, the satellite is far more an instrument of peace than of war—although the military are developing satellites for certain "special" purposes.

Meanwhile, the rocket and the satellite have another important function — the gathering of information and paving the way for space travel. Rockets will probe deep space before man does, and bring back reports on any hidden or unsuspected hazards. One such discovery has already been made by satellites which first disclosed the existence of two belts of radiation about the earth.

These encircling belts are roughly

Continued on page 62

WHAT'S UP THERE NOW?



What's spinning around the earth — Both the United States and Russia have put satellites in orbit around the earth — thirteen for the U.S., three for the U.S.S.R. At press time only seven remained up there — all American. Russian satellites have been larger because of their more powerful launching rockets. The U. S. satellites have been longer-lived — one will last two to ten centuries.

What's gone off to the moon — Both the United States and Russia have shot for the moon. Two of the shots — one American, one Russian — went off course, skipped past the moon and are now orbiting the sun. Eight months later Russia hit the moon, then followed with a satellite which went around the moon, transmitted photographs of the always-hidden far side, and went into orbit around the moon and earth, where it will circle for an indefinite time.

How The Stars Reduce Safely and Effectively

By BOBBIE REYNOLDS

It was a star-studded audience at Romanoff's and everybody was dressed fit to kill. Yvonne De Carlo looked like a living doll in a strapless sheath that showed off her figure to perfection. In fact, she looked younger, slimmer and even more glamorous than when we'd met five years ago—prior to the filming of "The Ten Commandments."

Later in the evening, I asked her outright how she keeps her gorgeous figure. "Or don't you have to worry about your weight?" I added with the slightest trace of envy in my voice. Her answer took me completely by surprise.

"After my second son was born," Yvonne confided, "I decided I needed to lose a few pounds. You see, I'd signed for my first TV appearance and on a 'live' show, with no chance for re-shooting, I knew I'd be a good deal better off a few pounds under than one pound over camera proportions."

"But what did you do?" I said impatiently. "Try a crash diet?"

"Absolutely not!" said a shocked Yvonne. "I reduced in a safe way. I've discovered a wonderful candy reducing plan."

Yvonne had been warned against starvation diets and rigid regimens. She knows how easily they can ruin health and looks. Instead, it was recommended that she try a special vitamin-mineral candy plan that helps make you thin. And it actually does! I've seen plenty of proof walking around the cinema town.

What a pity some of the box office belles and matinee idols of the silent era never knew about this reducing plan. How they struggled to take off weight too fast in the old days. And what could be worse than a leading lady with lines that can't be covered up with cosmetics or with skin that's lost its firmness from a sudden weight reduction!

Take, for instance, Barbara La Marr and Renee Adoree. Old timers tell me these beauties ran into real trouble with starvation dieting.

For the most part, stars today have given up dangerous diets. Many keep their figures looking younger than their years a safe, sensible way. They actually follow a reducing plan which involves a delicious vitamin-mineral candy.

"So many women 'over thirty' become careless about their figures and looks," said Virginia Bruce at lunch one day. "And that's the time to pay special heed to these things."

Then holding up two candy squares, she added: "These let me eat all my favorite foods—beef stroganoff, macaroni, even ice cream—but help keep me from overeating." Interesting sidelight: Virginia has lost 9 pounds with this reducing plan and I've never seen her look better.



It's plain to see riding instead of walking hasn't hurt Virginia Bruce's lovely figure. Fact is, she's lost nine pounds.

Quizzing Virginia further, I found that she'd read about this candy plan in a magazine article. To satisfy my own curiosity, I dug up the report and learned this; the candy is what's known as an "appetite deterrent." Taken before meals as directed, the candy (which, incidentally, is called Ayds) helps curb your appetite, so you eat less and lose weight.

It's been tested on scores of overweight men and women in clinical studies and findings showed that those on the Ayds Plan achieved dramatic results. They lost weight steadily, safely and effectively—without suffering nervous jitters or nagging hunger pangs.

News as good as this couldn't help but travel fast over the theatrical grapevine. In New York City, the other day, I talked to the secretary of a talent agent who had taken off 28 pounds on the Ayds plan. And she was just delighted. In fact, the reliability of the Ayds plan and its success over the past 18 years have been so outstanding that its makers guarantee you'll lose weight with your first box or your money is refunded.

What people like most about the Ayds plan is that it not only helps you reduce—but it helps you stay reduced!



Everybody wants to know Hedy Lamarr's secret of staying slim—and it looks as if she's telling friends. She says she follows a candy reducing plan.

Hedy Lamarr confirmed that! I ran into her at a masquerade party and noticed she was wearing a costume from "Samson and Delilah," a film she'd made in 1950. When I remarked on it, she said: "Thanks to the Ayds plan, it still fits. I never thought losing pounds could be so easy."

And there it is! The inside story not only of how Hollywood stars reduce, but of how thousands of ordinary folks have achieved younger, slimmer figures, too. The inside story from drug and department stores is that the Ayds Reducing Plan, whether with chocolate or caramel, is still Canada's best-selling reducing plan.



Beautiful, blue-eyed Yvonne De Carlo has, without a doubt, one of the youngest-looking figures on the Hollywood scene. Read how she keeps it that way.

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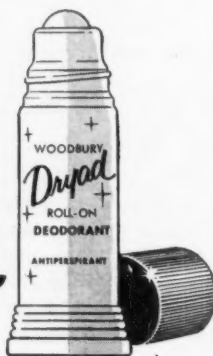
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Continued from page 60

doughnut-shaped, one about two thousand miles out, the other about ten thousand. The radiation, which apparently originates in the sun, consists of charged particles—particles being a general term for the various items of which atoms are built. This particular radiation is presumably made up of protons and electrons, trapped in the earth's magnetic field. Both radiation belts are, of course, above the earth's atmosphere (traces of atmosphere are found two hundred and fifty miles from the earth's surface).

like the rocket probe, circle the moon and return to earth. Armed with the knowledge gathered by such reconnoitring trips, the first men may set foot on the moon before long—perhaps within ten years.

Those hardy pioneers will have an arduous trip, though probably a monotonous one once the initial strain of take-off is past. The trip, one way, is two hundred and forty thousand miles. The time it will take will, of course, depend upon the rocket then available; but a rough estimate might be four days—less time than it used to take to cross the Atlantic by sea.

HAVE YOU A STORY TO TELL?

You, like most women, probably can remember a particularly dramatic, inspiring, or revealing event in your life. "What a story I could tell!" you sigh.

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Consider what period in your life provides the best story material. Perhaps it was something that changed the whole course of your life. Perhaps several years elapsed before the situation was resolved. Perhaps your story touched on some great public event.

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*Personal Experience Stories,
Chatelaine Magazine,
481 University Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario.*

Satellites are already counting the density of "cosmic dust," the tiny bits of dust that roam the nearly empty spaces between planets and stars. The frequency of collisions with meteors and the intensity of cosmic radiation are other important matters being investigated. These are the things we must know before we can expose man to space.

Several days will be occupied dropping from the earth to the moon in a state of "free fall," where the spacemen will literally swim through the air in the ship's cabin, because of the lack of gravity. They will have to carry everything they need with them, including air and water and food and fuel for the return trip.

Their course will be planned and set into the ship before they leave, so they will have little work to do piloting save for an occasional instrument check.

Men on the moon by 1970?

The Russians have achieved the first rocket flight to the moon. They first sent a rocket crashing onto the moon's surface. Later, they sent a camera-carrying satellite around the moon and from it received photographs of the far side never before seen by man. The first men to visit the moon will probably not land but,

As they approach the moon, the ship will begin to speed up as the moon's gravity starts to pull the ship down. The crew will fire retro-rockets to slow the ship, and make a "soft landing" on one of the plains of the moon.

Continued on page 64

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Continued from page 62

Looking back at the earth, they will see it hanging in the black sky, a beautiful blue-green orb. If the earth is full, it will look about four times as big as the moon does to us. At night the stars will seem much brighter than on earth and will not twinkle, since there is no atmosphere to deflect or absorb starlight.

Despite their heavy space suits, the men will feel light on the moon, for the gravity there is about one sixth that on earth. Since there is no air to carry sound, they will not be able to talk to one another except by the radios in their space helmets.

They probably will find no life on the moon, since there is no air. They will gather samples of the moon's crust, make photographs and whatever other studies earthside scientists have requested, and return to earth.

Probably the first use we will make of the moon is to establish laboratories there, and among the first things to be studied will be the effect of unrestricted radiation on life. (Our own atmosphere protects us from much of the solar radiation.) Scientists expect to make discoveries in the field of genetics and mutations. Many think that studies of normal and abnormal growth can be made under the moon's conditions that will eventually lead to an understanding of cancer.

Nine months to Mars

Astronomers, too, are eager to set up observatories in the moon, from which they will be able to study the stars unobscured by the earth's turbulent atmosphere.

Eventually, the moon may be a good launching station for space trips to visit Mars and Venus. The moon has so much less gravity than earth that a smaller rocket can lift a bigger ship — and very big ships will be needed for interplanetary exploration.

Mars and Venus, our two neighbor planets, are the only planets we are likely to visit for many years. Distances between our planets change constantly, as the earth, Mars and Venus are all traveling at different speeds around the sun. Mars is never closer to earth than thirty-four and a half million miles; Venus is never nearer than twenty-five million miles. A trip to Venus would take about a hundred and forty-six days; to Mars, about two hundred and sixty days.

Not much is known about Venus, except that it is about the same size

as earth. It is closer to the sun and, consequently, warmer than earth. Until recently, life on Venus was considered rather unlikely. The detection, last December, of water vapor in Venus' atmosphere has reopened the whole question. It is still, however, entirely a matter of speculation.

Mars is a little farther from the sun than the earth, and cooler. Its air is probably too thin for us to breathe.

Mars has seasons like those on earth, but its year is nearly twice as long as ours. (Busy people should like the day on Mars — it is twenty-four

hours and thirty-seven minutes long.)

We can see icecaps on the poles in the Martian winter, which shrink during the Martian spring and summer. During the spring, green patches, thought to be vegetation similar to our lichen, spread across large portions of its face. These turn gold in the summer and brown in the fall.

The rest of the surface of Mars is a red desert. There are no seas; most of the water seems to be locked in the polar caps.

The sky's not the limit

Although in the next few years we may be taking rocket probes to these two planets, at the moment our scientists are more concerned with the refinement and development of satellite science. Much work will be done on the miniaturization of satellite equipment, such as television cameras, radio transmitters, and light- and radiation-counting devices. Designs are being drawn for space ships and for a manned satellite space station. At the Canadian Armament Research and Development Establishment at Valcartier, Quebec, Canadian scientists have developed a radio transmitter that will work after being slammed into the moon's surface.

These programs are opening up many new careers. Today's children will be able to choose their vocations from an ever-increasing variety. There will be new careers in astronautics, astrophysics, space law and space medicine, as well as rocketry, electronics, and the basic sciences.

There is, for example, much work to be done on exotic fuels and propulsion systems. One of the most interesting of those now under study is the ion propulsion system. (An ion is an atom or molecule that is electrically unbalanced.) In theory, these more advanced propulsion systems could achieve speeds near that of light, which is about one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. Experts have predicted that we will have an ion rocket within twenty-five years.

Meanwhile, someone may turn up a method of propulsion undreamed-of today.

The space age offers such a tremendous potential in human benefits that we cannot grasp its full import. What we can foresee, in improved communications, economic benefits for the whole world, and expanded knowledge, is stimulating to the imagination.

END

WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

These are the rockets that launch the satellites.

Atlas—The most powerful U.S. rocket to date; 85 feet high, with total take-off weight of 244,000 pounds.

Delta—A three-stage rocket, with successive thrusts as it climbs into space. It has a great future in space launchings.

Juno—A four-stage rocket with total take-off weight of 121,000 pounds. It launched the U.S. moon shot.

Jupiter—The four-stage rocket responsible for the first U.S. successful space probe. Height 68.6 feet.

Test Vehicle Three—A 72-foot, three-stage rocket notable for use in the first U.S. space shot (which failed) and later successful launchings.

Thor-Able—A big (90-foot) three-stage rocket weighing 112,000 pounds at take-off.

Thor-Hustler—A two-stage rocket standing 78.6 feet and weighing 8,400 pounds at take-off.

These are the projects they're working on.

Decree—Satellites for every form of global communication, including TV.

Echo—Launching (due this spring) of a 100-foot inflated sphere into orbit around the earth at 1,000-mile height for radio-wave reflection. It will be seen as a bright star.

Mercury—The over-all program, now in progress with capsule recovery tests and experimental launchings of living animals, with the eventual objective of manned orbital and space flight.

Samos—Satellite with a camera to spot objects as small as seven feet on the earth's surface, from a height of 300 miles. Its purpose: mapping, observation of ships and icebergs and defense.

Steer—Satellites for two-way communication in polar regions.

Tackle—Satellites for ground-to-air, ship-to-shore communication.

Transit—Satellites for plane and ship navigation and course-charting.



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EXTENSION PHONES — as gay as the flowers that bloom in the spring! Nine bright rays of sunshine for winter-weary rooms! Extension phones are so handy too — save you many a step and many a minute. Only a reach away, they provide night and day protection. In an active household they offer privacy and relaxation.

Remember... an extension phone (in wall or table model) costs only \$1.25 a month — even less in some communities. And listen to this! *All coloured phones are now available at the new, low, one-time charge of \$9 for any shade you choose!* Just give us a call, or "ask the man in the green truck"!

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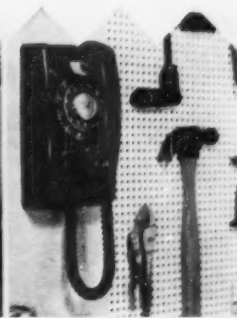
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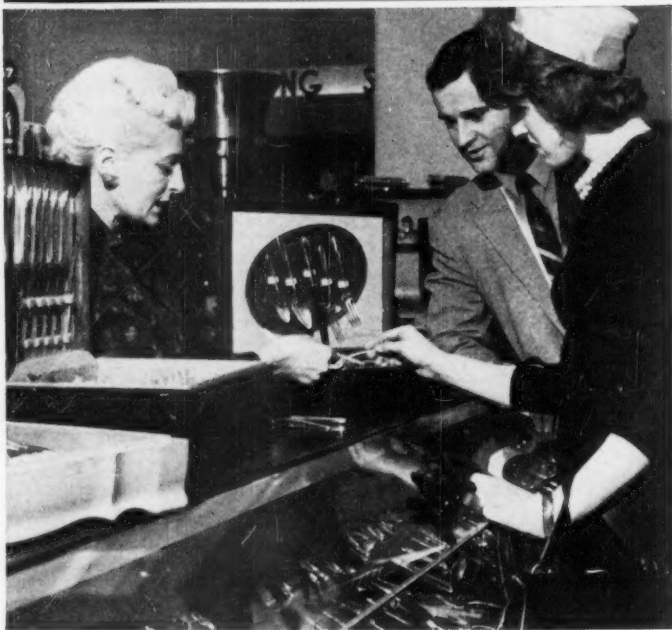
... the living room



... the basement



Shopping with CHATELAINE



To help you
spend your money
wisely when
buying flatware

By JEAN BYERS

UNTIL five or six years ago the shopper for flatware had only two choices — sterling silver or silverplate. Then along with Scandinavian furniture, and dinnerware patterns in the same contemporary trend, stainless-steel flatware became not only popular but socially acceptable.

So now you have three choices in flatware; and the best way to make your selection is to decide what goes best with your china, linen and furniture — and what appeals to you most.

The average home, of course, is a mixture of the informal and the formal; of family life and entertaining. It is a good idea, then, to have two sets of flatware — one for everyday or casual use and one for a more formal table setting, such as the family's evening meal and for when you entertain. Before you start to shop it is as well to know something about the properties of each kind of flatware:

Sterling silver is solid silver — the content, by law, is 92.5 percent silver, alloyed with 7.5 percent copper for hardening. It will not wear out and price variations are mainly due to differences in weight and design.

Silverplate has almost the look and feel of solid silver, at prices within the range of everyone. It is pure silver electroplated over a nickel-silver base, the quality of the product being determined by the heaviness of the base, and the weight and balancing of the silverplating.

Stainless steel, at prices comparable to silverplate, is solid like sterling. It comes with a satin (brushed), or mirror finish. The quality of stainless flatware varies according to finish, weight and workmanship.

What about balance, weight, and finish? Check that each piece of the flatware you choose can be used naturally, that it is neither too heavy nor too light. All edges should be smooth, no design should cut your hand, and hollow handle seams should be almost invisible. There should be no obvious scratches or pitting (though normal-wear scratches in time are inevitable).

What pieces should you buy first? Sterling and silverplate are sold by the piece, place setting, and by the set, while stainless is generally sold in sets of four and six place settings. As there is rarely any saving by buying in place settings or sets, we suggest you buy what you need first, and then add what you like.

The five most used items will be a salad fork, regular teaspoon, and a "place" knife, fork, and spoon. Place utensils are the new trend in flatware, one piece of cutlery combining the uses of two — such as one place knife instead of a dinner and dessert knife, and one place spoon for cream or clear soups, desserts, or cereal. To the basic five pieces add next a third fork (to save washing between courses if you serve both a salad and a fork dessert), butter spreader (for both butter and snacking) and small teaspoon.

Care of flatware. Hot sudsy water, hot-water rinse, and prompt drying directly after use is the main rule. Avoid leaving dry salt on any flatware because it will corrode silver quickly and stainless steel, though more slowly. Regular use of silver, and storage in a tarnishproof cloth or silver drawer, will prevent tarnish caused by sulphur in air, and such foods as acid fruits and vegetables, mayonnaise, and eggs. If silver has tarnished, use a good polish to restore the soft lustre.

Silver is soft, so prevent unnecessary scratching by careful use. Don't jumble all the cutlery together in the dishpan, or carve the fork tines instead of the meat with your knife blade. Carefully store your good flatware in divided drawers or separate bags.

HOLDERS OF CHATELAINE INSTITUTE SEAL OF APPROVAL

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Pic Pork Loaf

Pierson Sashless Windows
Pioneer Household and
Beauty Gloves
Prestige Furniture Wax
Princess China
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Pure Barbados Fancy Bulk Molasses
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and Instant Coffee
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Success Trio Wax
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with Vila-Seal Finish
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and Muslin Sheets and
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END

STOCKINGS WITH a *Kick* IN THEM!

Go spritely, go smartly—go all-out for fashion (and his approval!) with toned hosiery of Du Pont nylon! A wardrobe of bright new outfits needs a drawerful of fresh spring tints. So echo or contrast your costume colors. There's no end to leg excitement today!

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HANG DRAPERIES CORRECTLY!

When you're putting up new drapes or curtains, even the loveliest fabric loses its effect unless it hangs correctly. There's only one way to make sure, and that's with really well-made hardware. That's why it pays to insist on Kirsch hardware. It holds your draperies perfectly, allows them to look their best . . . and goes on giving dependable performance year after year.

Take the ever more popular draw draperies for example. Hung from nylon slides on Kirsch draw-cord traverse rods, they work smoothly and quietly with all operating parts concealed. Just a touch, and they open or close. Kirsch drapery hardware costs no more than other makes, yet gives you full satisfaction. So be sure your curtains and drapes are installed with Kirsch hardware. When you see how perfectly they hang, you'll be glad you did.



Kirsch adjustable draw-cord rods are available in a wide variety of sizes and qualities to fit most windows. For a small extra cost, they can be custom-made for special windows.



LET ME LOVE YOU

Continued from page 36

the strength of fine steel mesh. It was she, much more than his father, who had made the Martins what they were — well-to-do, influential, award-winners as a Master Farm Family of Alberta. And with every one of his older brothers and sisters who had gained independence, it had been the same, he thought grimly. He had seen her fight to hold them, giving ground reluctantly, her love like a cowl of

fact remains you're only nineteen!"

"That's pretty weak coming from you," he said with angry derision. "Dad was just twenty when he married you, wasn't he? Yes, and you were only seventeen!"

"That was different . . ." She lowered her eyes to her hands again, retrenching. "We were more ready for responsibility and we began at the beginning. Allan, you have no idea of the patience, and the love, and the wisdom it takes to raise one's own children, let alone someone else's."

"They need me," he said stubbornly, and even though they couldn't see

by and let you do this to yourself? I can't believe that an intelligent girl like Dorothy would let you do it!"

"Oh, Mom! For as long as I can remember, you've been trying to make me see that life isn't just a big joke. Now you want nothing but belly laughs. How inconsistent can you get anyway?"

"Now look, boy." In his quiet way, his father had been searching for arguments to support his mother. "You've done a fine job of filling in on the Finlay place since Gordon was killed. Nobody's trying to take that from you. But you don't have to make



"Look, boy," Allan's father said quietly, "this isn't your problem."

strong living tissue enveloping them all.

"Now, look, Mom, nothing you can say will change anything," he warned. "This isn't a measly sports car we're talking about this time. It's my whole life!"

"Exactly!" she murmured. "And last year you spoke with equal passion about that noisy monstrosity you call a car. You couldn't live without it either."

"You know darned well there's no comparison," he said hotly.

SHE SAT with her handsome grey-blond head lowered, staring at her hands. When she raised her eyes, it was to look not at him, but at his father.

"How do you tell them?" she said, and her face was drawn. "At his age, how can they see?" When his father shook his head helplessly, she looked again at him, beseeching him. "Allan, listen to me. It's not only you we're thinking of. It's Dorothy and the children. No matter what you think of your ability to look after them, the

it, this was the crux of it all. This was where the difference lay. For the first time in his life, other human beings were vitally dependent on him. "I'll be a better father than none at all, won't I?"

But she had appealed to his father again, her eyes anxious and uncertain. "I wonder if I shouldn't have a talk with Dorothy . . ." she began and faltered, halted by the livid fury in his face.

"Don't you dare," he said ominously. "Don't you dare! This is my business, Mother. It's something between Dorothy and me, and no one else! If you intrude, I'll never forgive you. Never!"

"Is it an intrusion to love one's son?" Her grey eyes were filled with rare, sudden tears, and he balled his hands into tight fists as her love reached for him, demoralizing him. "Oh, Allan, this is so unlike you," she said, her words keening over him. "You've always been the carefree one. The one who made us all laugh. Do you realize that you haven't laughed since this all started? How can I sit

a lifetime job of it. God knows, we're sorry for Dorothy and we'll do all we can to help. But it's not your problem."

"You forget. I found him," he said, his jaws tight.

"Of course you did," his mother agreed patiently. "But anyone could have been driving down the road and seen Gordon's tractor in the ditch. That doesn't make his family your responsibility."

"That's where you're wrong," he cried, choked and inarticulate. "That's where you don't know what you're talking about!"

THERE WAS so much they didn't know. That was the trouble. They didn't know how he felt about Dorothy and they were judging him only by what they saw, what they had always seen. In spite of his height and his solid build, he still had his ingenuous little-boy face with the fair skin that went pink in the sun instead of tanning. That he had been experiencing independently of them, suffering

Continued on page 70



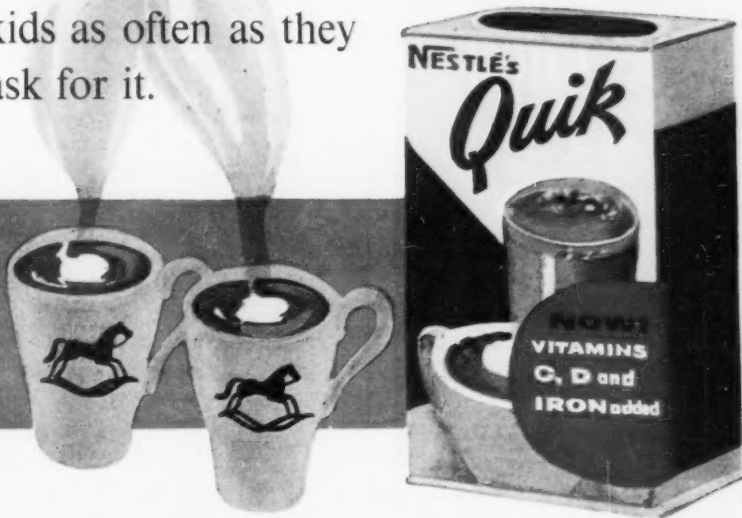
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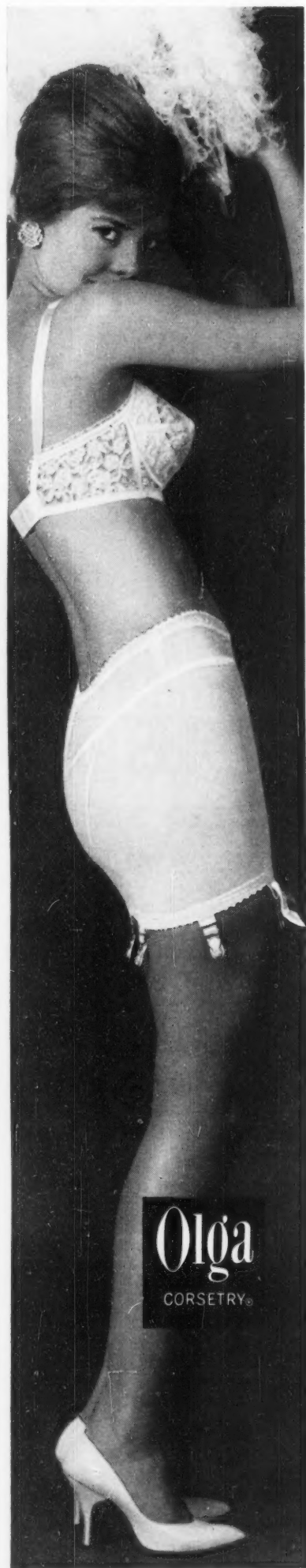
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Continued from page 68
ing and learning, changing where it didn't show, was something he couldn't express to them.

It wasn't that he hadn't seen death before. You couldn't live on a farm without seeing animals die. But the death of a human being, of a friend and neighbor was so much more than the mere cessation of life that a deep sickness of body and soul had gripped him that day as he stared at Gordon Finlay lying under his tractor.

The dead man's eyes had still beseeched the sky as though he had known and despaired of his plight, and with the sweat breaking over his body, he still wakened in the night, seeing it. Seeing, for the first time, man in all his frightening vulnerability. For the first time, too, he had begun to go to church without nagging from his mother as he searched for his own defense against life's imponderable odds.

But after the first shock as he stood shivering on the road in the warm spring sunshine, it was the thought of Dorothy that had swelled in his mind, filling it to the exclusion of everything else. With a terrible urgency, he had wanted to be the one to comfort her, the one on whom she would lean. He had climbed back into his car, thinking ahead carefully, knowing that he must be solicitous of her in every detail. He would go home to get his father and brothers to call an ambulance and move the tractor. He would take his mother down to break the news to her with a woman's gentleness and a mother's wisdom. Then he would look after the outside work for her. He would be there, serving her, as long as she needed him.

PERHAPS THIS was the moment of his entrance into manhood. His feeling for Dorothy Finlay until then had been nothing more than puppy love, a secret adolescent yen for her that had throbbed like a haunting jazz beat in the back of his mind ever since he had been in elementary school in the village of Bright Hills and she had been in high school.

She had been one of the most popular girls in the district in those days, not because she was the phony, glamorous type or the cheap, come-on type, but because she had quality. That was the only way you could describe it. A certain poised, graceful way with her, a certain sincerity in her lovely flashing smile that made you know that even though she was the bank manager's daughter, she re-

spected herself without conceit.

Later, after her parents had died within a year of each other, she had married Gordon and become their closest neighbor. But even then, though he saw her as he drove back and forth to town, stopping often to see if he could bring her anything, he could only look at her, secretly worshiping, inspired to strive for an outward show of maturity that would match hers.

"You haven't answered my question," his mother said. "Have you broached this extraordinary idea to Dorothy yet?"

"No, but I'm going to today."

"But, Allan . . ." His mother raised her hands in a gesture of bewilderment. "I can't believe that Dorothy, of all people . . . My dear boy, what makes you think she'll have you?"

"Because she needs me, that's why! Because she's on one heck of a spot with nobody else to turn to!" He rubbed his hand over his eyes and sighed a little wearily. "She's up to her neck in bills and she doesn't know anything about farming. She can't afford to hire an experienced man to run the place for her. So what can she do? She can't even afford me . . ."

It was the bills that had decided him. He had carried the end-of-the-month mail in to her yesterday to find her sitting at the kitchen table with the farm account books spread around her. There had been a ring of pallor around her mouth that had crept slowly over her face as she opened the envelopes with the tell-tale Cellophane panels. It was a moment before she could manage a smile, acknowledging his presence.

"I made fresh coffee," she said. "I thought you'd be in. Help yourself and pull up a chair."

He had hesitated on the doormat. "My boots are a mess. Been cleaning the piggins this morning."

"Don't worry about the boots. You can slip them off on the mat," she said, focusing her attention with visible effort. "I really must talk to you today, Allan."

HE HAD taken off his boots and jacket and sat across from her in his sock feet, waiting for her to begin. When she raised her eyes finally, he had glimpsed naked panic below the clear sea green of their surface, and it had made him feel as he had the day his mother had told her. As though someone were kicking him savagely in the solar plexus.

"First of all, I want you to know

how grateful I am for your help in the last three months," she began rather formally. "I honestly don't know what I would have done without you. But Allan, I can't let you do this indefinitely . . ."

He had winced, misunderstanding. "You mean I'm not doing a good enough job?"

"I'm sure you're doing a wonderful job!" she said quickly, forcing another smile. "The son of a Master Farmer! What more could I ask? No, it's that I owe you for three months' work already. I thought when we sold those calves last week. But I've been going over the books and I . . . Well, I don't know what I'm going to do . . ."

Her voice had sunk low as she stared at the bills on the table, and as he looked at her downbent head with its honey-colored hair falling in soft waves around her face, he had wanted unbearably to touch her, to show his yearning openly. But restraining himself, he said huskily. "I told you in the beginning I wasn't working for pay."

"But, Allan, that's out of the question. I can't let you work without pay! For one thing, your mother and father must need you at home."

"Harv's there and Jim's right next door to them if they need a hand. They don't mind. Even if they did, I don't care. What I do with my time is my own business."

"But my dear boy . . ." she had protested, sounding like his mother. "They're providing your room and most of your board!"

"I can pay them for my room and board if they ever want me to. But I'm not doing this for pay," he had repeated passionately and her eyes had lifted to his, for an instant startled, questioning him. Then with a baffled, affectionate gesture, she had reached across the table and put her slender tanned hand over his. "Allan, what am I going to do with you? You're so completely practical about running a farm and so impractical about this. What is it with you? Have you been reading too much Lloyd C. Douglas lately?"

She was studying him with a faint, puzzled smile. "You know . . . until lately, I wasn't even aware that the round-faced imp of a boy I used to see teasing the girls in the schoolyard had grown up. How could it have happened with such devastating suddenness?"

You did it, he wanted to say. I grew up for you! But he had made

Continued on page 72

DON'T LET YOUR HANDS SAY "HOUSEWORK"



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NEW SOFTASILK HAND BEAUTY CREAM IS HERE

Complete 3-way hand care

Protects—helps heal—beautifies!

New Softasilk is the only leading hand beauty cream with this unique blend of 3 beauty ingredients:

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Use Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder lavishly for complete foot hygiene.

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Continued from page 72

a joke of it. "Just jet-propelled, I guess," he said, shifting his feet and grinning. "I'm a fast man with the hormones."

It had drawn a low fragment of chuckle from her and she had withdrawn her hand with a friendly little pat. Frowning over the books again, she said. "I can't bear to sell out. Buying this place meant so much to us. It was more than just a home and a living. It was a future for the children, roots for them..."

HE WAS reminded of his mother again. This had been her dream, too, when she and his father had settled on the old Martin homestead thirty-five years before. She had transformed it into reality with a singleness of purpose that amounted to dedication, but could she have done it without a husband? What would the seven lusty Martins have done without a father? He thought sickly of Dorothy's children, young Gordon and little Patty, just five and three, with all their youth ahead of them and a vacuum walking with them where a father should have been.

"I have to work this out somehow," she was murmuring. "But I need cash right away and no matter what you say, I can't continue to impose on you. I shouldn't even be thrusting my troubles on you like this."

"But I want you to," he said earnestly. "It'll help to get them off your chest. And who knows? Maybe I can help you figure something out."

She shook her head wearily. "I need a miracle, I'm afraid. I lie awake at nights going over it until my head splits. I can't sell any more stock or let the machinery go back without crippling myself hopelessly. Gordon had everything geared to mechanization. I suppose we gambled too heavily, but a few good years would have pulled us through."

As though it eased her to talk, she had continued, her eyes thoughtful. "An extension at the bank might do it. But as any good bank manager can plainly see, I'm not a very good risk under the circumstances. The trouble is that even if I sell out, I'm not going to clear much. And I'm not trained for anything. I doubt if I could even give the children a decent home. No, it has to be here! Somehow it has to be here..."

He had seen it then. In a flash so blinding it had numbed him, he had realized that in his eager heart,

his big farmer's hands, his strong young body, he held an answer to her problems. As her husband he would need no salary. With his father's backing, he could swing the loan part and the bills. By the mere act of picking up his pen, his father could advance him the money to pay the most pressing ones. He could take the panic from her eyes, lift the weight from her shoulders...

He was searching for words again when she said contritely, "Oh, Allan, this isn't fair to you. You go on back out into that lovely sunshine and forget about old lady Finlay and her troubles." He had tried to protest but she had risen swiftly and thrust his cap on his head. "Out with you now! And don't worry about me. I'm not licked yet."

But as he passed the kitchen window, he had seen her sink down at the table with her face in her hands, and the sight of her in defeat had been more than he could bear. Blindly he looked at his parents, the memory of it goading him. His father had paused in his pacing, the grooves deepening in his wind-burned forehead. "If Dorothy can't run the place, why doesn't she rent?"

"What good's renting? It would barely pay the interest on her mortgage. Besides, it's her home. Why should she leave it if she doesn't have to?" Keeping a tight rein on his voice, he tried to explain it to them, his desperation building against their resistance. "Now look, Dad. I'm not asking for favors. You know it's a good place. You know it'll pay off, given time. I thought if you could sign for me on an extension at the bank and advance me the money to clear the machinery, I would get the crop off and... Look, you'll get it back! If I have to work my hands to the bone, you'll get it back!"

His father was looking questioningly at his mother and she was biting her lip, unwilling to commit herself. She had picked up her knitting and her needles clicked like levers powered by her agitation. "Allan, it's not the money. The money's comparatively unimportant..."

"I get it," he said bitterly. "It's the old story! As far as you're concerned, I'm still in diapers. You set Jim up with his land and buildings, not to mention Peg and Herb! And you didn't quibble about putting up for Janet and Cia to get university degrees. Oh, no! But just let me ask you to invest a few dollars in me and what happens?"

He could feel them wince as his blow struck home and he struck again before they could recover. Looking directly at his mother, he said, "Or is this just your way of holding me to the hearthstone? I might've known it would be my turn sooner or later. You never give up, do you?"

"Now that's enough of that!" His father turned sharply, anger mounting with characteristic slowness in his face. "I don't like your tone, young fellow. You can apologize to your mother or you can leave the room until you come to your senses!"

"All right, Mom, I'm sorry," he said grudgingly. "But darn it all, can't a fellow change? Can't you see that I'm not kidding around now?"

"WE DON'T think you're kidding around, my dear," she said quietly. "We just don't think you're being realistic, and we—we... Oh, can't you understand? We don't want you to be hurt! There's so much to this that you couldn't possibly foresee."

He sat with his lips tight and his eyes narrowed, shaking his head, looking at them. "So that's the way it is," he said softly into the weighted silence. He rose slowly still staring at them, and his father said uneasily, "Look, son, take it easy for a while. Let this coast for a bit so we can all think it over."

"Think it over!" It burst from him like a great boil breaking. "Oh, sure! You can sit here in your smug security and talk about thinking it over! But Dorothy's lying awake at nights and I'm sick to my stomach because I can't help her. Well, there are a few things that you two just don't get!" He strode to the door, wrenching it open. "I've made my decision! And no matter how much time you have to think up new arguments, you can't change it. I love her! Understand? And nothing else matters more to me in all the world than making her happy. What you want me to do doesn't count now!"

His mother had risen from her chair, her face white, and his father was following him to the door, his hand raised in a soothing gesture. "Now, just a minute, son," he was saying. "You don't mean this. We just want to think it over, that's all."

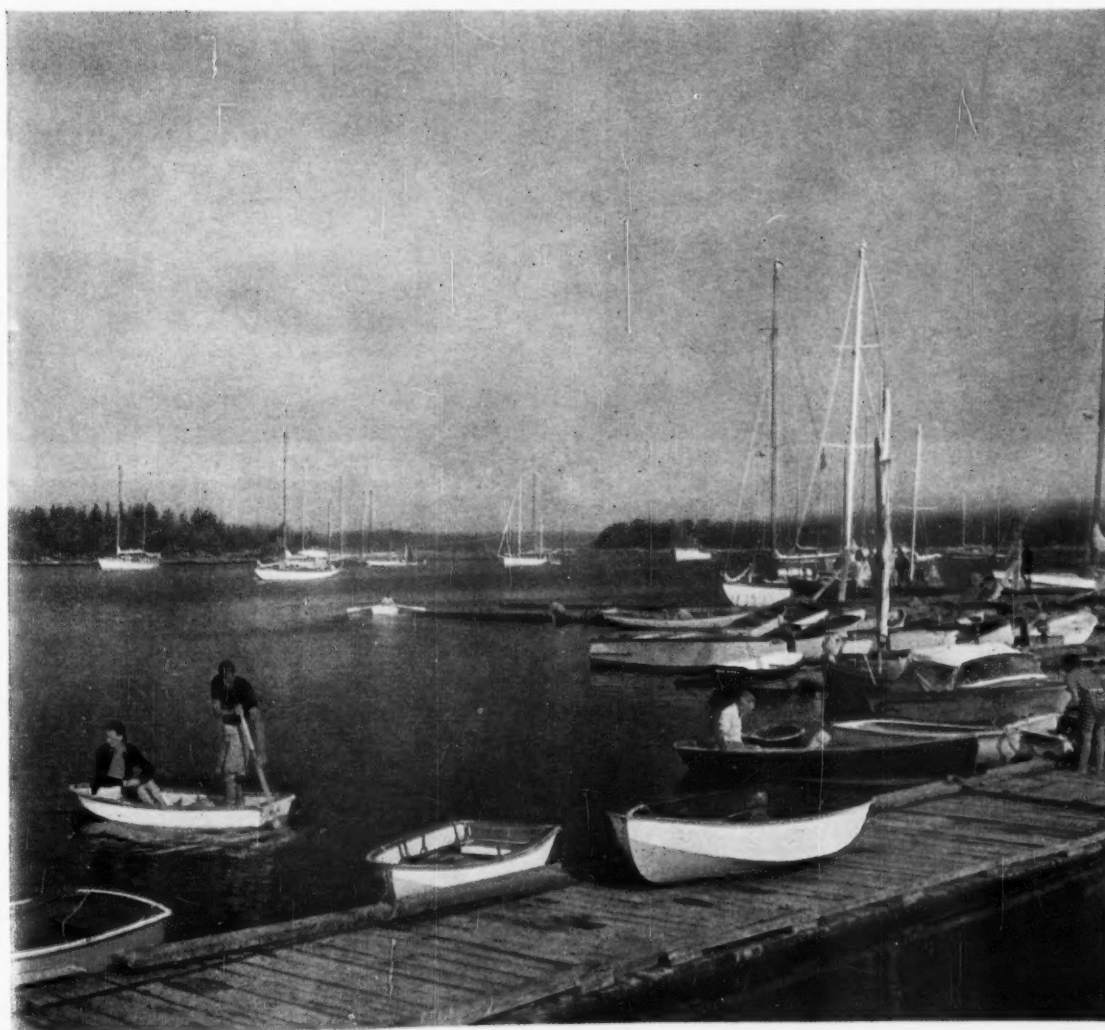
"Yeah? Well, what's there to think about? You either have faith in me or you don't! It's as simple as that!"

"Let him go Harvey," his mother said hopelessly, her face looking

Continued on page 76



The "Picture Province" of Canada New Brunswick



Canada's seaside picture province has enjoyed homage and tribute from poet, artist and world-traveller; her timeless beauty wins the hearts of all. In New Brunswick you'll find the Saint John River, often called "The Rhine of North America," one of the world's superb scenic waterways... St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, a delightful resort community of special charm and character... the picturesque Fundy Isles of Campobello, Deer and Grand Manan, unique in their simple, unspoiled loveliness... the port city of Saint John, with her proud Loyalist traditions, and the gracious city of Fredericton, with her classic cathedral, handsome University and magnificent new Beaverbrook Art Gallery... the North Shore, where glorious beaches ring the hospitable waters of the Baie de Chaleur... wherever you travel, the New Brunswick scene will intrigue and delight you. Modern motels, hotels and resorts invite you to linger. National and provincial parks offer attractive tenting facilities; charming picnic areas abound in the Province and sparkling inland lakes and rivers bid you to sail, swim or cruise to your heart's content. Wonderfully temperate, sunny climate! Indeed, all that summer can offer, you'll find in New Brunswick. For further information, including highway map and routes, please mail the coupon.

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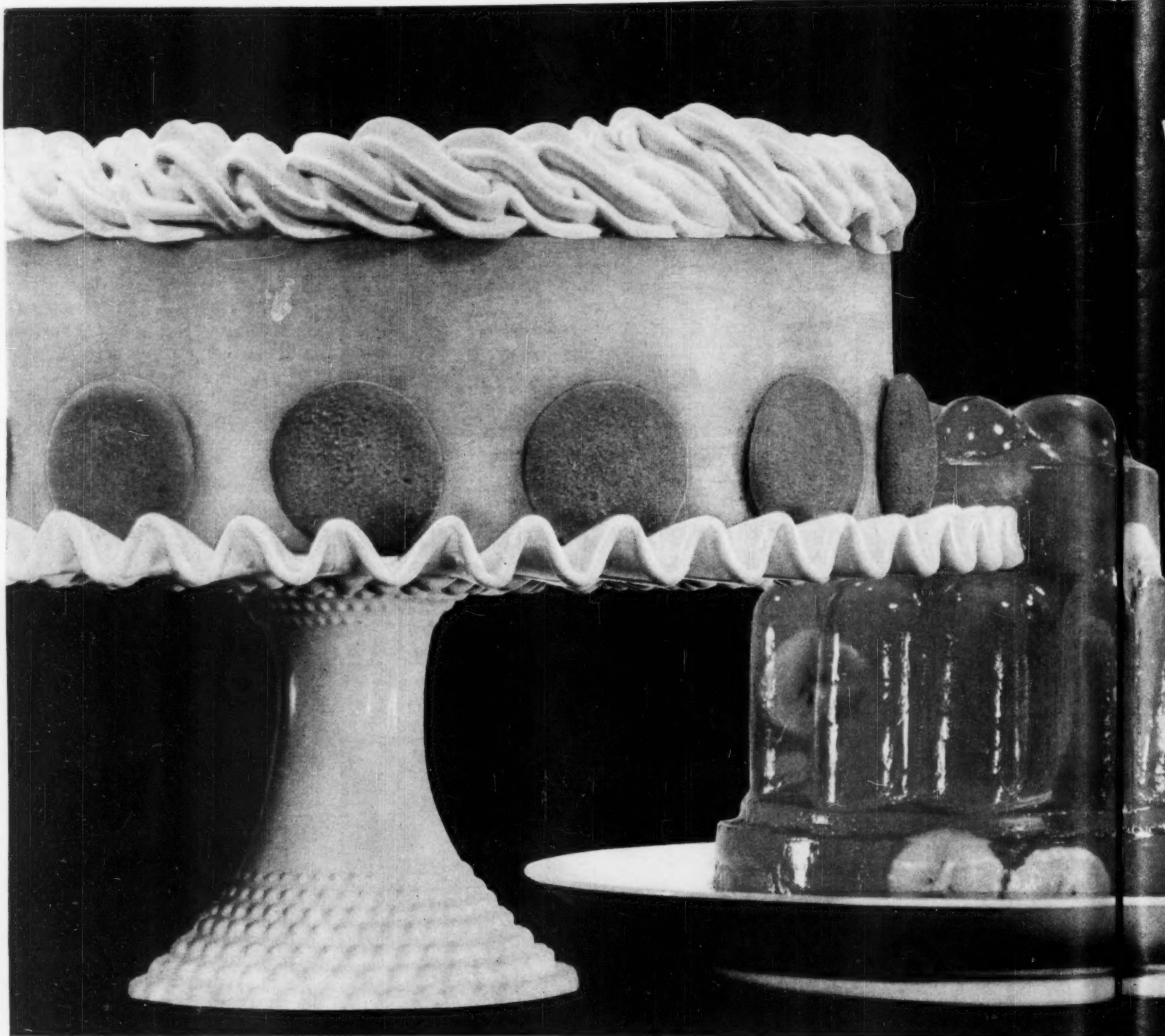
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JELL-O presents..

Orange, Lemon, Lime in the new Double Size

What big beautiful desserts *you* can make with new Double Size Jell-O in Orange, Lemon and Lime flavors! Such a convenient, economical way to give everyone double servings, double pleasure. If your family is large (or small with big appetites!) then these new flavors of Double Size Jell-O are for you. Pick up Double Size Jell-O right away and try these recipes. They were developed in General Foods Kitchens for your enjoyment.



LIME PINEAPPLE DREAM • 1 large package (6 ounces) Lime Jell-O • 2 cups boiling water • Pineapple juice and water to make 2 cups • 15 vanilla wafers • 2 1/4 cups crushed vanilla wafers • 1 1/3 cups (20 oz. can) drained crushed pineapple • 1 cup whipping cream • 2 egg whites • 1/4 cup icing sugar.

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add pineapple juice and water. Chill until slightly thickened. Meanwhile line sides of greased 9" spring-form pan with the whole vanilla wafers; cover bottom of pan with crushed vanilla wafers. Spread pineapple over crumbs. Whip cream and fold into slightly thickened Jell-O. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; add sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time, beating until mixture stands in peaks. Fold into Jell-O. Pour over pineapple in pan. Chill 8 hours or over-night. Before serving, remove sides of pan. Garnish dessert with whipped cream, if desired. Makes 8 to 12 servings.

HARLEQUIN COMPOTE • 1 large package (6 ounces) Lemon Jell-O • 2 cups boiling water • 2 cups fruit cocktail juice and water combined • 1 1/3 cups (20-ounce can) drained, fruit cocktail • 1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries.

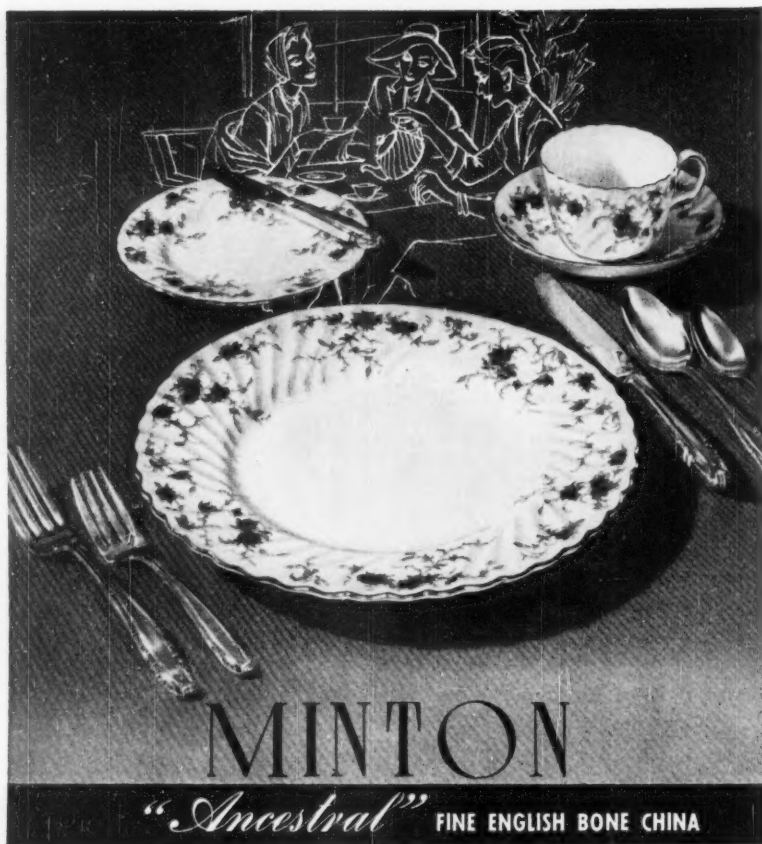
Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add fruit cocktail juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in fruit. Spoon into dessert glasses. Chill until firm. Garnish each serving with whipped cream and a maraschino cherry, if desired. Makes 10-12 servings.

ORANGE DESSERT MOLD • 3 oranges, freed from membrane and diced • 1/4 cup sugar • Orange juice and water to make 2 cups • 1 large package (6 ounces) Orange Jell-O • 2 cups boiling water • 2 bananas, sliced.

Combine oranges and sugar; let stand 10 minutes. Drain off juice and add enough water to make 2 cups liquid. Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add orange juice. Chill until slightly thickened. Fold in oranges and bananas. Pour into a 6-cup mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired. Makes 10 to 12 servings.



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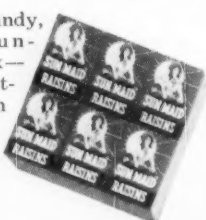
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• Hot rolls make your breakfast—dress up other meals, too—when you add a cupful of delicious, lightly floured Sun-Maid Raisins to your favorite mix. Naturally sweet, wholesome Sun-Maids are also great body-builders—because they're loaded with iron, calcium and healthful vitamins!



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Continued from page 72
blanched to the point of illness. "We can't hold him or reason with him in this mood. We've done all we can . . ."

"All you can!" He stared at them, aghast. "What have you done except try to deflate me? I asked for help from my own parents and I got a big, fat goose egg. Well, all I can say is, thanks for nothing!" Slamming the door, he left them, knowing that he had wounded them but too deeply wounded himself to care.

THE CREST of his anger carried him out to his car and down the road, but as he came in sight of the neat white Finlay bungalow the small anxieties of the day began to gnaw at him. The gasoline drums were empty, for one thing, and he couldn't bear to worry Dorothy about them. With a wrench at his heart, he realized that the only thing he could do to raise cash was to sell his car. It would only be a drop in the bucket but where else could he squeeze a few dollars? He had grown thin on decisions like this in the past months and reluctantly he admitted to himself that until now he hadn't even known what real worry was.

Trying to shut out the uncertainty, he worked at a feverish pace all morning. When Dorothy called him in for lunch, he saw that she looked pale and drawn, but oddly her despondency strengthened him. He would move mountains to take that look from her face, he thought feverently. Somehow he'd swing this alone!

As though by common consent, they lingered over their coffee after the children had gone out to play again. She was the first to speak, raising her eyes heavily. "I've decided to sell, Allan. I can't see any other solution. I was awake all night trying to make myself face it."

"Oh, no, Dorothy, you can't do that!" he exclaimed with such alarm that his words tumbled over one another now in their haste to be said. "Look, there is another way. It may not be a very good one but . . ." She was silent, doubt in her face, and he stumbled on, his voice becoming low and diffident. "What I mean is—you and I—well, we could get married . . . I know I'm no catch, but you—you wouldn't have to worry about a salary then. Would you Dorothy? Would you marry me?"

"Marry you?" She looked at him blankly for a moment before one

eyebrow rose quizzically. "Good heavens, Allan, what brought that on? You shouldn't go around making propositions like that to lonely women. What on earth would you do if I took you up on it?"

"I mean it!" he said doggedly.

"I believe you do," she said incredulously. "You're just sweet enough to think you do anyway. But my dear, funny boy, you've been my knight in shining armor for three months already. Isn't that enough of a sacrifice to lay on the block of chivalry?"

"For God's sake, don't put it like that!" Stung by the fact that she, of all people, was making him sound like a romantic kid, he leaned forward with his fists clenched on the table. "I'm not being chivalrous! This is something I want with all my heart. Dorothy, listen . . . I love you. I've loved you ever since I used to see you at school in town when I was still chewing bubble gum. Maybe it was kid stuff then, but it's for real now."

He was growing surer of himself, sure of the purity of his own motives, the essential goodness of his cause, and the power of his love was giving him an eloquence he had never dreamt he possessed. "You don't know what it's meant to me to be able to work for you like this, to be here near you, knowing you needed me! You said yesterday you didn't know how I had grown up so suddenly. Well, I'll tell you. I grew up watching you suffer, suffering for you. I grew up thinking of Patty and Gordon growing up without a father. I grew up feeling the awful weight you were carrying, trying to help you lift it. I know I still look like a kid but because of you I've felt like a man these last three months. I've had a man's purpose, and a man's place in life. Don't take that from me! Please . . ."

"Oh, Allan, stop!" Her face had grown deathly pale and she covered it suddenly with her hands. Shaken he saw tears slipping from under her fingers.

"Don't cry," he said miserably. "I can't bear to see you cry."

"Don't worry," She groped for a handkerchief and tried to smile. "It's a good sign really. You've just made me feel as though a warm Chinook wind had blown into my life. I've been so—so frozen inside I haven't been able to cry. But Allan . . . Oh, Allan, what can I say to you? This is my fault. Without intending to, I've played on your sympathies. If I had

even suspected . . . I wouldn't have let you expend yourself like this. You've given me so much more than I should have taken."

"But you won't marry me. Is that it?"

"It's that I can't. I wish I could make you understand . . ."

"I understand," he said, his voice leaden. "You think I'm just blowing up an adolescent storm. Just a kid with a romantic cause."

"No, that's not it at all!" Reaching across the table, she took both of his hands in hers and her luminous, tear-washed eyes looked levelly into his. "You're very definitely not a kid to me, Allan. The Allan Martin who has carried the responsibility of this farm in the last three months is no kid. I've leaned on your judgment with as much confidence as I ever did on Gordon's."

"Then why can't you marry me? I wouldn't ask anything of you, Dorothy. I just want to have the right to look after you and the children. I just want to take care of you."

"Oh, my dear . . ." Her eyes had flooded with tears again. "Did I say a Chinook? You're developing into a heat wave!" Taking a deep breath, she said gently, "Now look. I'm not going to tell you that you'll get over this. And I'm not going to compare our ages. They have nothing to do with it. The important thing is that you're all the man I could ask for—and many, many women go through their lives without ever knowing a love as fine and brave as yours. But it's, it's too soon, Allan . . . You've come too soon . . .!"

BEHIND HER words he could hear the cry of a loneliness that was not for him and he hunched his shoulders, looking bleakly at his hands. Roughened, red-knuckled, they were symbolic of him. They were no longer fists filled with force and resolve, ready to battle the world for her. They looked young and raw and awkward, and they lay limply on the table, emptied of purpose.

"I'm still torn and bleeding," she said, her voice thin and distant as though she had withdrawn to a place of solitary suffering where there was no room for him. "I still wake in the night and pray that it's only a nightmare. I still ache where opiates and platitudes won't reach. I'm only half a woman. No man can marry half a woman, Allan."

"I guess you loved Gord an awful lot," he mumbled, suddenly very

ashamed of his jealousy of the dead.

"I suppose I did," she said slowly, seeing him again. "It depends on what you call love. We were a very ordinary couple. We quarreled sometimes, and got on each other's nerves, and blamed each other for our own inadequacies. But the miracle of it is that after a few years of marriage, people kind of — grow together. There's something inevitable about it. It's well, it's like grafting the trunks of two young trees together. If it's a good graft, they grow as one, absorbing sunshine and rain together, meeting every storm as a unit . . ."

Again there was the desolation in her face, the void he couldn't fill, no matter how hard he might try. She went on, "When—when one is torn up, the other needs time for regrowth before it's fit for another graft. What I'm trying to say, Allan, is that I have to regain my identity as an individual before I can marry again. It will be some time before I can even get over the habit of listening for Gordon's step at the door, of turning to touch him in the night . . . Can you—see what I mean?"

He nodded dumbly, clenching his hands into fists again. This was what his mother had meant. So much you aren't able to see, she had said, and he had been angry because he thought he knew all he needed to know to assume the full mantle of manhood. Shielding his eyes from her, he battled with himself on a bewildering number of fronts. Even though she had endowed his love with a healing dignity, he couldn't hide from himself that he was an anticlimax in her life. He had lost his shining goal and, unused to the darkness, he felt like a man struck down in the ring, taking the count, struggling blindly to rise in the shadow of defeat. But worst of all was the battle with his pride.

"The hell of it," he said huskily, "is that I haven't solved anything for you. But I'm not going to leave it like this!" Lifting his head, he said, "There is another way. I think I've known it all along, but I guess I just wanted to make a big man of myself for you. It's funny. All the time I thought I was thinking of you, I was thinking mostly of myself . . ."

There was a growing tenderness in her eyes and he swallowed on the hard, bitter lump of his pride. This much he could do for her, he thought grimly. He could go crawling back to them. He could get down on his knees

Continued on page 82



Eat your orange juice

The "meat" of an orange is the main source of many of its nutritional values . . .



When you *eat* your orange juice you get *all* the "meat", plus *all* the juice. That's how you get *all* the Vitamin C . . . *all* the Protocellulose . . . *all* the Bio-flavonoids. So start eating *whole fresh* Sunkist Oranges today. And when you *drink* your orange juice . . . drink the *whole fresh orange*.

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RECIPE OF THE MONTH Eggs with Curry Sauce

6 eggs, hard-cooked
 1/2 cup chopped mushrooms
 1 tbs butter
 2 tbs mayonnaise
 1/4 cup grated cheese
 1/4 tsp salt
 1/4 tsp pepper
 1 tin cream of mushroom soup
 1/4 cup milk
 2 tsp curry powder
 1/4 tsp ginger
 2 tbs desiccated coconut
 1 tbs ketchup
 Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Cut eggs in half and mash yolks. Sauté mushrooms lightly in butter and add to egg yolks with mayonnaise, grated cheese, salt and pepper. Mix well and return yolks to the whites. Bake at 300 degrees F. until the filling is hot. Arrange eggs on toast points and pour over them the quick curry sauce. Serve with buttered broccoli and tomato slices.
Quick Curry Sauce: Combine soup, milk, curry powder, ginger, coconut, ketchup and Worcestershire sauce and heat until bubbly. Add salt and pepper to taste.

Meals of the Month

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN APRIL

Minute tips for flavor and fun . . .

Marinate chopped dates overnight in brandy with a dash of lemon juice then fold into a ginger Bavarian cream for a tart filling.

Soften cream cheese and whip in honey and sherry for a fruit salad dressing or use mixture to brush banana halves before broiling.

For a hearty home-style soup, add diced cooked bacon, cooked rice and caraway seed to cream of celery soup and dilute to desired consistency with milk.

Add diced fresh, frozen or canned pineapple to your favorite spicy raisin sauce to serve with your Easter ham.

Slice stale hot cross buns in half, butter generously, spread with marmalade, top with sliced cheese then other half of bun. Wrap in foil and bake until cheese melts.

Dinners of the month . . .

					FRIDAY	SATURDAY
SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	1	2
3 Roast Lamb Mint Sauce Rissolo Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Fruit Trifle	4 Deep Fried Haddock French Fried Potatoes Mixed Vegetables Apricot Whip Custard Sauce	5 Lamb Curry Fluffy Rice Chutney Green Peas Crispy Rolls Chocolate Sponge Roll	6 Braised Shortribs Parsley Potatoes Buttered Cabbage Raisin Squares Ice Cream	7 Poached Salmon Caper Sauce Hash Browned Potatoes Green Beans Lime Chiffon Pie	8 Baked Pork Chops Apple Fritters Harvard Beets Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce	9 Swedish Meat Balls Mushroom Gravy Buttered Noodles Glazed Carrots Deep Rhubarb Pie
10 Sirloin Steak Baked Potato Parmesan Onions Angel Cake Orange Parfait	11 Savory Pork Loaf Spiced Crab Apples Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Carrots Cherry Pie	12 Beef and Kidney Pie Kernel Corn Brussels Sprouts Applesauce Date and Nut Loaf	13 Salt-fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Lima Beans Hot Muffins Blueberry Tarts	14 Fried Chicken Parsley Potatoes Sautéed Mushrooms Mashed Turnip Lemon Sponge Pudding	15 Beef Patties Mushrooms Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Banana Shortcake	16 Chicken Liver and Mushroom Casserole* Steamed Rice Tossed Green Salad Cheesecake
17 Roast Duck Wild Rice Stuffing Orange Gravy Potatoes Asparagus Meringue Glacé	18 Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Garlic Bread Green Salad Preserved Apricots	19 Mixed Grill (sausages, liver, beef patty) Potatoes Beets Lemon Meringue Pie	20 Veal and Mushroom Casserole Crispy Noodles Green Peas Fruit Jelly Cupcakes	21 Shepherd's Pie Hot Chili Sauce Buttered Cabbage Corn Meal Muffins Apple Crisp	22 Baked Stuffed Sole Tartare Sauce Rissolo Potatoes Green Beans Chocolate Eclairs	23 Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Mushroom Fried Rice Spinach Mocha Layer Cake
24 Pot Roast of Beef Vegetable Gravy Whipped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Pear Melba	25 Beef Biscuit Roll Tomato Sauce Sucotash Fresh Fruit Gingerbread	26 Baked Heart Tomato Sauce Chef's Salad Hot French Bread Butter Tarts	27 Chicken Croquettes Mushroom Sauce Buttered Beets Pan Fried Potatoes Boysenberry Pie	28 Lamb Stew Mint Dumplings Parsnips Crisp Relishes Peaches Brownies	29 Cube Steaks Fried Onions Cauliflower Baked Sweet Potato Boston Cream Pie	30 Deep Fried Scallops Cocktail Sauce Parsley Potatoes Glazed Carrots Baked Rhubarb Crunch

Breakfasts and lunches for every day . . .

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Breakfast	Spiced Figs Hot Wheat Cereal Bacon Waffles Syrup Coffee Hot Chocolate	Grapefruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Whole-wheat Toast Marmalade Tea Cocoa	Applesauce Corn Flakes Broiled Ham Muffins Jelly Coffee Milk	Blended Juice Blueberry Pancakes Syrup Toast Cheese Hot Chocolate Tea	Stewed Prunes with Orange Sections Shredded Wheat Bites Hot Cross Buns Coffee Milk	Tomato Juice Western Omelet Toasted Scones Honey Butter Tea Milk	Fruit Cup Hot Oat Cereal Molasses Poached Egg on Toast Coffee Cocoa
Lunch	Shrimp Soup Oyster Crackers Assorted Cheese Tray Warm Gingerbread Lemon Hard Sauce	Vegetable Juice Cabbage Rolls Tossed Green Salad Chocolate Pudding Oatmeal Wafers	Celery Soup Deviled Ham Sandwiches on Rye Bread Crisp Relishes Preserved Peaches	Chili Con Carne Garlic French Bread Lettuce Wedge Lime Sherbet Cookies	Broiled Luncheon Meat Corn Fritters Syrup Grape Sponge Custard Sauce	Scotch Broth Vegetable Salad Plate Hot Tea Biscuits Maple Custard Milk	Asparagus on Toast Cheese Sauce Carrot Sticks Preserved Cherries Sponge Cake

Recipes and snacks for the creative cook . . .

WILD RICE STUFFING FOR DUCK: Cook 1 cup wild rice in boiling water until tender. Drain and mix with 1 cup chopped dried apricots, 1/4 cup melted butter, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1/4 teaspoon each sweet basil and marjoram, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts and orange juice to moisten.

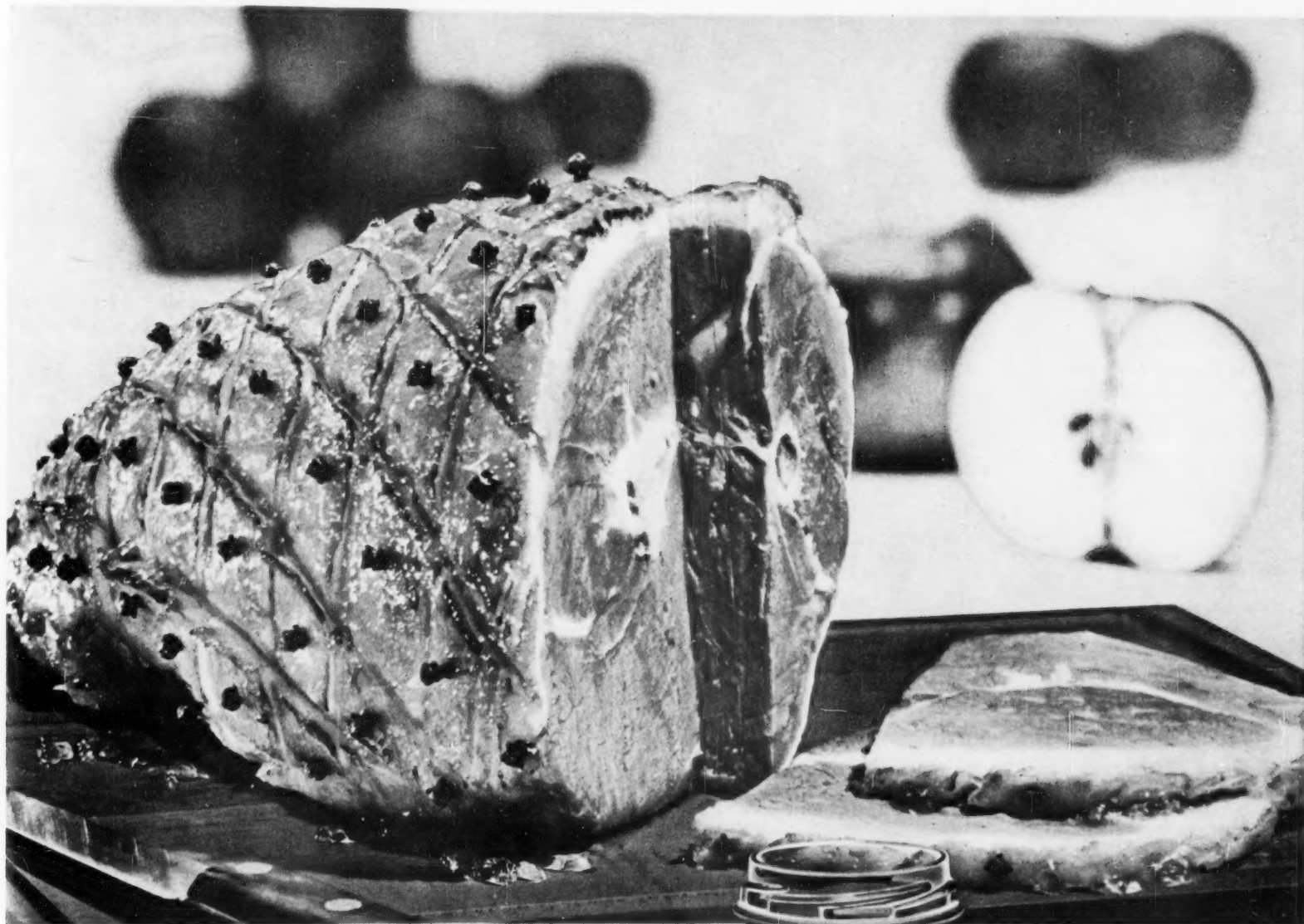
Deeply score fat on ready-to-eat ham, press thin lengthwise strips of preserved kumquats into cuts and place halved maraschino cherries in centres of diamonds with a clove. Bake at 350 degrees F. until heated through. Baste frequently with combined kumquat and cherry juice. **END**

* Recipe appears in this issue.

KRAFT Jams, Jellies and Marmalade are FRESH-FRUIT GOOD!

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Only the finest fruits, ripened in the sun, are choice enough for Kraft Pure Jams, Jellies and Marmalade. They're hurried to the Kraft Kitchens and carefully cool-cooked in our special, secret way so the true flavor of the fruit isn't lost in boiling. 21 varieties—all fresh-fruit good!



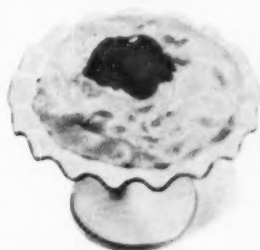
HAPPY EASTER!

New flavor-with-fruit ideas from the KRAFT kitchens



Peach Angel Food Cake

Slice one 9 or 10-inch angel food cake cross-wise to make two layers. Spread a 9-ounce jar of Kraft Pure Peach Jam between the layers and a 9-ounce jar of Peach Jam on top. Frost the sides of the cake with 1 cup heavy cream, whipped and sweetened.



Raspberry Fluff

Beat 3 egg whites until foamy. Gradually add 3 tablespoons sugar, continuing to beat until egg whites are very stiff. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Kraft Pure Red Raspberry Jam and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice. Chill. Serve topped with additional jam.



In 9-oz. and family-size
24-oz. jars



Apple Jelly Glazed Ham

Bake a whole or half ham. About $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before it is done, cut away any remaining rind and score the fat surface with a sharp knife. Spread ham with Kraft Pure Apple Jelly and stud with whole cloves. Return to oven to complete baking, spreading occasionally with more jelly.

Free Recipes! New ways to add fruit flavor to your favorite foods. Write Kraft Jelly Recipes, Kraft Foods Limited, P.O. Box 6118, Montreal 2, P.Q.

There's nothing like the Glazed Date Fans you bake yourself!



If you bake at home it's easier with Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. There's less fuss, less preparation . . . and if you just follow our recipes, you'll never need to worry "will it work?" It will! And you'll feel so proud!

You'll need for the dough:

- ½ c. milk
- ½ c. lukewarm water
- 1 tsp. granulated sugar
- 1 envelope Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
- 3 eggs
- 1 egg yolk
- ½ c. butter or Blue Bonnet Margarine
- ⅓ c. granulated sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. vanilla
- 4¼ c. (about) once-sifted all-purpose flour

for the filling and glaze:

- 2 c. cut-up pitted dates
- 3 tbsps. granulated sugar
- 1 c. water
- 2 tps. lemon juice
- 1 slightly-beaten egg white
- 1 tbsps. water
- 1 tbsps. granulated sugar
- ¼ tsp. ground cinnamon

1. Scald milk; cool to lukewarm. Measure lukewarm water into small bowl; stir in the 1 tsp. sugar. Sprinkle with yeast. Let stand 10 mins., then stir well.



2. Meantime, beat eggs and egg yolk well. Cream butter or mar-

garine in large bowl. Blend in the ⅓ c. sugar, salt and eggs. Stir in vanilla, lukewarm milk, dissolved yeast and 2 c. of the flour; beat until smooth and elastic. Work in remaining 2¼ c. (about) flour.

3. Knead dough on floured board until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl. Grease top. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk—about 1½ hrs. Meantime, cook dates, the 3 tbsps. sugar and 1 c. water together, stirring, until thick; stir in lemon juice. Cool.

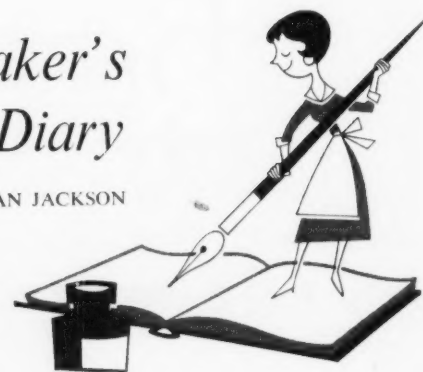


4. Punch down dough. Knead until smooth. Divide into 2 equal portions. Roll each portion into a 12" round; spread ½ of each round with ¼ of the filling; fold dough over filling. Spread ½ of each semi-circle with remaining filling and fold dough over to cover. Place on greased cookie sheets. Grease tops. Using back of knife, mark radiating spokes on top of dough. Cover with a towel. Let rise until doubled—about 45 mins. Deepen markings. Brush fans with egg white mixed with 1 tbsps. water and sprinkle with a mixture of 1 tbsps. sugar and cinnamon. Bake in mod. hot oven, 375°, 25 to 30 mins. Makes 2 fans.

Chatelaine • April 1960

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



Don't polish this brass

Lacquer-finished brass should never be cleaned with a brass cleaner; instead wipe it with a damp cloth. Brass lamp bases, drawer handles and decorations, and knickknacks often come from the manufacturer with a protective lacquer finish. Brass cleaner will dissolve the finish and expose the metal to the tarnishing effect of air and moisture.

No paint-speckled glass

If you're painting window frames this spring, cover the glass with wet newspapers or swirls of a fine household cleanser to catch the paint splatters.



Scented rooms all year round

Drop a splash of the pine-scented liquid you can buy at hardware stores and drug counters into the water of a room humidifier and presto! your room is filled with the fragrance of a northern pine forest. This trick is useful too when you want to eliminate household odors. For a change, you can use any other scented liquid, such as your favorite cologne.

Kitchen gadget holder

Buy a piece of pegboard about 18 by 24 inches, a length of plain wire, two stick-on adhesive picture hangers (that hold 15 pounds) and 12 or more single-loop pegboard hooks—all available at the hardware store.

Paint the board if you wish. Attach the picture hangers on the wall, 18 inches apart and about 14 inches above your work surface. Press two pegboard hooks upside down into the back of the board, 18 inches apart and 4 inches down from the top edge. Twist the wire over the two loops and hang board up like a picture.

Set the remaining hooks here and

there in the front side to hold measuring cups, spoons, lifters, spatulas and anything else that you want to have handy at your bake counter.

Clean up plastic walls

Molded plastic walls around kitchen counters and bathtubs need a spring cleaning, too. Wash with soapless detergent suds and a nail brush. Never use a bleach—it might soften the plastic. Be careful when using mustard near molded plastic, as the mustard stains are almost impossible to remove.

Washday for lamp shades

The secret is to wash sewn, colorfast, silk or rayon shades quickly — and dry them in a hurry. First, remove any trimming that may be glued to the shade. Pretreat soiled edges with a soft brush dipped in thick lukewarm suds. Dunk shade up and down in the laundry tub or bathtub filled with lukewarm sudsy water. Rinse by dunking again in lukewarm clean water. Pat with a terry towel and dry in front of an electric fan, or outdoors on a breezy dull day. Replace the frosting by gluing on.



Laminated fabric shades on a plastic or paper backing can be cleaned with the commercial dough-type wall-paper cleaner. First dust the shade well with the dusting attachment of the vacuum cleaner. Rub lightly with the cleaner, turning the mass and kneading it often as it becomes soiled. Finger marks or smudges can be removed with an Artgum eraser.

Emergency trick for suede

If you can't find the suede brush, buff away dried rain spots on suede shoes with an emery board.

END

IT'S YOUR WORLD

Continued from page 14

about the transformation he chose to refuse and fought against it tenaciously. Then, unconquerable and obdurate to the last, he died.

And so, now what? The new Quebec is here to stay. Paul Sauvé's spectacular one-hundred-and-fourteen-day administration helped it to discover itself. From now on it should be very hard to force it back into the old abnormal conditions. University and labor leaders, the newspapers, radio and TV, the man on the street—all have become outspoken as never before, and they find they like it that way. They want more of the same and will certainly not settle for less.

For the moment, the Union Nationale's future looks a bit doubtful in such a climate of vibrant expectancy. It looks like nothing as much as an old hag whose face falls back into the same unattractive lines and folds after the surgeon tried to give it a vitally needed lift. The new premier, sixtyish Antonio Barrette, was the best bargain left after surgeon Sauvé died. But while Sauvé took power as undisputed heir and leader, Barrette's appointment is the result of laborious compromise. Behind the neat front of his courteous white-thatched figure, ambitious younger men are pulling and tugging for dominant position. Party discipline is giving signs of weakening. And naturally, like any party in power for fifteen years, the Union Nationale is bloated with good living, given to complacency and over-confidence.

So at long last things look rather good for the Liberals under Jean Lesage. In spite of Barrette's huge but brittle seventy-one to seventeen majority, this time they have a fighting chance. In fact, they could well become a shoo-in if they managed to attach some of the ranking men in new Quebec's labor and intellectual worlds, along with a few of the disgruntled spokesmen for its shrinking agricultural society.

But if the Liberals fail once again to make the grade, then it's quite possible that they've had it. The new Quebec might then, surprisingly, reveal itself as riper than most of Canada for the long heralded new third party, whatever its name finally may be—providing it doesn't twist Gallic lips all out of shape! END



This fluffy-crumbed layer cake combines luscious coconut flavor right in the batter with mouth watering milk-chocolate icing. And when you bake it with Magic, you'll serve it with pride!

I made it myself—with Magic!

LUSCIOUS COCONUT LAYER CAKE

Sift together

$2\frac{1}{3}$ c. once-sifted
pastry flour

or 2 c. once-sifted
all-purpose flour

3 tsp. Magic Baking
Powder

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt

Cream in a mixing bowl

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. butter or

Blue Bonnet Margarine

Gradually blend in

$1\frac{1}{4}$ c. fine granulated sugar

Add, one at a time, beating
in well after each addition

2 eggs

1 egg white

Combine

$\frac{2}{3}$ c. milk

$\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. vanilla

Add dry ingredients to creamed
mixture part at a time, alternating
with milk and combining
lightly after each addition.

Fold in

$\frac{3}{4}$ c. cut-up shredded
coconut

Turn batter into 3 greased 8"
round layer cake pans, lined
in the bottom with greased
waxed paper. Bake in mod. hot

oven, 375°, 20 to 25 mins. Stand
on wire racks 10 mins. Turn
out, peel off paper and allow
cakes to cool completely. Put
layers together with a filling
and frosting of Milk Chocolate
Icing and sprinkle with toasted
coconut.

Milk Chocolate Icing: Sift $3\frac{1}{2}$ c.
sifted icing sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ c. cocoa
together. Cream $\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter or
Blue Bonnet Margarine; add 1
egg yolk and beat until well
blended. Add sugar-cocoa mixture
alternately with sufficient
hot cream (about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup) to
make an icing of spreading consistency. Beat in 1 tsp. vanilla.



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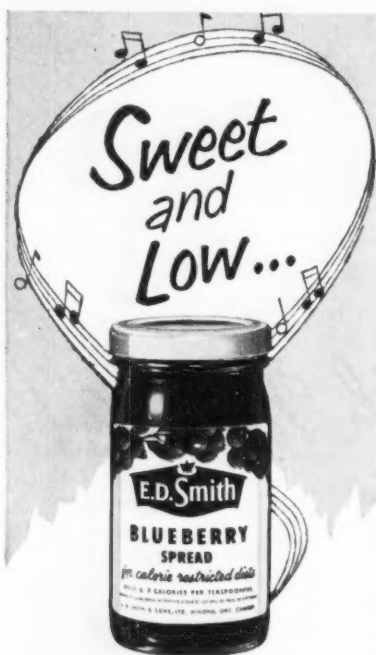
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10Q

LET ME LOVE YOU

Continued from page 77

and beg for her, grovel for her. "There's no reason why we couldn't farm your place for you on shares. There isn't enough on the home place to keep me and Harvy going now anyway, and if I've got it figured right, we could double your operations here. You've got that bushland that isn't even opened up yet, and we've got the capital to stock the place up. That would mean you could sell the machinery."

"I can't ask your family for favors," she protested quickly. "They've done enough for me as it is."

"I'll do the asking. And who said anything about favors? This is a business proposition, and you know the Martins. Always expanding. You still won't have too much to come and go on, you know, but it should give you enough to scrape by. How about it?"

"I—I don't know. It seems too good to be true! But yes—yes, of course—if we can work something out that will satisfy your family."

"Sure we can." Hope was dawning in her eyes and desolately he fixed her look in his memory. This was all he would have now to nourish his love, the knowledge that he had brought hope and a kind of weary release to her face. She had risen automatically to put the coffeepot back on the stove and on the way to get his hat, he halted behind her, moistening his lips. "I—I just want you to know that what I said still holds. Knowing you has made more of a man of me

than anything else that's ever happened to me. And look . . . take care of yourself . . ."

With a smothered sound in her throat, she turned suddenly and took his head in her hands, pulling it down to the curve of her neck, holding it for a long, wordless moment before she kissed him on the cheek. "Oh, Allan, Allan . . ." she said brokenly, and he knew as he stumbled out the door that he was leaving her more alone than she had been before.

HE FOUND his parents talking quietly over their coffee as was their custom when the family had dispersed. They looked at him with raised eyebrows, their faces both wary and vulnerable, and he stood hesitantly in the doorway, at a loss for words to surmount the barrier he had built with such righteous anger that morning.

"Well, shall I throw my hat in first?" he quipped weakly, trying for a semblance of bravado with his old grin. But it felt like a broken thing on his face and he knew miserably that he wasn't fooling them. Already his mother's eyes had begun to soften as she sensed the defeat in him, and as her compassion enfolded him, he wanted desperately to bury his face in her lap and bawl like the kid he'd been not so long ago.

But taking a firm grip on himself, he sat down across from her and said, "Well, I'm—I'm sorry about this morning. If it's any satisfaction to you, you were right. She wouldn't have me."

A strange pain grew in their faces as though, unwittingly, he had struck to the heart of their vulnerability.

"No, dear," his mother said, her voice low. "It's never any satisfaction to us to see our children suffer. But it might be some comfort to you to know that it wasn't you we were doubting this morning. It was ourselves. After all, if we could be sure of our wisdom as parents, we'd have no reason to doubt our children. I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive us."

He looked at her dumbly, knowing that he wouldn't have to crawl, or beg, that he would never have to grovel to them for anything within reason. Humbly, his words halting, he began to go back over the ground he had missed in the morning, finding that he could tell them now the things that had seemed so inexpressible then. By the time he had finished outlining his new proposition, he was talking eagerly and effectively and they were looking at each other in that way that parents have of silently sharing pride.

"Well, Mother, I guess we haven't done such a bad job of raising our children after all," his father said. "This was the one we were afraid would never grow up!"

"You never know, do you?" she said softly. "You just never know!"

Her smile wavered close to tears as she turned to him. "Why don't you run along now dear, and see if Dorothy and the children can come back with you for dinner? We can iron out the details then."

"For dinner?" he said, startled by the normality of it, by the fact that not so very much had changed after all. He could still see her, still watch over her. "Hey, that's a good idea! It'll do her good to get out today!" END

THE CHALLENGES OF MODERN LIFE

Continued from page 18

"But"—she really believed this clinched her case—"I can't let them get ahead of me."

This kind of thing puzzles me. This woman is an intelligent person. I sensed in her the feeling that she must find something important enough to give energy and real thought to. Having more children solves the problem. I am all for families, naturally, but I am for women taking their place in the world, too. Sometimes I'm tempted to think they are trying to escape from doing so.

More women than ever before are taking jobs outside the home. In Canada twenty-seven percent of all women fourteen or older work, twenty percent of all married women work, and nearly two out of ten mothers whose children are school age are in the labor force. Women over forty-five make up twenty-six percent of the female labor force (as against sixteen percent in 1948). What has been described as "a revolution in women's employment" has happened so fast it's unbelievable, but it's fact.

Change is always interesting, and these changes are all very much so. On the face of it, one might merely be impressed with how dynamic they all sound. They're dynamic, all right.

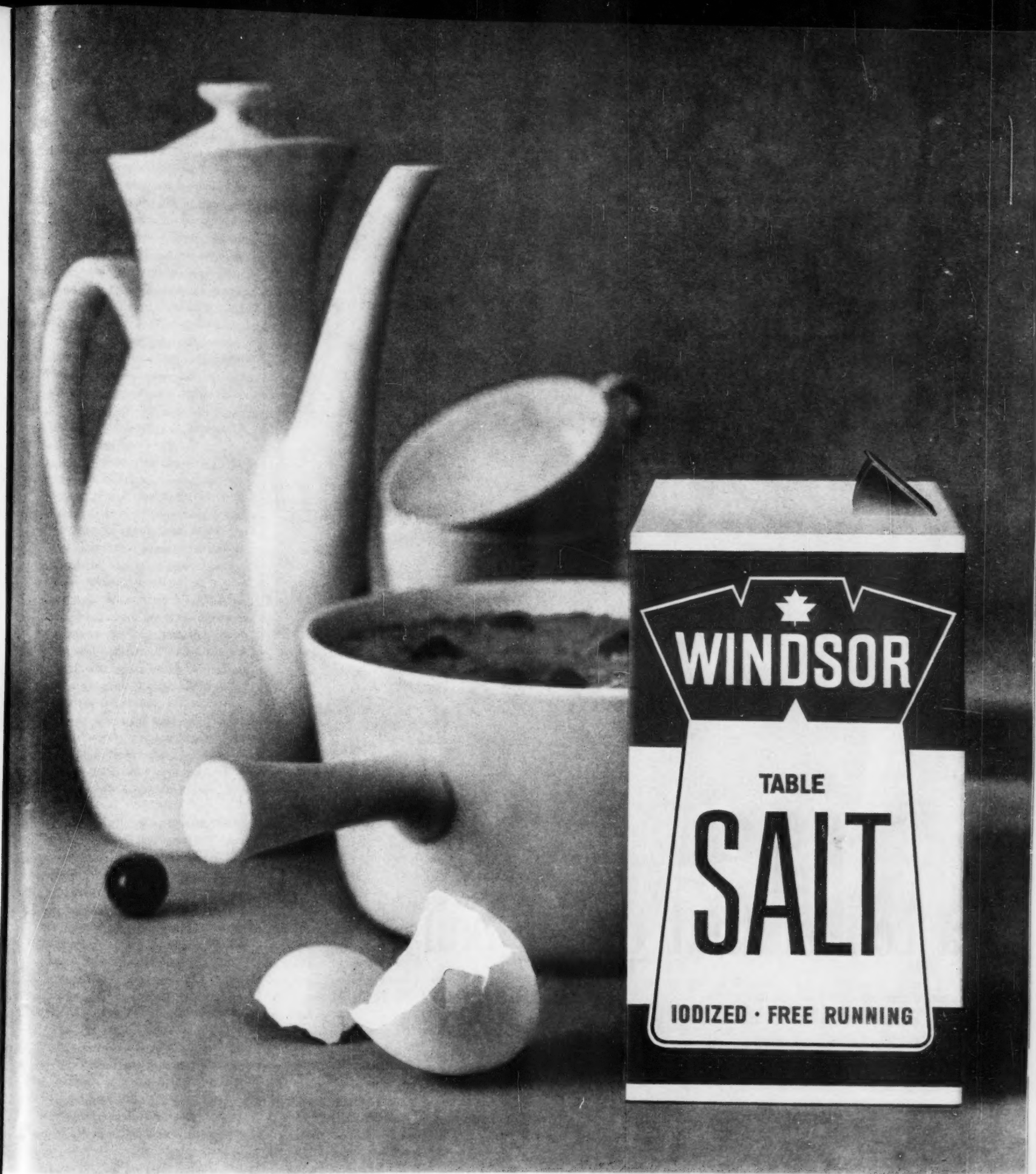
Yet, as a woman and a women's doctor, I feel that women have only begun to find themselves and to realize their potentialities.

Our modern way of life lightens women's lives; at the same time it casts shadows over their lives. Women have handier kitchens, supermarkets, permanent waves, electrically run gadgets to bear the brunt of many household chores, and these are all to the good.

I can think of many shadows, but four are disturbing to women's happiness and well-being: the drive of modern life, our shifting values, loneliness, and a pervasive confusion between love and passion.

What a circus act we women perform!

Continued on page 84



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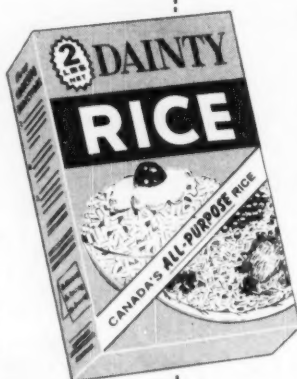
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Continued from page 82
form in the life of multiplicity we lead! We drive ourselves — to look after a home, to do a job, to keep up with the neighbors, to win (or keep) the reputation as the smartest hostess or best clubwoman in town. Not only are legitimate deadlines imposed on us, but we make others for ourselves to accomplish so much in a given time. Such a drive bores into life, hits directly into the control of the nervous system, and may pass into the hormonal structure, so that a woman enters the stage of fatigue where she can no longer adapt herself.

Are you trapped by habit?

Here's a sporting proposition. Stop right now and take stock of all the things that are driving you. How much of it is accumulated from sheer momentum because you've driven yourself past a certain point and can't stop?

Modern women have to find a quiet time of the day for themselves, a time for letting the drive of life disappear. It is the noise of modern life that destroys the soul. If a woman neglects her own personal security, then when the noise stops there is no inner music.

My friend Sue gets up half an hour earlier than she used to, just so she can organize her day in peace and quiet. Most of my patients who work find the best quiet time is when they get home from their jobs. They can put their feet up and rest until the "push" is gone.

You may say, "But I must get dinner." The fact is that eating, like sleeping, is an adjustable sort of thing. When I come home at half past seven or quarter of eight, the housekeeper always wants to rush dinner to the table. "The poor girl," she thinks, "she must be starved." What I really want it to sit down for a half hour's peace before I eat.

Much has been said and written about the shift in our culture toward materialistic values. I do not know why, when we have the whole history of human experience to teach us, we should have allowed it to happen.

I am all for women working. But women with dual responsibilities of work and home must go in for thorough assessment of themselves and the stress their obligations will bring.

For some mothers who work full time and under pressure and do their own work at home, it may be wiser to lengthen the waking hours than to go at a rapid pace. It seems a very hard thing but, even if they already get up

at six-thirty, it really is better to shift to a six-o'clock rising hour. If they work more slowly during the morning, and rest a little when they come home from their jobs in the afternoon, they are better able to take on the next job. By such a simple adjustment the change of pace from the wear and tear of business life to housekeeping tasks can become beneficial. Many working women have learned to make it a refreshing avocation.

I believe all work is of equal value. The kind of work you do isn't so important as what you feel about that kind of work. A woman can do a wonderful job at keeping her house clean and feel fine about it, or she can feel like a menial.

Nevertheless I have been astonished to see how much happier some married women have been when they return to work. In doing even small jobs which require no training, they feel more valued by the community than they were as housewives. The truth is that married women who keep house and care for a family of three or four children are not only hard workers, but extremely valuable ones. The product of their labors is our most important national asset — the next generation of men and women. But it is difficult for many women to win the feeling of achievement which they so well deserve. Our gadget-ridden society has cut them off from some of the really satisfying work in a home, and husbands aren't as appreciative as they might be.

If a woman chooses to work, she must fulfill that very basic need of any person — the need for a sense of achievement. Therefore she must work for some good reason, not just to get the money for a refrigerator, the down payment on a house, or just to get the money, period. She must work because she gets that wonderful sense of giving, contributing, creating.

I am convinced that the loneliness which is peculiar to our modern way of life, and which, curiously enough, results from our efforts to increase comfort and bring about better living conditions, is a cause of fatigue.

The development of suburbia is the example that comes most readily to mind. It has been interesting to me to see the women who have moved, sometimes when they were scarcely able to afford it, to a new suburb. They looked forward to it with great pleasure. They like having plenty of room for the children. They feel the whole family will take a new lease on life. Then gradually they find they

have fewer and fewer friends and little communication with people outside their immediate families. Often they are confined to their homes because of their small children. If this is a one-car family, the wife is marooned after the man of the house wheels off to work in the morning.

A kind of fatigue grows up out of sheer loneliness. It is not that these women are bored, for they are busy and get enjoyment from having the home they have always dreamed of. Loneliness is a better word for it.

Old people living by themselves, young people moving away from the family into their own establishments—all have loneliness to cope with. We cannot survive without communication with others. Day by day a kind of fatigue and tiredness seep into the soul of the person who is cut off from companionship.

The person who wants to communicate with others but finds it difficult to do so because of factors within himself, rather than because of geographical distances, suffers from the most desolate, defeated feelings a person can have. One must have affection. As the body takes food for its nutrition, so the intellectual and emotional life of the person is nourished by ideas, opinions, feelings, and experiences, shared with others. A doctor is aware of the nearness of complete breakdown by the way a person withdraws. Because the person is so frightfully insecure, he cannot risk the interplay of human emotions, and his health diminishes.

Some women just survive

Loneliness is such a penetrating emotion that I think of it first. But fatigue follows in the wake of every bitter emotion known to the human race and prolongs them all, for the sufferer from these emotions becomes too tired to cure herself.

Our modern way of life has plucked a great group of young adult women from the midst of family, school, and community and set them down again in large cities. Here they earn a living in an office, a factory, a store, or in some professional capacity. Here they live in a room, a small bachelor apartment, or share an apartment with other girls. Some marry and build a home and family. Some build a career. Some do both. Some just survive.

A girl in her early thirties consulted me because she was having menstrual difficulties. A well-educated person, she had a good job which involved

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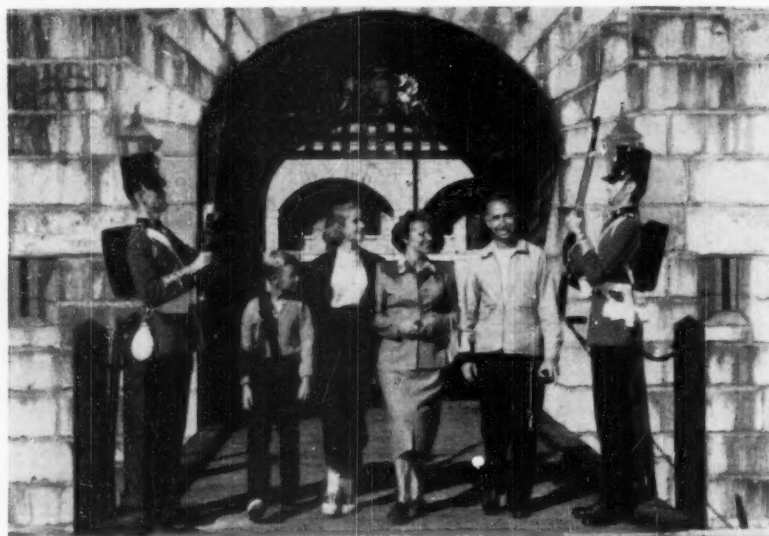
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traveling part of the time, so she lived in a modest room in the city. She loved her job, but admitted her room seemed cramped and lonely, especially on weekends. I advised her to find an apartment. "Your trouble comes from being tired of not having enough to do outside your job. You need a home of your own," I said. "If you have a friend who will take an apartment with you, so much the better. You can begin collecting furniture and pictures that you'll like living with, and entertaining your friends. You are too young and attractive and interesting to be as lonely as you are."

One patient, a professional woman in her late thirties, got into the bad habit of always being "too tired to do anything." It took time for her to realize she had gotten into a vicious circle; failure to offset the demands of the job with some social life had increased her fatigue and made her restless and cynically disinterested in everything to boot. The tough time is in the thirties and early forties, when a woman finally knows the chances are she will not marry and have a family. It's not the end of the world; it just seems like it. My prescription — and this has worked for hundreds of women — is to get enough rest, try to see yourself in perspective, work at getting an attitude of looking ahead and wondering what will come next, but most of all, absorb yourself in something interesting, preferably something you share with other people.

Three great problems confront the modern young woman. The first is economic: she must keep a job and hope to advance. The second is sexual: she must learn to deal wisely with her female drives and desires. The third is a problem she has in common with the whole human race: she must find achievement and happiness as a person.

A single girl lets herself in for fatigue by playing outside her own league, as it were. It would be commonly accepted, I believe, that a girl in university shouldn't go about with a man who is thirty-five, divorced, knowledgeable about women: she would be entirely outside the command of her own position. Just so, a secretary should never go out with her boss, if he is married or much older than she. Whether the man is unscrupulous or not, it isn't a wise thing to do. It is too easy for her to fall in love. Then nature being what it is, this will become an affair in which two people are involved beyond their reason or ability to control it.

A girl must accept from the start that this kind of situation just doesn't work, and be content to stay in her own league. Letters I have had from women of Canada and the United States have disturbed and amazed me. "Why must I spend my life without a man?" "Tell the married women to stay with their own men and give us single women a chance." "It's very hard for a single woman to make her way because it's easier for a man to take out a married woman because it is so safe." "There must be another woman in the life of a successful man." "I am twenty-five. Life is over for me. I have no desire."

What amazes me in these remarks is how ignorant women can be. They are misinformed about the obvious needs of a woman — of any human being — the need for status, achievement and affection. We are born with desire, but satisfaction of passion in mating is not among our truly basic needs. The need for love — genuine affection — is basic.

Is it love or passion?

Confusion of love and passion is a very widespread cultural characteristic of our times. Why do we get the two mixed up? I think it comes from the fact that the power to love and the power of desire are both present in the infant. The feeling of physical desire becomes overlaid with spiritual warmth and understanding gradually, as the child grows up. Yet there can be a sudden empathy of minds and communication of spirit which shortly may overflow into a physical sense of nearness and closeness and a desire to express this spiritual communication by a communication of body. This feeling is natural to all men and women and can work in all directions. As there is no clear dividing line, we often become confused and mistake passion for love—or love for passion.

We must take care that our actions are constructive and nourishing to the whole personality, both our own and others'. This means behaving in a manner that doesn't cause destruction of ourselves or anyone else in the society in which we live.

It is natural for every one of us to experience unaccountable attractions for other people. Sometimes, with the right timing and staging, these feelings can be almost violent. But they just cannot be allowed to develop because they may destroy ourselves or other people whom we care about. Sometimes women feel it is right to follow

the command of these sudden desires because of the great need of the other person. Many a woman has entered into an affair because the feeling of being needed was so compelling. If her action contributes to the destruction of her own self-respect or the unhappiness of any other person, it is wrong.

Let us try now to put down in simple terms the difference between love and passion.

Passion is relentless, rushing into any vacuum, driving on to its own self-satisfaction regardless of the circumstances or the havoc which may follow. Passion has no morals, no standards, no control, and no compassion. It is cruel and devouring, looking only for its own immediate fulfillment. Passion tosses aside the rules, Christian ethics, civilization and individual plans and intentions. Passion disregards dignity and grace. It is humorless, full of rage.

Love, on the other hand, is more powerful than passion. Love illuminates all aspects of our relations between men and women, parents and child, friends and, ideally, between nations. Sometimes in the recognition of one spirit by another there is a sudden spark kindling an inspiration which may last a lifetime. Love never destroys. It is trusting like a child, tender like a lover, and tough like a mother.

Love knows no social barriers, no age limits. For me, love implies the ability to accept the person just as she is. Love understands, respects, and is always willing to wait. Love listens and loves, then gives. Love is also joyful and, at times, exquisitely and quietly humorous. Love can occur in many different guises, but when love between a man and a woman overflows into passion, the relationship is restored and re-created again and again. Such a marriage is blessed.

But passion without love is disaster, and love without passion is no marriage. Love with passion but without the knowledge of how love is nurtured may wither, and vacuums may form. Time, imagination, laughter, and the rest are the prescriptions I give. Surely one of the best of all sounds that must come to the ears of God is the happy, tender, affectionate, understanding laughter of a husband and wife in the prelude of their love-making. END

The fifth in this series of six articles taken from Dr. Hilliard's last book will appear in next month's CHATELAINE.

Young set fun is a MILK BAR

Mother, if you want to be the *greatest*, set the stage, supply the makings for a mad milk bar. Then retire. As they mix, fix and sample their good milk treats they'll *dig* them in language that's flattering but strange. Your reward comes in knowing that they're getting what they need...plenty of the fine nutrition present in every glass of Nature's most nearly perfect food—MILK.



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GRAHAM-CHOCOLATE SHAKE—Roll 8 graham crackers into fine crumbs. Combine with 4 scoops of vanilla ice cream and 4 cups of cold chocolate milk. Shake or beat until well blended. Serve immediately. Top with more ice cream. Serves 4.

STRAWBERRY MILK—Crush well 1 quart washed and hulled strawberries. Combine with 4 cups cold milk, 1 package (1½ oz.) strawberry flavored rennet custard mix, 4 scoops vanilla ice cream, and 1½ tablespoons lemon juice. Beat well and serve immediately. Garnish with a strawberry. Serves 8.

TANGERINE MILK JULEP—Mix together one 6 oz. can frozen tangerine juice, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup of sugar, dash of salt. Chill. For each serving, shake together 2 tablespoons tangerine mixture, a cup of milk and a scoop of ice cream. Top with orange wedges.

MAPLE WALNUT FLOAT—Combine 4 scoops of maple walnut ice cream, ½ cup of maple syrup and 4 cups of milk. Beat on high speed blender until foamy. Serve immediately. Top with ice cream and walnut halves. If using hand beater, use vanilla ice cream. Serves 4.

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DIRECTOR Celia Franca demonstrates a classic arm position—the fifth—for National Ballet dancers Lawrence Adams, a five-year veteran, and first-year ballerina Lorna Geddes.



CELIA FRANCA,

artistic director of the National Ballet Company of Canada, tells you

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT BALLET

✱ Ballet, long the sleeping beauty of the arts, has suddenly become popular. Once seen but rarely in even the nation's largest cities, ballet companies today frequently tour smaller communities, and Canadian children attend ballet classes as matter-of-factly as they take piano lessons.

But this sudden enthusiasm for ballet can be a danger when ill-trained ballet groups stage performances bound to discourage audiences just acquiring an interest in this dance form. Techniques must be mastered before dancers are able to sweep an audience along as the story unfolds in motion, music and color — and audiences are coming to recognize and demand the best of these.

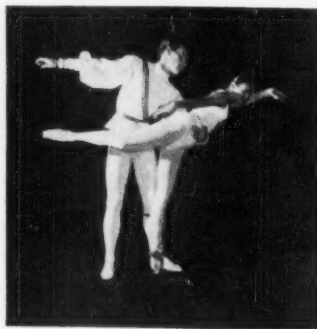
Ballet began in the pantomimes of ancient Rome and matured in France from the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries as a precise form with basic motions and poses. These the choreographer arranges in sequence, interwoven with music, to tell the story—which may be based on folklore, fiction, history or a contemporary theme.

After the French Revolution ousted ballet from Paris in 1789, Russia alone, then remote from European influences, preserved the dance as a pure art form. At the beginning of this century Russian ballet emerged to re-establish ballet's importance among the arts.

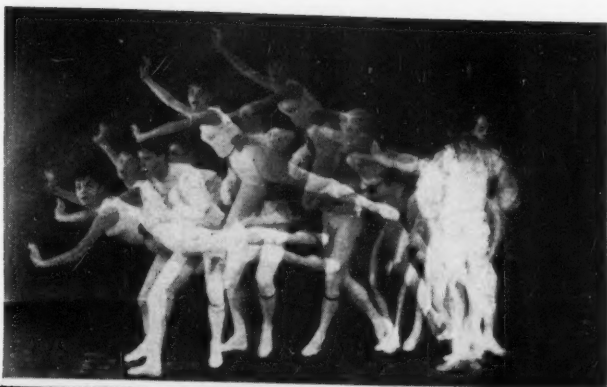
Each season brings new ballets — The National Ballet Company of Canada introduced five new works this season, among them two by David Adams, principal *danseur* of the company — *Pas de Deux Romantique* and *Pas de Six*. But whether an audience watches a scene from famous *Swan Lake* or a contemporary ballet, high standards are demanded of the dancers. I have asked two members of the National Ballet Company, ballerina Lorna Geddes and *danseur* Lawrence Adams, to demonstrate here the wrong and right of ballet in some familiar poses.



The arabesque demands perfect balance



POOR (left): The ballerina's leg turns inward from the thigh, foreshortening it; the over-all effect—a crumpled mass of unrelated body angles. Overlapping of the dancers' left foot positions gives a thick and heavy appearance to the pose. GOOD (above): Note the lengthened effect of the legs and body of the ballerina; the easy stance of the male partner; the attractiveness of the parallel line between his right arm and her right leg; the light look of the legs in separate silhouette.



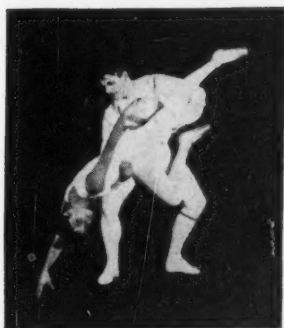
Traveling lift means smooth teamwork

POOR (left): At the beginning of the lift both dancers show bad timing, awkward stance. As they move off, the *danseur* is still trying to overtake the ballerina, whose flailing arms and looped back give her a stunted appearance. Out of control, the lift ends in a crash landing.

GOOD (below): In relaxed preparation, the dancers have limbs ready, their motions co-ordinated. The take-off is apparently effortless as the *danseur* guides the ballerina forward in an impression of flight. Journey's end shows a graceful alighting, with both dancers in complete control.



The fish—a diving lift



POOR (left): A limp lift is accomplished with awkward effort. The ballerina's left foot turns downward, her right foot dangles in mid-air, her fingers sprawl and her face looks strained. The male dancer wears a grimace, his pose is unbecoming, his knees crooked.

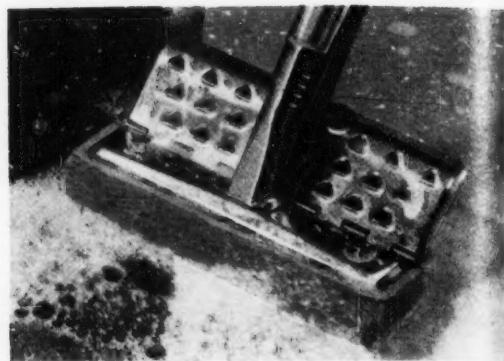
GOOD (right): This swooping lift reveals no sign of strain. Both dancers have their limbs perfectly controlled for an appearance of purity in the line—diagonal from the ballerina's right finger tips to left toes. The extended limbs form parallel curves.

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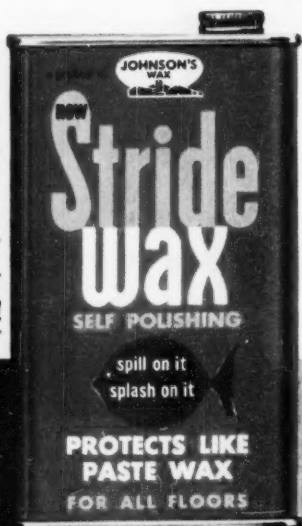


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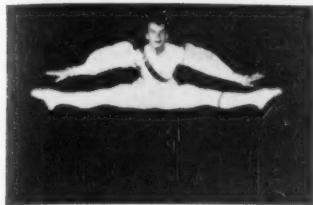
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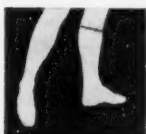
Continued from page 89

A shoulder lift

POOR (above): Clumsiness shows as the *danseur* prepares to raise the ballerina—her back is bowed, both are off balance. GOOD (right): Fine partnership shows in a sense of unity and freedom. The dancers' arms form complementary circlets.



Graceful head, hands and feet



POOR (left): Sickie foot, bent inward from the ankle, is ugly, may result in permanent injury, end dancer's career. GOOD (below): A straight line from knees to toes gives graceful support.



POOR (above): The wrist is angled too much, fingers are spread tautly, the sloppy angle of the head is unflattering, limp. GOOD (right): Sensitive but unaffected, the fingers are relaxed, head poised prettily.



Some ballet terms you'll want to know

Adage, adagio—Slow movements of the dance requiring perfect control and balance.
Allégre—Lively dance movements, graceful and vigorous.
Arabesque—A position in ballet which displays a dancer's beauty of line.
Attitude—A pose derived from the famed statue of Mercury.
Ballet master or mistress—The one who rehearses the dancers.
Ballerina—A leading female dance soloist.
Bourrées—Twinkling, traveling movements usually executed by a ballerina *sur les pointes* (on her toes).
Ballottés—Gay, bouncing steps, the term derived from "toss about."
Choreographer—The composer of the ballet.
Corps de ballet—The group of dancers in a company, apart from the soloists.

Divertissement—A single dance or an excerpt from a full-length ballet.
Entrechat—A step of elevation where the dancer leaps upward and repeatedly crosses his feet.
Fouetté—Any kind of whipping movement, of head, body, arms or legs.
Jeté—A leap.
Pas—Any step. When performed by two dancers—*pas de deux*. A sequence of steps—*enchaînement de pas*.
Pointes—The toes of the feet to which the dancer rises in blocked shoes.
Ports de bras—Any arm movements.
Soubresaut—A traveling jump, upward from both feet.
Variation—A lengthy arrangement of *enchaînements*.
The seven basic movements in dancing—*Plier*: to bend; *étendre*: to stretch; *relever*: to rise; *glisser*: to glide; *sauter*: to jump; *élancer*: to dart; *tourner*: to turn. END



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ESCAPE WITH ME

Continued from page 32

her sleep on while I walked the baby."

"She looks as if she feels fine now," Kit said. She knew it was unworthy, but she could not refrain from un-sheathing her claws a bit. She and Rosalie were nearly the same age, but Rosalie had not married at seventeen, or tended two babies while her husband was at war, or given up a new professional hair setting for tonight to buy a Cub Scout shirt.

Rosalie had on another new dress; Kit had not seen it before, so she could assume that. They all knew each other so well there in Conway Heights. They knew each other's every dress and kitchen towel and playing card and exactly how many more payments everyone had on his car.

Kit Dyer's husband, Jerry, was standing near Rosalie. He was talking to Bert Maddox, or, rather, listening while Bert talked. His mind, Kit suspected, was far away. He had such a look after he had buried himself in their so-called den. Sometimes she then felt Jerry hardly realized she and their children existed, and then her future solitude, already hovering on the edges of her crowded days, loomed with bleak dread.

Jerry actually need not listen to Bert. Kit knew as if she were beside them that Bert's morning golf game was being replayed hole by hole. Just as the women spoke ritually of recipes and pregnancies and clothes. And there in the other corner of the room, Mark Cooper would be discussing investment trusts. Eventually Harry Bush would tell him that you were safer with government bonds and, after all, you owed the government something. To which the clown, Jack Kensington, would reply that he owed the government everything. Every one would laugh, familiar with the routine as with the ventriloquist with the bearded head in the box: "All right?" "All r-r-right!"

IT WAS Saturday night. Monotony night. Kit thought. Anybody can play. Everybody must play. Nobody can win.

Beside her Blaine Riggs suddenly said, "What shall we do instead? A sidewalk café? A cellar bop joint? A ski tow?"

Had her thoughts of escape been so revealed upon her face? Or was this

man showing again the acute perception which she had surprised in him?

Unease touched Kit. It was wrong to have perfect communion with some one else's husband. Was there such a thing, she wondered once again, as mental infidelity? And she knew, as she had known all along, that there was not — not for long. For her and for Blaine there soon must be more, for Blaine's whole concept of love implied a total knowledge and understanding.

Nervously she turned her glass. "I suppose I'd better circulate. Or be with Jerry. He's going out of town next weekend and won't be here if we have a gathering."

That was the moment, then. Although she had not consciously extended an invitation, only realized it when Blaine did not reply at once.

KIT LOOKED at him covertly, as one would discreetly study a stranger. For, until recently they had been strangers; even though they had known each other for six years. He and Rosalie had moved as newlyweds into the Conway Heights tract. Their first child and the Dyers' third had been born within a week of each other. Now those children were in kindergarten, and Rosalie had a new baby. Kit and Jerry's two other children were now in the sixth and third grades.

Both families had twenty-four more years to pay off their mortgages; the Dyers had just paid for their car and were buying a freezer; Rosalie and Blaine were paying installments both on their car and a new hi-fi.

All these things they knew mutually, but they had not known each other . . .

Now Kit said, almost as if, by turning back, she could forestall what was happening. "It was like this . . ."

"What?" In Blaine's eyes, a strange light flickered.

"End of the month. Gin punch. Spaghetti. But not here . . . somewhere . . . Atkinsons?" She hesitated. What was she saying? That night might have come to be more significant to her than to Blaine. Perhaps since then she had only wistfully imagined the questioning of his eyes, the sudden deepening of his voice, whenever she was near. But, cautiously observing him, Kit saw that Blaine remembered too, the way she did. And had been waiting — stalking was the word in her mind — the opportunity she had offered tonight.

That earlier evening they had stood

together only by chance while the same ark-paired couples milled around them. Not the same quite, for they were watching a theatrical brunette whose husband had since been transferred. She liked to hang her own paintings (large blobs of yellow, red and black), pile cushions on the floor, wear her hair in pigtails, and discard her shoes.

As they watched her, Blaine had abruptly exploded, "The Different One!"

"I beg your pardon?" Kitty had replied. It embarrassed her for a long time, that trite phrase. There had been so much triteness in their former relationship.

"The Different One," he repeated. "As tagged, as stylized in her extremes as the rest of us in our mediocrity. *Comme ça, comme ça.*"

It had been around Christmastime, Kit now recalled, for she had recently delivered costumes to a rehearsal of the Conway Heights school pageant. Blaine's words in that mindlessly conventional living room — frilled lamp at the window, paired candlesticks upon the mantel, bowl of artificial fruit upon the plasticized maple table — evoked for her a second vision of those solemn child actors she had paused to watch.

The Mother . . . The Father . . . The King . . . The Queen . . . The Shepherd . . . The Beautiful Girl . . . The Ugly Girl . . . The Lost Child . . . The Searcher . . . The Fool . . .

For Kit Dyer all paraded again that night, adult size. She could label everyone but her husband Jerry. She knew him too well to isolate any single trait. He was just — Jerry.

"And who are you?" Blaine had quietly asked. Only then did Kit realize she was whispering the names aloud. Slowly, in an impulse for rare honesty so seldom achieved in Conway Heights except under ether or alcohol, Kit Dyer replied, "I guess I'm . . . The Searcher."

"Have you found it?"

"What?" she parried, already uncomfortable in a conversation so different from the usual progeny, par, and amateur psychology, and also not too sure why she had said what she had.

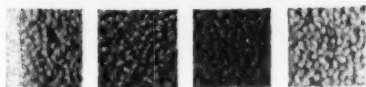
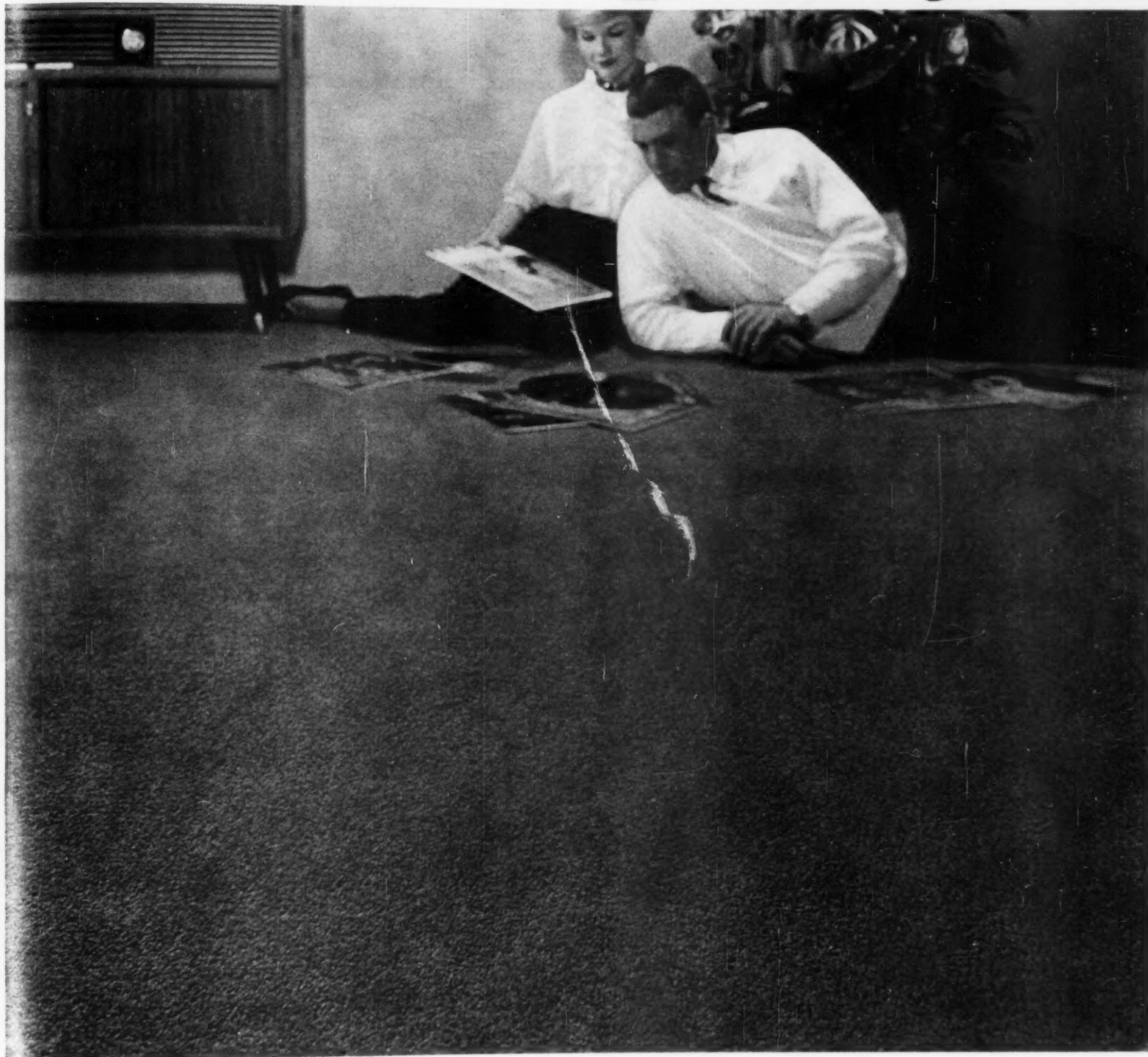
"Love," said Blaine quietly.

That was when she saw him for the first time. The long childish curve of his eyelashes, the kissable mouth, the shrewd eyes showing knowledge of her as a person. Busy, surrounded — and solitary.

Continued on page 96

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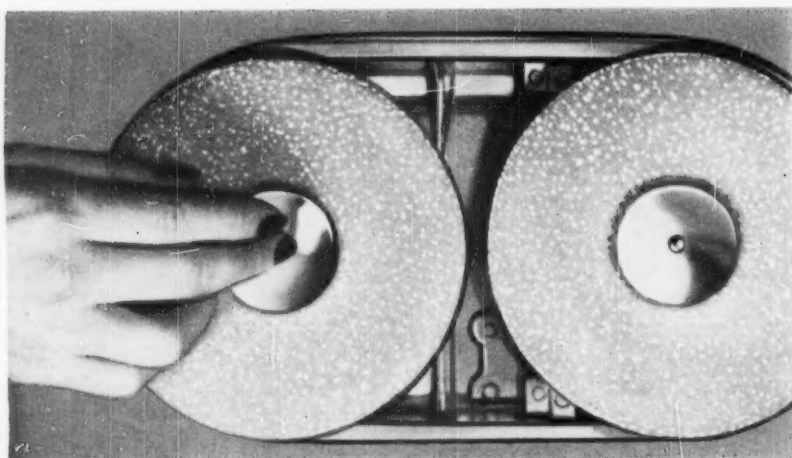
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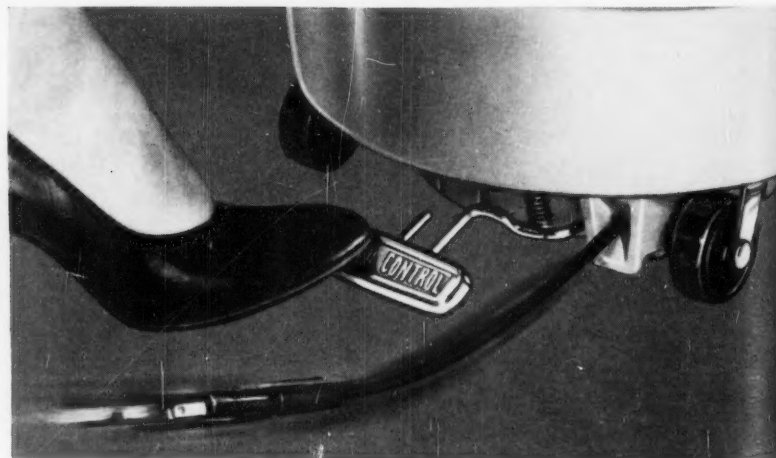


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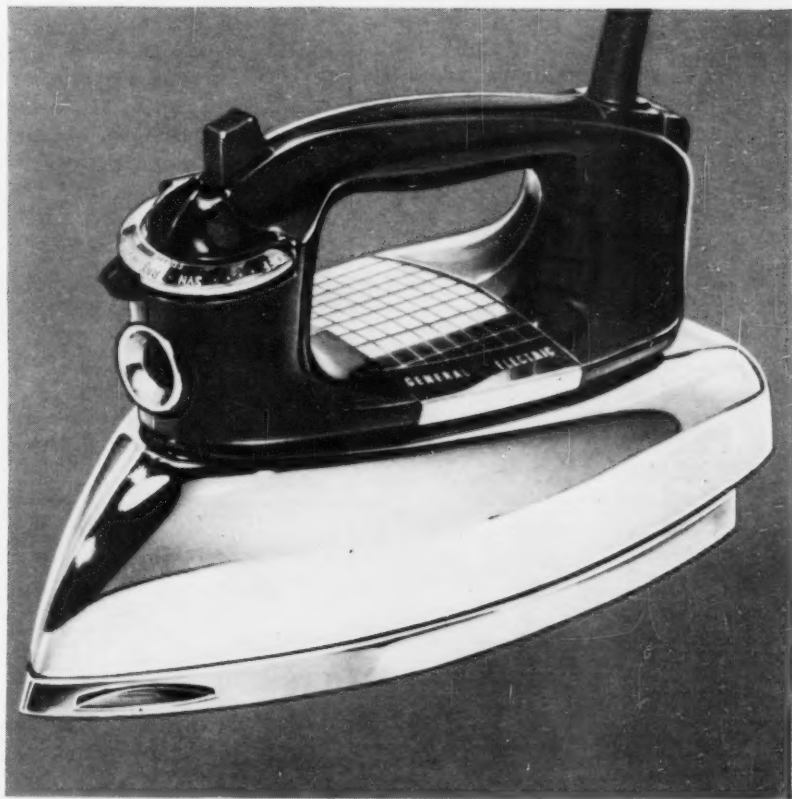
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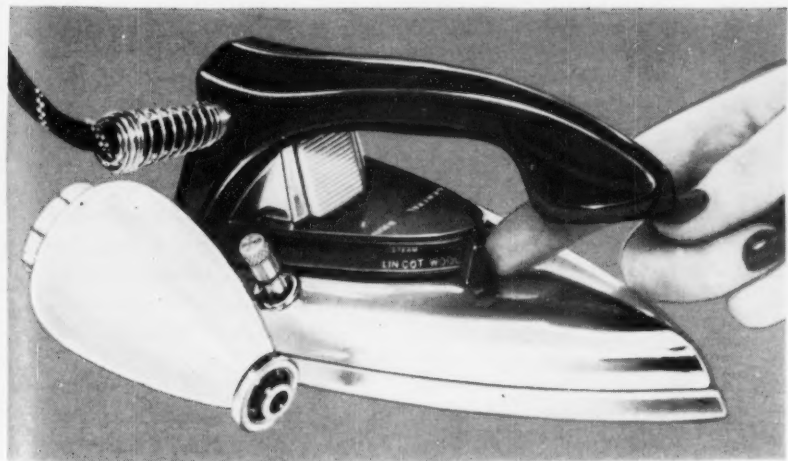
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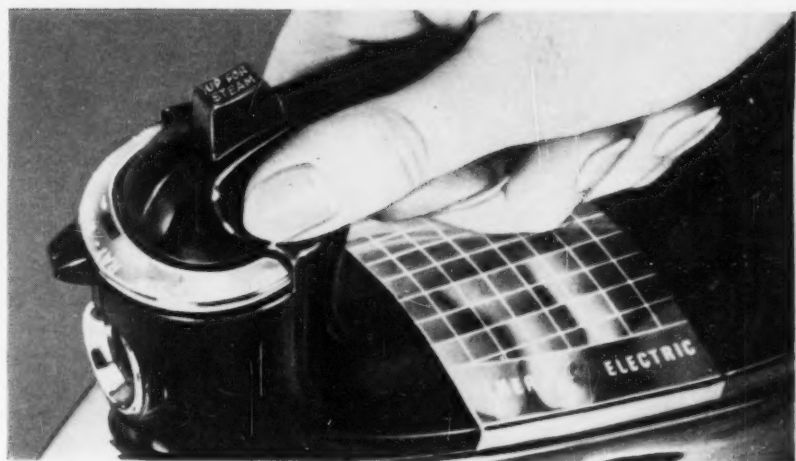
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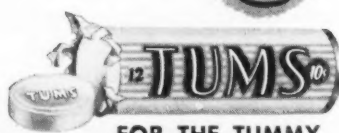
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Continued from page 92

"Heavens, I have love," she said finally. "Believe me, I'm steeped with gifts of love. From whiskery morning kisses to half a cooky somebody doesn't want."

Other instances flashed into her mind. The time she had flu, suffering nightmares from which she woke to hear Jerry's calm voice, "I'm here, I'm here..." The time the baby had pneumonia and they rushed him to hospital, burning little body in her arms, *He can't die, he's so warm!*... Or when Jerry didn't get that job, when they were so sure he would, and he bought a bottle and toward dawn was so sick, so miserable, and perhaps to anybody but a wife either pitiable or disgusting, and to her neither. "You'll get the next promotion," she had said, and eventually he did.

BUT OF COURSE she could not talk of these things. They were disturbing, out of context in their mimeographed life, and best forgotten. Neither she nor Jerry had ever again mentioned them, and now Kit only wondered why they should recur to her when she spoke of love.

Blaine had continued to watch her. She had the strangest feeling he willed her to speak. Then she heard herself say slowly, "What is love, anyway? Maybe that's what I search for. An answer."

She thought of the experts telling a wife to be dainty and neat and cheerful for her husband, and she recalled her first labor, her purpled face, her straining arms, her sweat-soaked hair, and Jerry there beside her with his watch in his hand, and the quavering jokes they attempted. And she could remember their honeymoon and the early weeks of their marriage. Two innocents. What she had never told Jerry was that tenderness had grown in her along with unexpected patience and the ability to reassure. That they had eventually attained what is called "a satisfactory relationship" had not then mattered deeply to her. But it was his pride, so she never told him that. She hoped her silence, or her secret tenderness, or possibly both, were a form of love.

Blaine said, "Love! The answer's so popular today it's almost suspect, but it's *communication*." And Kit caught her breath as if he had torn open the contents of her mind and then trampled on them. He went on, "A deep knowing — you understand? — *simpático*." He looked sagely at her and

finished, "Sort of like you and me, tonight."

If he had not said that... Kit began to scoff, "Oh..." But saw his penetrating regard and could not really mock. Because, sick but titillated at heart, she believed him.

THEY HAD never spoken another word of love. They did not need to. They met at the idle parties and talked of idle things — but with discoverers' tongues. Kit began to live through her antic days, in which activities interlocked like the five hundred pieces of a work-worn jigsaw puzzle, and she thought constantly of the next Saturday's meeting with this

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man who seemed to see things with her eyes and through her heart.

She had, of course, realized his belief in a total knowledge, physical as well as intellectual. Only now the instant of truth was on them, and she recognized it with surprise. *So soon?*

Did he feel it, too? They stood so casually, so outwardly calm. Saturday night, the same old crowd and the same surface talk flitting like white-caps pretending the sea below was neither dark nor deep. How quietly she said it, "I'd better be circulating. Jerry's going away next weekend. I should keep him company now."

Blaine's voice roughened even more, and his fingers tightened perceptibly on his glass. "Did you know Rosalie's going to her mother's for two weeks? Leaving tomorrow and taking the kids?"

Everyone else in the room seemed to Kit to fade away, faces, voices, like a faulty television picture.

At last Blaine said, and it was not irrelevant, "You know, I'm in debt to my ears."

"Aren't we all?" Kit replied.

What he actually said was: This can be no tie that binds.

Her answer meant: I, too, am inevitably committed — in tasks, in lives, in money.

A cuckoo clock, the Coopers' only souvenir of his military tour of Germany, suddenly called the hour. The silly sound — the reminder of time which was all Kit knew they could ever offer each other — struck them both as absurd. They shrieked simultaneously with laughter.

"Say, we'd better watch that pair!" said Rosalie. And turned her tanned back.

Jerry apparently did not even look toward them. But on the way home he asked Kit, "What was so funny between you and Blaine?"

"Oh, nothing much," she answered. She thought, relishing her melodrama, that it was a good reply. They really had nothing, she and Blaine, they could spare only for each other. No money, so no future of simple divorce-court-escape from incurred obligations. And precious little time. But with a few hours of one weekend, they would know each other totally, without secrets, without reserve, and at last Kit would have love. Next Saturday there would be no monotony night.

She murmured in her turn, "What was Bert Maddox pounding your ear for?"

"Oh, giving me his golf score."

"I thought so." Thought! With sudden pain, Kit wondered, Do I seem as drab, as predictable, to Jerry? Did a grey mantle of habit eventually cloak all marriages?

If only his question about Blaine had not been so idle. If he had seemed even a little jealous! Had he become so disinterested he no longer conceived she could attract any other man?

THEY HAD been married so long. It was a young thing. Kit had not known even puppy love before she met Jerry, had hardly a flirtation, and scarcely a scattering even of casual dates. With Jerry she was so sure she had discovered romance. The only romance.

Possibly romance — certainly passion—she could remember. But love? The term "make love" had always revolted her. What she wanted you

Continued on page 98

TUNA *rarebit!* CLOVER LEAF

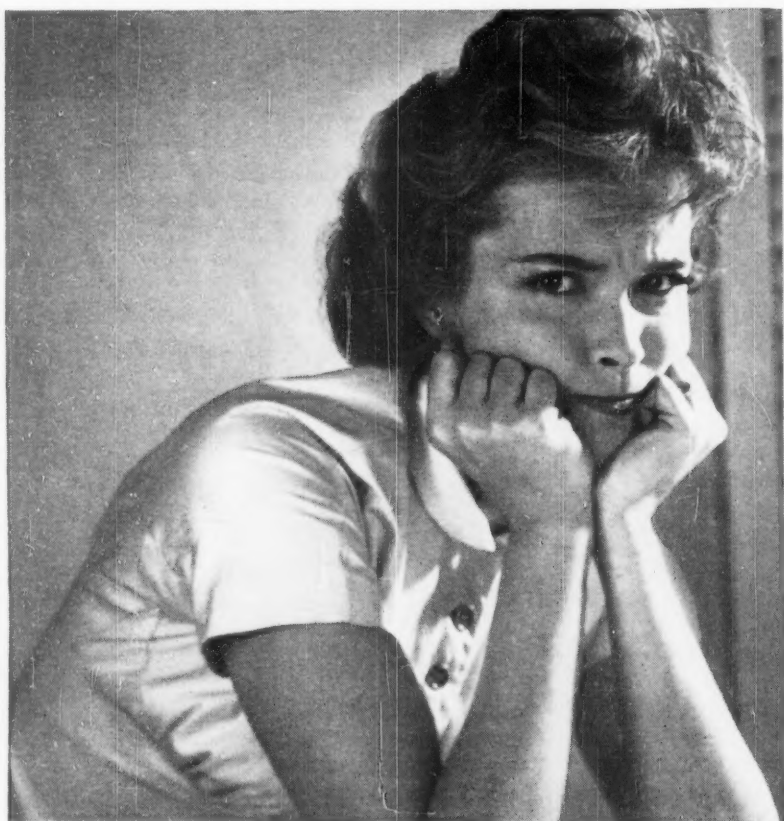


TUNA RAREBIT — Make 2 cups of your favorite white sauce. Add 2 seven ounce cans Clover Leaf Solid White Tuna, broken in pieces, and $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup small cheese squares, 1 tablespoon sliced pimento. Toast the inside of 6 sliced hamburger buns. Pour tuna mixture over bottom half of buns and place tops on. Serve with green peas, garnish with parsley.

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*Reg. T. M.

calgon
WATER CONDITIONER



Continued from page 96
could not make, she knew. She wanted a sharing thing of dreams and laughter and heady success and mutual devastating failures. She had it with her children, Kit knew.

But with Jerry — installments and insurance, wieners and beans, and an easy compatibility of body with hardly the need any longer even of a caress. Perhaps they were headed for the same destination, Kit thought, but they sped side by side on a straight highway in parallel lanes that could not interest and loneliness was going to wreck her.

Still robotlike, she sped all through the week in that unending race. School and scouts and soap and sirloin. The first of the month came. All the bills. She gave them to Jerry, saying, "Everything's paid. You can see what we've got to live on the rest of the month."

"Can we do it?"

"We've done it before."

He sighed. They had been married twelve years, less two months. One hundred and forty-two months nearly like this.

Once Kit had dreamed little fantasies that she knew were foolish but were comforting . . . inheritance from an unknown relative . . . or a sudden raise that would bring Jerry extravagantly home with minks or diamonds . . . and she could get him the complete power tools to build the boat he had once talked of. Or the boat itself . . .

But eventually Kit had learned better and did not dream. That, she told herself, was maturity. They got by. They had. They would. And never more. Not precariously, like a soufflé quivering between triumph and collapse. Kit, instead, compared their days with the peanut butter the children demanded for lunch—homogenized, brown, bland, and one of the basic seven.

It was not that she yearned childishly for a mink or for diamonds or even for a cataclysmic passion. All she wanted was a gift of novelty — a snow-mocking dandelion, a single bright feather forgotten by a cardinal, a sea-brined shell — offered just to her heart from another's. "This delighted me; I knew it would please you, too."

Jerry sighed once more and took the bills and cheques she'd written, and a blue folder of office work, and retreated to the cubbyhole off the kitchen that served as den, sewing room, hideaway for ancient undone

ironing, or sickroom for a suspect child. He filed his records there in a locked drawer of the secondhand desk.

Kit did the dishes. She put the children to bed and heard their prayers. And was nearly undone. How can I threaten their peace? she thought. And decided of course she could not meet Blaine. It was only children who could be utterly selfish, snatching the candy instead of the meal, the moment for the lifetime.

And then Jerry emerged from his den looking vague and faraway, and Kit looked up from a magazine and knew what he would say. Don't — don't! she whispered silently. But ritually he remarked, "Well, guess it's time to hit the sack."

She was stiff — it seemed as much with despair as with renewed resolution — when at last they were in bed. He reached for her and she moved almost involuntarily away. "I'm awfully tired," she murmured. Wordlessly Jerry rolled over and was motionless.

Kit Dyer was still in pretense of sleep, too, but her mind raced. She would meet Blaine. She must meet Blaine.

At neither house — oh, not in Conway Heights. Kit thought of Mrs. Byrd, the sitter who would spend weekends, and visualized a two-day idyl somewhere by a mountain lake. But there would be too many questions in Conway Heights, and not enough answers. She and Blaine must rendezvous in some outlying motel or inn, while Mrs. Byrd watched the children and believed Kit was downtown shopping. Perhaps, so sensitive to each other's innermost thoughts, they could make a small world of their own that was neither hasty nor sordid, nor even clandestine.

SHE MUST have slept eventually. Once she became aware that Jerry was gone and she had not heard him leave. Drowsily she thought he must be in the bathroom, and then when she roused once again from restless, foreboding, faceless dreams, she saw he was back beside her. But somehow Kit had the troubled feeling he had been gone for hours. At breakfast she said, "Did you get up last night?"

"Couldn't sleep. Went to the den and read awhile," he said. "Please cut the circus, kids, and hurry—you'll be late for school." Then Jerry kissed his wife, as casually as he would affix a postage stamp, and started to the door. There he paused.

A funny little pool dimpled in Kit's heart, as if a trout had leaped in a still pond. Jerry, a word. A gesture. Stop me, Jerry, if you love — Jerry, do you see me when you look at me?

"You remember I'm leaving tomorrow," he said "Did you get my grey suit from the cleaner's?"

Tomorrow! Why, when she had anticipated it so much, had the time crept upon her so stealthily?

She answered with a calm despair, "I'm to pick it up any time today after ten."

After he left she washed the children and inspected their fingernails and saw them off to school with the wonderful surge of pride she always felt. Followed by shame. What if they ever knew? Kit leaned against the doorway, waved to her neighbor across the street, and thought: What if somebody found out?

The telephone rang. Blaine. He said with only a little trembling of his voice to indicate his tension, "Say, Kitty, I told Rosalie I'd bring back the bridge table she borrowed last week. Can I deliver it — conspicuously?" So now they could meet safely, and make their plans.

She went into her bedroom and stared at her mirrored self. Nearly thirty, and she looked it, Kit thought. A little thin, large-eyed, clean in striped shirt and neat Bermudas, hair combed, lipstick fresh. The assets were the same as at seventeen . . . and still she looked what she was: housewife, mother of three, going on thirty, and the bloom of youth forever in the past. How imperceptibly such changes had come upon her and Jerry.

And then, trying to visualize Jerry, she knew she had no idea how he looked that morning when he left — what he wore, whether, after little sleep, he had seemed tired.

"I have the gift of love," she had told Blaine. Now, anguished, she thought, "I have it. I had it. When did I stop giving it?" At once she answered her earlier self-question—whether she would care if somebody found out — and suddenly she knew: Yes, yes, yes!

And if Jerry . . . ? I could never do it to Jerry. Never! she thought, appalled. Not to Jerry!

If she betrayed him, she also betrayed herself. It was as simple, as shattering, as that.

How Blaine would hoot at such a statement "A cliché idea," he would call it. Yes, Kit thought, cliché! Like, "To love, to honor, to cherish," or, "What is home without a mother?" She wondered how easily scornful tongues can corrupt a good word, a real sentiment, a deep reverence, with an easy mold of mockery. When had "patriotism" become a suspect word in their set, or "sincerity" a barb, or "love" a cocktail tidbit?

AND THEN the doorbell chimed. Blaine stood with the bridge table in obvious view, his car deliberately in front of the house. He had set a scene so she could safely invite him in for coffee. And decision.

She said, a bit overloud, for hearkening ears, "My, you don't get to work very fast without Rosalie to push you!"

"When the cat's away . . ." he began, and flushed.

No, Kit thought, he had not meant to say that. For the words, "the mice will play," hung unspoken between them. And who wanted to be mice? Little, creeping, sneaking, scared — not even big or bold enough to run

in the rat race they all decried so often!

"Ain't you goin' to invite a pore man in and reward him with coffee for his labors?" Blaine said, shuffling his feet. She suddenly realized how confident he was in a familiar role.

"No," said Kit. "I'm not."

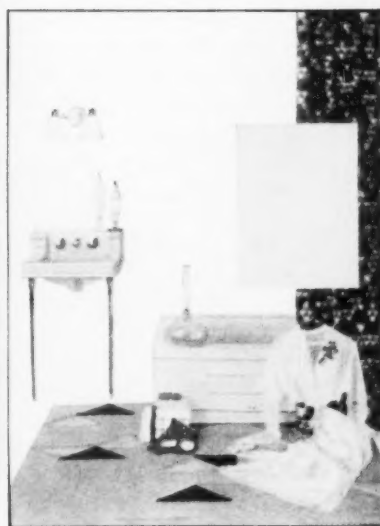
"But, Kit, we've got to talk — plan . . ."

"I've decided. No."

His face darkened unbecomingly. He looked like a thwarted baby. "You damned little tease! Rolling your eyes, dropping hints, making a point about the weekend — and now you chicken out. I thought you were different!"

"Did you?" she asked. "Did you really, Blaine?" For she knew with a bittersweet pang that was not how he had seen her. What he had seen was familiar — a restless, heart-dulled woman afraid of her lonely self. For him, a weekend conquest with no strings attached . . . easy.

Another on a list, Kit thought, aware his wrath should have been pain. Yes, there must have been others. There would be others, still. Perhaps that accounted for the



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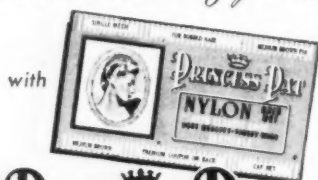
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strange, brittle unhappiness of Rosalie. Rosalie — not spoiled, only cheated.

The cheats. That's what they had nearly become, she and Blaine. Not great lovers. Not The Searcher and The Lost. Cheats.

She took the bridge table and moved to close the door. Blaine suddenly shrugged, murmured, "Comme ci, comme ça," and strode jauntily away. Kit shut the door, feeling near-hysterical laughter in her throat. *I knew he'd say that!*

She stowed the card table, called Mrs. Byrd, the baby sitter, and engaged her for the weekend, and then drove to the cleaner's and got Jerry's suit. When she came back to the house, the telephone was ringing. Blaine? No, he would not try again. He was too quick, too shallowly perceptive. Defiance he would fight, fear he would cajole. But indifference he would have to put behind him, pretending he, too, did not care.

It was Jerry calling. "Kit?"

"Who else?"

Old joke, acknowledged by a tired chuckle. He said then, "I've got to leave tonight. Instead of tomorrow."

"Okay," she said. "I've got your suit."

"Good girl."

Were such the words of love? Well, why not? The strong solid bricks of it lay beneath them. But sometimes, sometimes, Kit knew, you had to say it. "I love you." Loud, clear. How amazingly shy, jellyish, she felt, though. "Jerry, wait — don't hang up. I'm coming with you!"

He was momentarily silent. Then he said cautiously, "What about the kids? You never wanted to leave..."

"I've got Mrs. Byrd. I have her for tomorrow, but I... she could come tonight, too."

KIT FELT as if she were begging. Maybe it was too late. Maybe they had both worn the grey mantle too long. But then Jerry said, "Well!" And suddenly his voice was very young and very warm and very happy. "Well, my gosh!"

She laughed, too, under contagion of his pleasure. "That's an ardent, witty response if I ever heard one."

"Do better with practice," he said promptly. "Listen I'll get home about four. I'll get some more money from the savings."

The bugbear, money. Kit said, "Jerry, is it all right? I mean, do you think we can afford to?"

"Perhaps we can't afford not to,"

he said. She bit her lip. How much had he actually seen, known, suspected? "I mean, I'm only sorry I didn't think of it myself," he said. "We get on such a treadmill. But, honey, I'm glad, and I'll see you soon."

Now she could visualize him just as if he were there, eyes crinkling as he smiled at her. She knew him so well.

He added, "If you get time, go in my desk and get those papers in the blue folder, will you? I want them to take with me."

CLOCK TOWER

*From the grey tower's slender throat,
Time goes flying,
note on note.*

*On the benches old men stir
as if they felt
the sudden whirl*

*of wings as moments
sped away.*

*Children continue
at their play,*

*heedless of warning
boom and chime,
indifferent to
the flight of time.*

BY R. H. GRENVILLE

Kit called the sitter and changed the times and set out hamburger to thaw for the children's dinner and laid out clothes to pack and started a tub filling for her bath. Then she tossed on a robe and hurried to the desk for the papers.

There was no blue folder on top of the desk, or in the centre drawer, or in the others. The record drawer — but it was always locked.

It was not locked. The blue folder was there. Kit picked it up and started to slam the drawer. Then something underneath caught her eye.

After a long moment of shocked incomprehension, she thought: Why, he's going to run away!

For there were maps. There were travel folders. Trip schedules. Clippings of ships and planes, and articles from Sunday supplements and magazines about journeys to faraway places. Tramp trips to Hong Kong

... luxury tours to the Caribbean ... Japan in the spring ... the provinces of France ... Tahiti ... the green world of Ireland ...

The boat. The boat Jerry had always wanted and talked about. When had he stopped and substituted this dream? For she soon realized it was that — a fanciful thing, his way to flee a crowded house, a tired wife, the monotony parties of Conway Heights. He had come here the night he could not sleep. And traveled—where?

And did he go without me? Have I failed him so?

She knew then it was not Jerry she had failed — yet. Only herself.

Someday, overwhelmed, might he have exploded the dream into reality? Kit realized, even as she wondered—no. Not Jerry. Jerry wouldn't.

She had thought she knew him totally, that she was the stranger to him, and then he could astound her here. But still she trusted ...

And she next understood, relieved and grateful, Jerry had not really been indifferent at the party. He, too, had known—known before she herself was sure: Kit wouldn't.

THAT WAS LOVE, then. A faith, a certainty. It had nothing to do with predictability, and surprises only underlined it, and there was no need for words.

Kit had the sudden impulse to tell Jerry of her discovery of these clippings and maps. They could share as when they were first wed. There was so much joy in discovering a new Jerry. How many other secrets did he hold? She could share this one, work with him, help him file and clip and paste and wish —

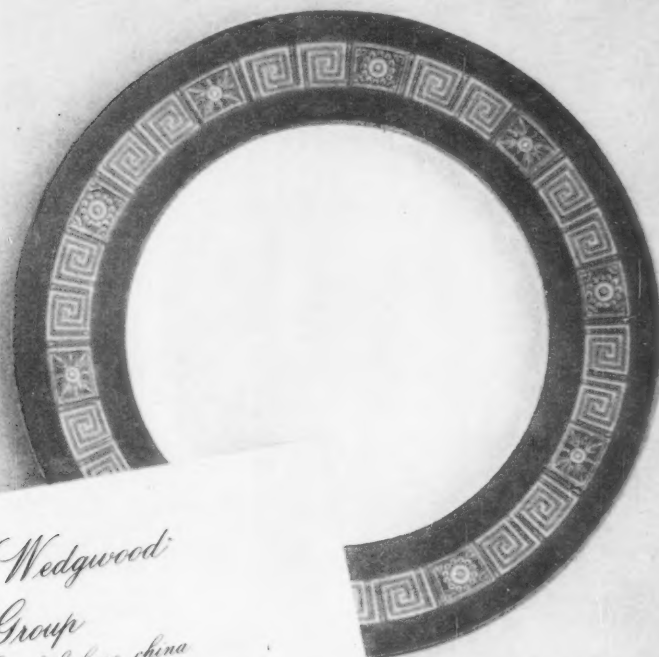
Carefully Kit closed the drawer and locked it. This that Jerry had was his solitary measure of sanity. It was his necessary apartness. Instead of being grateful for her own, Kit had miscalled it loneliness. The dull and uninspired world she had seen had been a mirror world.

Her discovery must not be told, ever. Except, as Kit went back to their room, she began to see there was no reason that tonight—and all the other moonlit nights to come—she could not wear a flower in her hair. And evoke for Jerry some tropic temptation, a hint of the exotic, alluring and strange, the gift of novelty.

The tub was brimful. Kit Dyer only laughed and shut off the water. Her heart was overflowing, and she wanted to keep it that way. END

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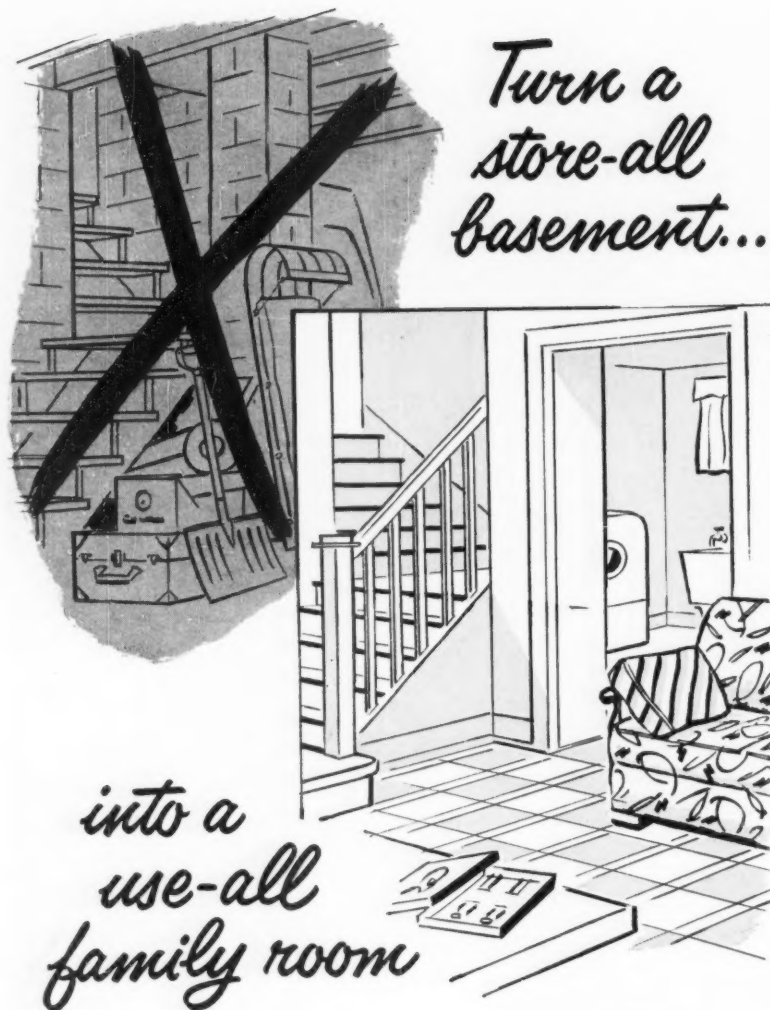
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It's simple — anyone can do it. Here's how...

During the last decade most Canadian women have heard about the miracle of the corneal transplant—the eye operation which restores sight to the blind by replacing a diseased cornea with a healthy one. Yet very few women realize how easy it would be for them, by obeying a generous impulse, to restore sight to someone who might otherwise be condemned to a weary lifetime of darkness.

The Canadian National Institute for the Blind has already established eye banks in Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and British Columbia, and will soon have one in Alberta. With help from the airlines and the Red Cross, the CNIB can rush donor eyes anywhere in Canada.

If you would like to will your eyes—and they are desperately wanted—here is exactly what you need to know. Would-be donors often fail to understand the action they are taking and, as a result, the intended gift never becomes a reality.

Both medical and legal problems crop up. Naturally donations are almost always made by people who intend their corneas to be passed on only after they themselves have died. The cornea, however, can only be preserved for use if it is removed from the donor within eight hours after death, and the removal and preservation must be carried out under conditions of meticulous surgical care.

In Canada, the signature of the next of kin is required *after the death of*

the donor before eyes can be removed, even though the deceased wished to donate them. You should make sure that your husband or children know about your wish and are in sympathy.

Because reading wills inevitably means delay, and since eyes are medically useful for so short a time, do not use a will to make known your desire to donate your eyes. A simple written statement of your intention, signed by yourself, will do.

Who signs the forms?

Better still, printed forms stating that you wish to leave your eyes for the restoration of sight are available at any of the forty-six offices of the CNIB, scattered across Canada. One section of the completed form, sent to the Eye Bank of Canada, 929 Bayview Avenue, Toronto, will ensure that an intended donation is known about in advance. The two remaining sections of the form are kept by the donor among his accessible papers. One of these two sections states who the next of kin is and where he may be reached. The other is a consent form signed by the donor and which must be signed by the next of kin immediately upon the death of the donor. These forms should *not* be placed in safety deposit boxes, which are subject to legal restrictions when death occurs. If you move from one community to another, you should inform the eye bank that you have

done so; and tell your new doctor of your donation.

Eye donations are becoming more common every year but there are still many misconceptions and half-truths surrounding the subject of corneal transplants which prevent hundreds of people from willingly donating their eyes.

These are some of the questions doctors are asked most frequently with answers provided by eye specialists at the University Hospital, Saskatoon:

What is a corneal transplant? The cornea or "window of the eye" is a small transparent disc which curves over the iris and pupil, tinier than a dime in diameter and only one-twenty-fifth of an inch thick. It is a startling fact that the cornea is the only fragment of living tissue in which the original cells continue to live after being transplanted from one person to another. The donated cornea actually becomes part of the host eye letting in light to restore vision. The operation is extremely delicate and involves replacing an injured or diseased cornea with a healthy one.

Is the whole eye used in the operation? No. Only a small part of the eye is used, although the surgeon needs the complete donor eye to facilitate handling the minute healthy cornea. The rest of the eye is used in research and teaching.

Is all blindness helped by corneal transplants? No. This operation is not a cure-all, and only certain types of blindness and eye defects are helped by it. A transplant can offer hope only to those whose blindness is caused by damage to the cornea. Unfortunately, many diseases which cloud the cornea also damage other parts of the eye, and new corneas cannot help such eyes.

How many people in Canada would be helped by corneal transplants? Of 23,000 Canadians with eye defects—such as partial sight, blindness in one eye as well as total loss of sight—probably 1,800 would be helped.

Do all corneal grafts have the same purposes? No. Most of us hear of the spectacular operations, where the totally blind are given sight. But in addition to this so-called *optical graft*, there is the *therapeutic graft*, which is enormously valuable in sav-

ing failing vision by checking progressive infections or correcting abnormalities in the corneal structure. Also the *cosmetic graft* is a "morale-booster" in removing a disfiguring scar in an eye that will always be blind.

What types of eyes produce the best corneas? Corneas are used from deceased adults, children, babies, and even stillborn infants, regardless of race, sex, or blood type. Many surgeons prefer corneas of elderly donors, because they are less likely to become cloudy. But the cornea of a stillborn baby has been used to restore the sight of a husky laborer blinded in an explosion. Corneas from living persons are used only when the eye has been removed for therapeutic reasons. Also, a blind person with healthy corneas can leave his eyes after death to bring sight to someone else.

Does bequeathing eyes result in disfigurement of the donor? No change in appearance is involved.

Are there religious objections to eye donations? No. On the contrary, Christian and Jewish religious leaders, along with scientists, endorse the practice. But it is wise to discuss bequeathing your eyes with your clergyman and doctor, to settle any lingering doubt you may have.

It has always been customary to keep the name of the eye donor secret but recently this practice has been questioned, especially by patients who have had their sight restored. A few months ago, I talked with a young woman who had just had her second corneal transplant, needed because progressive corneal deterioration threatened total blindness. The grafts had been successful, and she was radiantly happy. "My only regret is that I can't tell my donor's family how grateful I am," she said. "I'd like them to know that when I die these same corneas will go on to give vision to someone else."

It is that spirit of gratitude and helpfulness toward the less fortunate that is needed to bring about the aims of the organizers of the eye banks. If each of us could reach for her telephone or writing-pad today, get a donor certificate, complete and sign it, the thrill of light would be brought closer to someone whose world has been dark.

END



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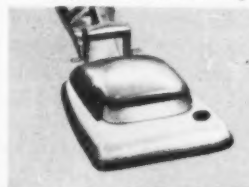
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GRAND DUCHESS OLGA: THIS IS MY STORY

Continued from page 26



Royal playmates, Grand Duchess Olga and Grand Duke Michael (Mischa). They were youngest of the czar's children and shared lessons and games. Photos show Olga at eight, and Michael—shot by Communists in 1918—at eleven.

letter, be it from a king or a crackpot, but I simply cannot do that any longer," she admits. She often asks me now to throw a letter in the wastebasket with the pungent remark, "It belonged there in the first place!"

Surrounding her in a more or less confusing abundance, as she works, are flowerpots, faded photographs of royalty and innumerable other mementos of imperial days. This rather chaotic scene is kindly surveyed by her father, Czar Alexander III, who dominates the living room from his large portrait over the mantelpiece. This portrait of the czar was a favorite of her mother's—Empress Marie Feodorovna—and hung in the Anichkov Palace. Oddly enough the painting was one of the last items to be rescued from the palace, during the revolution in 1917, by Prince Felix Youssoupov, the murderer of Rasputin. He delivered the painting in person to the empress in the Crimea just before she left for exile in Denmark in the spring of 1919.

Imperial days gone forever

Like her three older brothers, Grand Dukes Nicholas, George and Michael, and her sister Grand Duchess Xenia, Grand Duchess Olga inherited from her father, the *muzhik* or peasant emperor, a dislike for superficiality and pomp. All her life she has admired simplicity and frankness. As a realist she accepts the fact that the imperial days are gone forever, and avoids use of her title. Yet at gatherings of the thinning ranks of old

officers and friends who were part of Russia before the revolution, she gracefully accepts the prerogatives of a sister of the czar.

Olga was born in Peterhof Palace, on the Gulf of Finland, on June 14, 1882, but her fondest childhood memories are those of life at another palace, Gatchina, forty miles east of the imperial capital. There, sheltered from publicity and in the company of her parents, her brothers and sister, she played in the vast palace parklands which contained thousands of acres of woods and lakes. Gatchina was also the favorite residence of Alexander III, who enjoyed the outdoor life as much as his daughter Olga. Gatchina's lakes teemed with fish, the woods with wildlife and the palace grounds housed some of the most famous stables and kennels in the world.

Cavernous, nine-hundred-room Gatchina Palace is a ponderous yellow-hued structure built around two huge quadrangles, its two main blocks united by a curved wing. The palace was given by Catherine the Great to her eccentric moody son Paul I, who later—in 1801—was assassinated in another of the royal palaces. His room in Gatchina was retained as he left it, and in it was kept a bloodstained blanket taken from the scene of the murder.

Perhaps because of this grisly reminder of violence, everyone at Gatchina—except Olga—was certain he had seen Paul's ghost from time to time walk the shadowy corridors. "It is a pity he should not have appeared to me," says the Grand Duch-

ess, with regret. "I did want to see him so much, for Paul was a dear fellow."

Olga was particularly close to her brother Grand Duke Michael (Mischa) who, only three years older than herself, shared with her the palace games and classroom lessons. Her two other brothers, Nicholas (Nicky—later Czar Nicholas II), George (Georgie), and her sister Xenia were older and kept pretty well to themselves. Because of the constant companionship of an English nanny, Olga became particularly fluent in English, and many members of the imperial family used to pick her out to practice on her their own less fluent English.

Vivacious and sometimes mischievous, young Olga and Michael often escaped the formality of palace life in exuberant acrobatics in the imperial gymnasium, in exploring expeditions across the endless rooftops and terraces of Gatchina, and in long hikes into the woods with their father, the emperor.

Alexander III was particularly fond of children and in return he was idolized by them. The emperor would often be seen leading a pack of youngsters in ice hockey or wading with them knee-deep into Gatchina's lakes, his roaring laughter piercing their delighted shouts. Though by "divine right" the most powerful autocrat in Europe, to the hordes of delighted children Alexander III was simply beloved "Uncle Sasha."

A party every Sunday

Olga, as the "baby" of the imperial family, was especially close to him. She alone enjoyed the privilege of sitting at his feet in his study as he worked for hours over volumes of state papers. Often, she recalls, he would furiously scribble his indignant comments on the margins of the documents: "Idiots!" "Impossible!" "Fools!"

One of the best days of the week for young Olga was Sunday, for that was the occasion for a lively party, when a group of younger children from the nobility would come to Gatchina by train from St. Petersburg. A suite of thirteen rooms, in a remote part of the palace, was set aside for the youngsters to ramble in. "We stuck our noses into everything," Grand Duchess Olga recalls, "including old apartments of previous grand dukes and emperors, which had not been aired or lived in for years."

Continued on page 106



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Continued from page 104

Once, one of Olga's favorite playmates discovered a bear hide, complete with head and paws, put it on and set out to roam the palace corridors on all fours, emitting ominous growls as he did so. Philippe, an old kitchen servant, suddenly came upon the beast and petrified with fear jumped onto a long corridor table and screamed, "God Almighty! A bear in the palace! Help! Help!" A head servant rushed to the scene and seeing only Philippe running over the polished table was about to dismiss him on the spot. In the nick of time the "bear" arrived, shed his skin and saved the trembling Philippe.

Then again there was afternoon tea at Gatchina, which as a rule was attended by the entire imperial family. At times a group of elderly ladies would join the empress for the occasion and then teatime was turned into a rather formal affair, conducted with an air of stiff ritual. The ladies would sit in a semicircle around the empress, while she poured tea from a magnificent silver service placed before her by her impeccable valet Stepanov.

At times, however, Grand Duke George who was eleven years Olga's senior, managed to sabotage the tea ceremony. Georgie, as the Grand Duchess recalls, would somehow manage to trip Stepanov just as he carried the tea tray into the room with his usual air of magnificence. And suddenly, with pained disbelief, impeccable Stepanov would find himself flat on the parquet floor as plates, teakettle and cookies rolled in chaos all over the room to the horror of the imperial gathering.

The Empress' premonition

"Georgie was the only one who could get away with such terrible pranks," says the Grand Duchess, "for Mother had a great weakness for him." It may have been the tender premonition of a mother which gave Georgie that special place in the empress's heart, for in 1890, when he was only twenty years old, Georgie contracted tuberculosis while on a world tour with his older brother Nicholas. After vain efforts to check the disease, he was sent to live in the mountain resort of Abbas-Tuman in the foothills of the Caucasus.

Georgie's illness and exile were a heartbreak for the empress and the whole family, and they all visited him frequently. Then one day, at twenty-

seven, the end came for Grand Duke George — unexpectedly and violently, as it came so often for the Romanovs. He was found dying in a pool of blood by the side of a road near his overturned motorcycle. At the time sinister rumors about his death circulated in Russia, but the Grand Duchess Olga believes to this day that her brother died from a hemorrhage caused by the vibrations of the motorcycle he had been strictly forbidden to ride.

Olga, too, when only eighteen, was involved in accidents which could easily have proved fatal. When the automobile made its appearance, her twenty-one-year-old brother Michael was one of the first at Gatchina to purchase a machine. "He was a good driver," the Grand Duchess recalls, "but sometimes, unfortunately, he fell asleep at the wheel." Twice while driving with his sister, he turned the car over. Both times they walked away without a scratch. The second time they even managed to push the car back on the road by themselves. "It was quite simple," the Grand Duchess explains. "We were late for dinner and Mother was waiting. This gave us superhuman strength. You can't imagine what punctuality meant, especially when Mother was waiting!"

At Gatchina an army of thousands of servants, footmen, valets, gardeners and other staff was constantly at the disposal of the imperial family. "I could never really begin to count them," the Grand Duchess admits. "I do know, however, that we had servants from all parts of the world, including Abyssinians, black as the night and absolutely wonderful." She still recalls many of her servants by name and, in turn, is fondly remembered by scores of them in exile today. They write to her regularly and several save their money just to come and see her in Canada.

Throughout her life, the Grand Duchess has had a special fondness for animals and has seldom been without an assortment of pets. Even today, her small home in Cooksville is a sanctuary to many a stray cat and dog. In Russia, among her many pets were a blind dog, a lynx, a white albino crow, a huge wolf that lived on fruit and milk, and Kuku, the hare that followed wherever she went. She received in addition a seemingly constant supply of gift bear cubs, one of which was a present from peasants from the Caucasus and eventually grew so big that it had to be shipped to the Moscow Zoo.

Grand Duchess Olga abhors cruelty

to animals and was always appalled during the famous imperial hunts at the lodges of Spala and Belovège, where her father, her brothers and royal guests shot deer, bison and other wildlife in large numbers.

Olga, following Romanov tradition, was closely associated with the armed forces of imperial Russia, especially with regiments of the Imperial Guard. Special navy and army detachments were camped within the enclosure of Gatchina Palace for the protection of the royal family. As a child she could look from her windows across to the barracks of the Blue Cuirassiers, a famous regiment with headquarters at Gatchina, and both Olga and Michael frequently played with the sailors who guarded Gatchina park and many of whom the royal children knew by their first names.

"Love at first sight"

Like most members of the imperial family, Grand Duchess Olga was made colonel-in-chief of a regiment, the Akhtyrsky Hussars. Even today she keeps in touch with most of its officers in exile, and one of her most-prized possessions is the regimental badge, which she proudly wears at special occasions.

It was in 1903, during one of the famous military parades at Gatchina Palace, that the young Grand Duchess met her second husband, Colonel Nikolai Koulikovsky, a tall handsome officer of the Guard and close friend of her brother Michael. "It was love at first sight," she says. The strapping colonel consequently stayed by her side throughout her harassing escape from the Communists, and she owes her life to his courage and initiative in moments of crisis. Their two sons were born in 1917 and 1918 during the height of the revolution. The colonel died in Canada in 1958. His loss was a great shock to the Grand Duchess, but she says, "He lives by my side every day and for this I have my faith in God to thank."

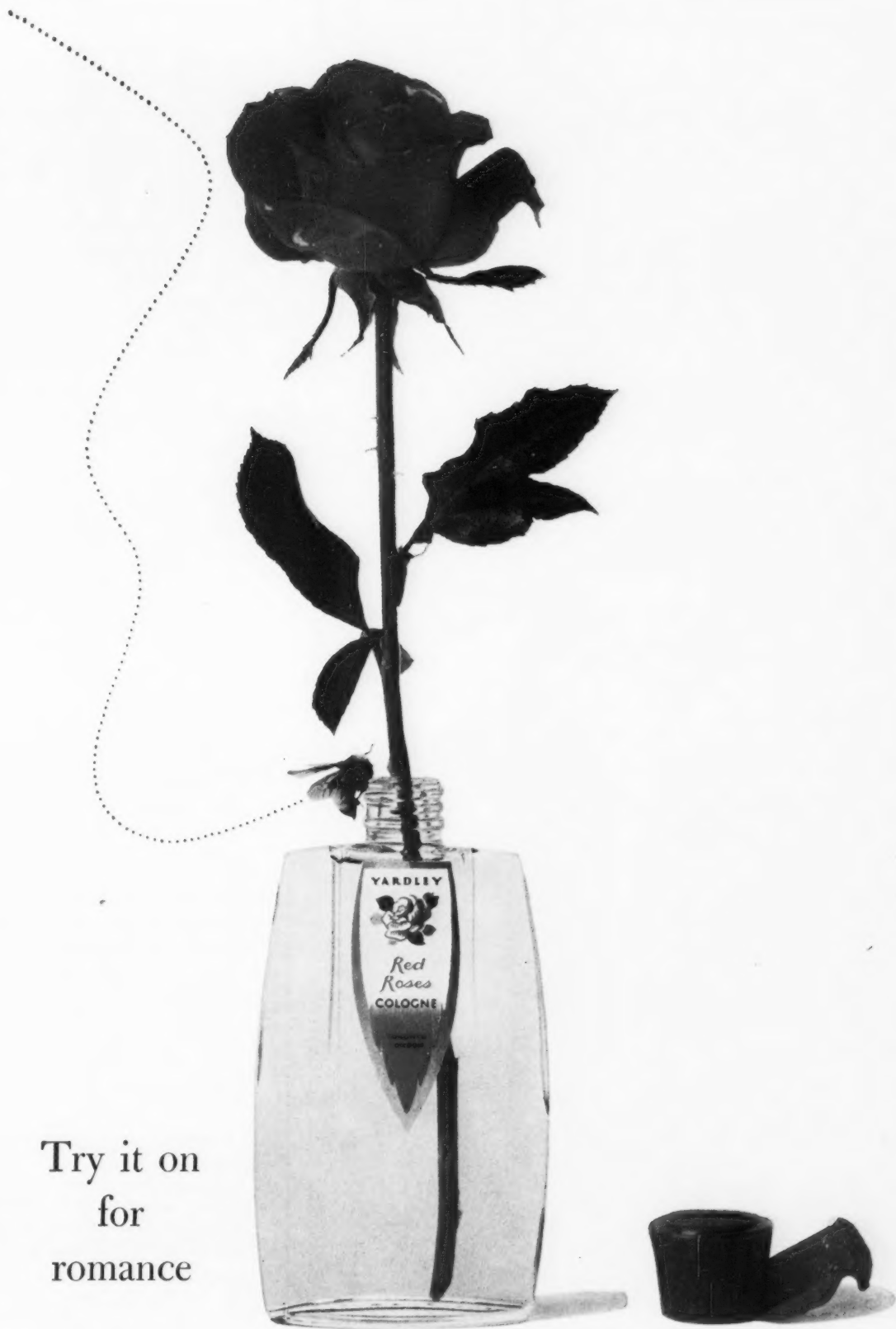
Her first marriage in 1901, when she had just turned nineteen, was to her cousin Prince Peter of Oldenburg, her senior by fourteen years. It was a marriage of convenience arranged by palace circles. There were no children. Grand Duchess Olga has never accepted the marriage as valid, even though she lived with that "charming gentleman" for nearly fifteen years. It was annulled in 1916 by her brother Czar Nicholas II, just before the revolution, enabling her to marry Colonel

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Koulikovsky that same year in a simple ceremony in Kiev. Both were then thirty-four. Grand Duchess Olga had waited patiently for thirteen years to marry finally the man she always loved.

Vast Gatchina Palace was not the permanent residence of the imperial family; throughout the year the family moved from palace to palace. After spending early winter and Christmas in Gatchina, for example, they would move on to St. Petersburg's Anitchkoff Palace, a square, neoclassic stone building on the Neva River not far from the huge Winter Palace, which was used only for special state occasions.

St. Petersburg, with its gold-domed cathedrals, the Marinsky Theatre, the foreign embassies, the grand ducal and princely palaces, and night clubs was the unchallenged Paris of Russia. The winter season was a succession of splendid embassy receptions, gala performances, fancy-dress balls and imperial receptions.

On such occasions the display of blazing jewels, the magnificent dresses and *kakoshniks* (caplike headdresses), the Gardes aux Chevaux in smart white uniforms, the Cossacks of the Escort in scarlet tunics, the endless processions of imperial heralds, chamberlains, pages, and finally the incredible splendor of the imperial family itself—all created a dazzling opulence that has never been surpassed by any capital in the world. No wonder the Grand Duchess Olga found the court of her aunt, Britain's Queen Alexandra — wife of Edward VII — "rather subdued" during her first visit to Sandringham in 1912.

Emperor doused the lights

Society functions bored the Grand Duchess as a rule, and whenever possible she escaped the splendid formalities of the St. Petersburg season. In this respect again she was very much like her emperor father, and very much unlike her mother, Empress Marie Feodorovna, who, radiant in magnificent jewels, enjoyed gaiety and limelight. This basic difference in the characters of the imperial couple often created amusing situations. While the empress, for example, was keen to leave Gatchina as early as possible after Christmas and move into the social swirl of St. Petersburg, the emperor did his best to find convincing excuses to delay the departure.

During palace balls it was the empress who held the dance floor while

the emperor stood quietly aside. Sometimes, obviously bored, the emperor would grow impatient and would order the musicians, one by one, out of the ballroom, until a solitary drummer remained playing on the orchestra stand. Then the emperor would



Bejeweled Shah of Persia, Nasr-el-Din, visited Russia in 1873, shocked the court by eating with his fingers, pinching the young ladies-in-waiting.

turn off the lights as well. Taking the hint at last, the empress would graciously take leave of her guests and say with a smile, "Well, I guess the emperor wants us all to go home."

Adding color, and a touch of the bizarre to life at the imperial court in St. Petersburg were the state visits of foreign potentates. The most fantastic of these was the visit to the Winter Palace in 1873 of Shah Nasr-el-Din of Persia. The shah had a notorious reputation in European courts for his crude and eccentric manners. His behavior in St. Petersburg, however, was worse than anything the imperial court expected.

Pompous, with fiery black eyes and drooping mustachios, the shah mesmerized everyone with his appearance. He was literally covered from head to foot in jewels; ruby and diamond rings sparkled from every finger. Strings of heavy gems covered his chest and a brilliant aigrette soared from his astrakhan cap. His vest and sword were encrusted with priceless stones. But if the shah's vestments surprised his Russian hosts, his table manners petrified them, according to the Grand Duchess Olga, who was told of the curious performance by her mother.

Continued on page 110

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Royal collector Grand Duchess Olga with rare Russian icons which hang in the bedroom of her Cooksville, Ont., home. Two of these were in a collection recently stolen from the Vancouver Art Gallery, later recovered by police.

Continued from page 108

Seated between Empress Marie Feodorovna and Czar Alexander one evening at a state dinner, the shah quickly discarded both knife and fork and proceeded to remove the food from his plate, piece by piece, with bejeweled fingers, thrusting the morsels into his mouth with lip-smacking appreciation. What he did not like he tossed with a grimace under the table and then wiped his greasy fingers on the imperial tablecloth. There was a gasp of horror along the imperial table when the shah, with obvious relish, then plunged his fingers into the plate of the empress and, carefully selecting choice tid-bits, placed them into the empress' mouth. The guests fell into shocked silence — until it became evident that the empress enjoyed it all immensely. For Marie Feodorovna, like her sister Queen Alexandra of Britain, was delighted with anyone who could amuse her.

The shah was a 'lady's man'

"Mother, if she could, would have hired the shah there and then as her personal court jester," says Grand Duchess Olga.

The shah's freedom with the ladies of the imperial court was another cause for gossip. His Almighty Persian Majesty showed intense interest in all the younger ladies-in-waiting, several of whom he proceeded to pinch appreciatively. Whenever, however, an older lady of the court was presented

to him, the shah twisted his sensuous mouth in disappointment, pointed an accusing finger at the poor woman and, turning to the empress, would ask in French, "*Pourquoi ça?*" ("Why this?")

In contrast to the shah, the tall suave Emir of Boukhara, ruler of an autonomous state near the border of Afghanistan, was always a welcome visitor in St. Petersburg. The emir displayed particular interest in Grand Duchess Olga and whenever he was in St. Petersburg never failed to bring her elaborate presents. He once gave her an enormous gold necklace from which hung, like tongues of flames, tassels of rubies. A large oriental carpet, another of the emir's gifts, is today in the home of her son Tihon Koulikovsky in Erindale.

Although it was generally known in St. Petersburg that the emir spoke Russian fluently, his own religion and court etiquette forbade him to speak any language but his own in public. For this reason he always brought along his own court interpreter whenever he visited the Grand Duchess, and while the little man laboriously translated all exchanges of conversation, Olga and the emir struggled to keep straight faces.

Peterhof, a heavy, Germanic-looking palace with a beautiful park full of fountains and cascading waters was the favorite residence of the imperial family for several months each summer. The palace was built near the Gulf of Finland by Peter the Great,

who was then introducing Western ways into his own semibarbaric court. Among his innovations was a sign which read: "Ladies and gentlemen of the court caught sleeping with their boots on will be instantly decapitated."

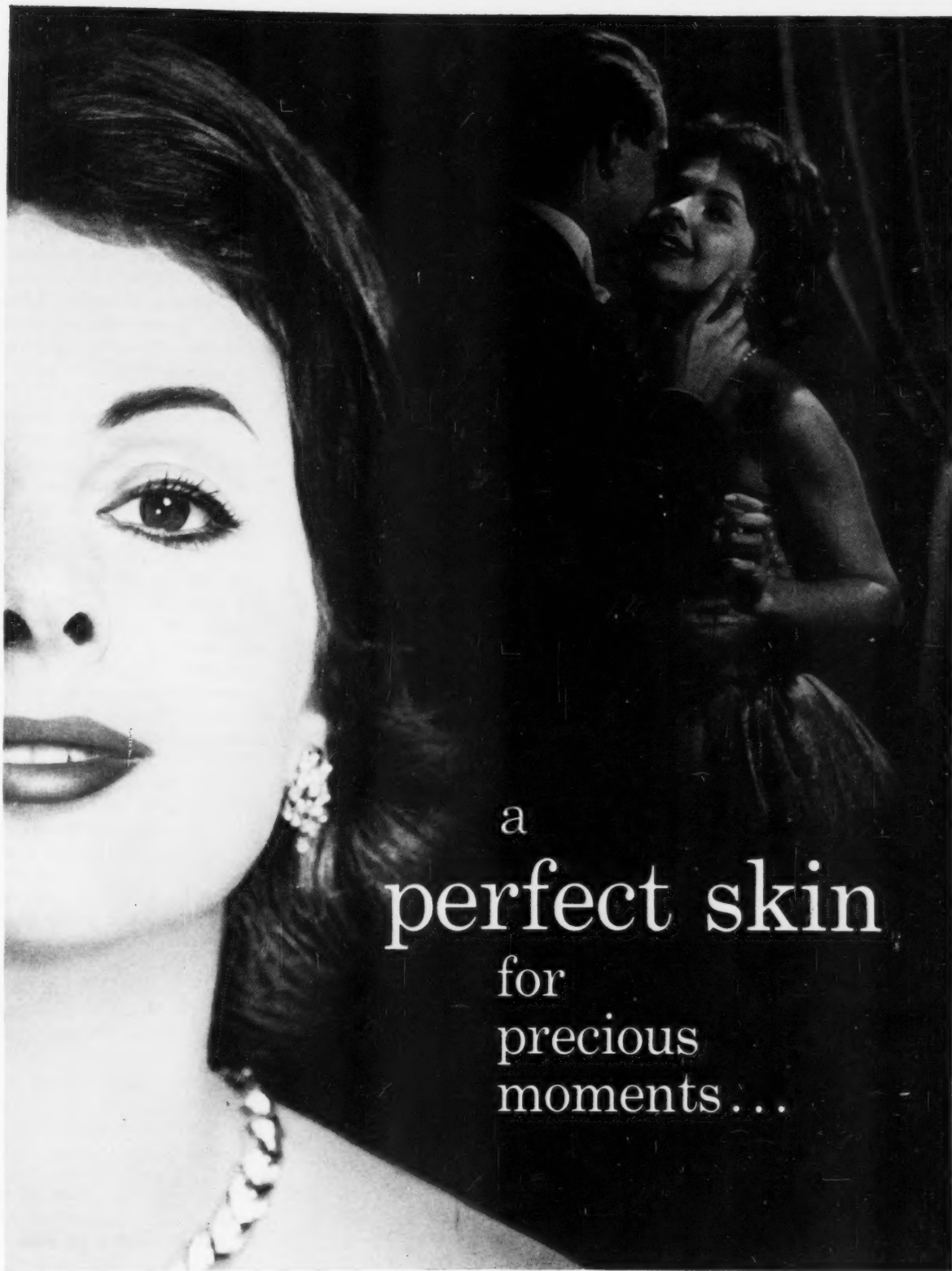
During Grand Duchess Olga's childhood, Peterhof was used only for special gala occasions, the imperial family living instead in a smaller villa in the park. Many grand dukes and grand duchesses, all relatives of the imperial family, had their villas in the spacious Peterhof park as well, and Olga delighted in visiting her aunts, especially at teatime ("They all served the most wonderful assortment of cookies during tea"). She remembers in particular one of her aunts who was strenuously trying to reduce. Wearing a huge straw hat adorned with cherries, the aunt would be seen exercising daily at volleyball with her private physician. "Needless to say, it was the doctor who did most of the reducing," the Grand Duchess recalls.

A holiday with Grandpa

Sometimes family visits would take Olga and her family outside of Russia. Every second summer, from 1885 until the beginning of World War I, they would visit the Danish royal family at Fredensborg Palace, outside Copenhagen. Relations between the two royal houses were very close, since Christian IX of Denmark and his wife Queen Louise were the maternal grandparents of Grand Duchess Olga and the other Russian imperial children. (Tall, amiable and bewhiskered Christian IX was often referred to as the father of nearly all the reigning houses of Europe. Besides his daughter Dagmar, who became Marie Feodorovna, Empress of Russia, his other daughter became Britain's Queen Alexandra; his eldest son became Frederick VIII, King of Denmark; another son, William, became King of Greece.)

No one in the Russian imperial family would miss for anything in the world a holiday with "Grandpa" and "Grandma" in Denmark. After the tight security measures and lofty isolation in which the Russian imperial family lived at home, the freedom and informality of the Danes was a most welcome relief and the holiday mood of these Danish visits started from the very moment Olga and her family boarded one of the imperial yachts at Kronshadt and started out for Fredensborg.

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men, attendants, luggage and pets would first be taken on board. "It was like Noah's Ark," the Grand Duchess recalls. Even a fat, white, recalcitrant cow would be pushed on board, so that the imperial children could enjoy fresh milk every morning during the three-day crossing. "In those days," the Grand Duchess explains, "frozen food was not considered particularly healthy." Unfortunately, the cow was a very bad sailor and the wonder was how the poor animal never produced a single drop of sour milk.

The Fredensborg family reunions were memorable not only for their gaiety and informality, but for the sheer magnitude of the number of royal leaders who attended them. In addition to the Russians, there were always Uncle Bertie (Edward VII) Aunt Alix (Queen Alexandra), the entire Greek royal family, innumerable German and Scandinavian royalty, and hordes of royal children. At times more than eighty of Europe's greatest royal figures of the day would sit down to dinner at Fredensborg.

Grand Duchess Olga remembers how she and Michael, immaculately dressed by their nurse, would come to the dining room before dinner to say goodnight to their grandparents and the assembled relatives. Back upstairs in their quarters, the children would creep to the railing of the upper rotunda and gaze down at the splendid sight of Europe's assembled royalty dining. Pheasant was the favorite dish on these occasions and, says the Grand Duchess, "the smell of those birds seemed to fill the entire palace."

Anastasia nearly drowned

For the royal children, as well as their parents, these Fredensborg gatherings were a time for freedom, fun and companionship. While kings, queens, dukes and duchesses chatted in the spacious rooms of the palace or strolled on the verandas, the children romped en masse through the palace park. "We had become such a cosmopolitan group we could tell each other by smell," the Grand Duchess says, laughingly. "English princesses smelled of fog and smoke. Danish princesses smelled of newly washed, damp linen. Russian princesses smelled of well-polished leather!"

Every second summer, when Olga and her family did not attend the Fredensborg reunions, they moved to Livadia Palace in the Crimea. A white, semioriental palace with square-topped towers, Livadia was surrounded by

beautiful gardens which extended to the very edge of the Black Sea.

The family made the journey from St. Petersburg in the blue imperial train. Once at Livadia they explored the picturesque Black Sea Coast by royal yacht — the Polar Star and later the newer Standard — which had been moved from their home waters in the North Sea to the Black Sea for the summer months. On these yachting outings, the Grand Duchess remembers, they would sail up and down the coast, admiring the exotic and colorful coastal summer villas of Russia's princely families. These were gentle summers of endless picnics, sailing parties and swimming.

It was in this setting, years later when Olga's brother Nicholas was czar, that the Grand Duchess, the czar and his four daughters were swimming, when near-tragedy struck. A huge wave suddenly toppled them all, and Anastasia, the youngest, vanished in the surf. Nicholas, who was well built and very strong, dived into the swirling water where his daughter had vanished, grabbed the drowning girl by her long hair and pulled her to safety.

It was in Livadia, too, that Olga's father, Alexander III, died at forty-nine, on a bleak November day in 1894. The dying emperor was placed in an armchair by a window overlooking the Black Sea, his head resting weakly in the gentle arms of the empress. Behind them, absorbed in deep prayer, stood the black-robed impressive figure of Father Ivan of Kronstadt, revered throughout Russia as a saint.

"Take me with you," Grand Duchess Olga heard her mother suddenly whisper to her dying husband.

"But where to, alas?" Alexander replied softly. And in a few minutes he was dead.

Grand Duchess Olga, then a girl of twelve, and the other royal children watched the moving scene as they knelt on the soft carpet, praying. Behind them, half hidden in the creeping dusk, stood the entire household, weeping.

Olga still remembers how frightened and shocked her brother Nicholas was on that day as Alexander's death placed on his shoulders the burdens of Czar of all the Russias. "Poor Nicky was in despair," she says. It was a day that in its sorrow and agony seemed to presage the twilight of three hundred years of Romanov splendor.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

Sheer, sculptured hair loveliness begins with a Toni Home Permanent. The secret? The styling magic of Toni's "Hidden Body" — it makes your hair so softly manageable, so permanently!

Toni lets you fashion your hair as you desire it... conquers irritating loose ends... lets you re-style your hair whenever you wish.

Compare your Toni with any wave you've ever had. Compare it for softness, for lustre, for styling ease. You'll say, "There's nothing like a Toni."



NO-MIX TONI makes it easier than ever to wave your hair.

Toni's new pre-mixed neutralizer is squeeze-easy. Just snip off the tip and you're all set. A few creamy drops on each curl do the trick.

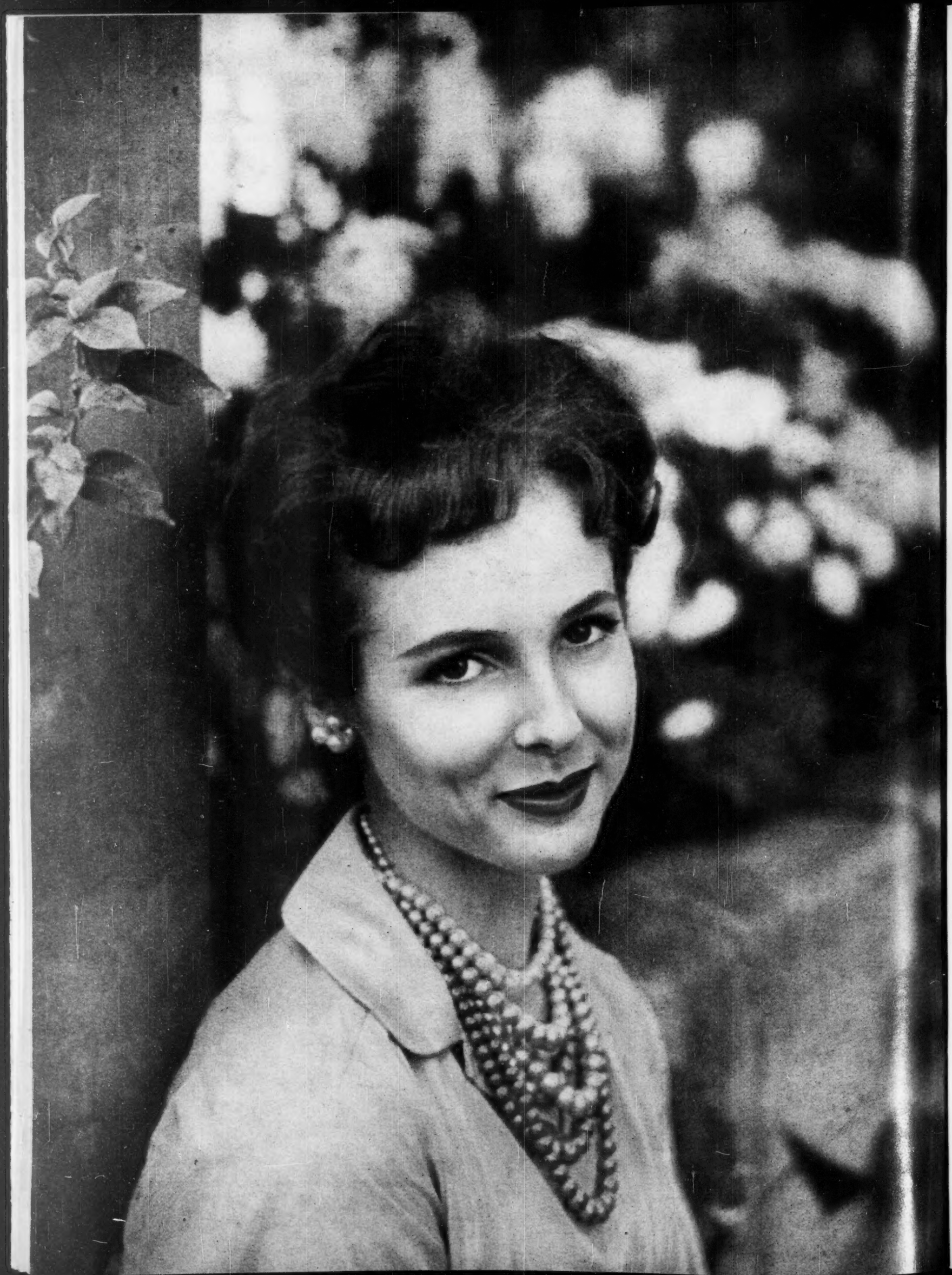
\$2.00 Regular, Super or Gentle

It takes a Toni to hold a hairstyle like this!

No
Beauty Operator
Knows Toni's
Secret for

**HIDDEN
BODY**





IS THERE A TYPICAL CANADIAN BEAUTY?

No. Instead we found many one-of-a-kind beauties with special looks that are identified with five regions of Canada

MARITIMES

*Fresh, demure
and unaffected*

Jeanette Cassels is a fine-boned fair-skinned English type of beauty with a gentle charm far beyond her years. Home town: Saint John, New Brunswick. At nineteen, she is an enthusiastic member of the rigorously disciplined corps de ballet of the National Ballet. Jeanette reports that a busy touring schedule plus her daily "class" (one and one half hours of exercising) maintain her 112-pound weight. Stage make-up is heavy and exaggerated, so after each performance a thorough washing and creaming is a must. During the day Jeanette always wears a moisture lotion to protect her sensitive skin ("Rehearsal halls are often dusty"). Her baby-fine hair must be worn long in ballet tradition, so she keeps it in order with lots of brushing, hair spray and hair-pomade sticks. Ballet girls may not wear hairbows or barrettes, jewelry or nail polish. Jeanette chooses shoes with low vamps to "lengthen" a wide foot; likes classic styles in her favorite color, blue. Dress: Jr. Sophisticates N.Y., for J. H. Warsh.



QUEBEC

*Elegant,
femme du monde*

Jacqueline Gilbert epitomizes French charm and glamour — she exudes joie de vivre. A native Montrealer, Jacquie was educated there, later spent a year in Europe studying languages. Soon after returning home, she studied modeling; now her special delights of this career are the fashion junkets for magazines, which have taken her to Jamaica, across Canada and around the world. Jacquie prefers to wear her shoulder-length hair as simply as she can; has it washed and dried at a salon, then hurries home to set it. ("Hairdressers always want to curl my hair!") When modeling, she uses false lashes and white shadow to make her eyes more dramatic. She has a weakness for French kid gloves and likes shoulder-length ones for evening. Having loved perfume from a young age, she now "would no sooner appear without it than without my shoes." Jacquie doesn't have to follow any special slimming diet, but she watches her weight closely; swims once-weekly at the "Y." She is an avid reader; "adores" the movies.

By EVELEEN DOLLERY *Chatelaine Beauty Editor*

Photographs by Paul Rockett

CONTINUED



PRAIRIES

Natural, out-of-doors good looks

Elizabeth Patton is twenty-two, of Ukrainian descent; she's tall, svelte, with glowing white-and-gold coloring. She recalls her childhood on the family farm in Wroxtton, Saskatchewan, as happy, healthful and busy. Elizabeth attributes her clear complexion to her out-of-doors life and her preference for soap-and-water cleanliness and a light make-up. Afternoons, while her four-month-old son Robin sleeps, Elizabeth gives herself a manicure, may cut or bleach her hair, experiments with new techniques in make-up. Here's how to choose a powder if your skin tones are as fair as Elizabeth's: Stand in a strong light; apply powder to half the face. It's wrong if your skin looks mottled or muddy; right if the powder blends so well the color appears to be your own. Hairstyle, Elizabeth Arden salon. Knit jacket by Gino Paoli, H.A. Imports.



WEST COAST

Warm, fun-loving and breezy

"Once you cross the Rockies, life seems to be easier, breezier," says Leslie van Straubensee of Vernon, B.C., a petite person with a big sunny voice. Leslie followed school with university, married, and now is enrolled in a course of furniture and interior design. Around her home she is an ardent do-it-yourselfer (she sews drapes and slip covers and paints). She drives her small car like a racing demon, has a year-round tan and rinses her hair a pink bronze to complement it. Leslie has never had a problem complexion, but recently became annoyed with its seeming extreme dryness. Instead, she learned, her skin was oily—the dry flakiness being excess oil. This condition is now being corrected with ultraviolet rays, special low-fat diet and prescribed vitamin B. Hairstyle, Gus Caruso Salon. Sweater dress by Gino Paoli, H.A. Imports.

ONTARIO

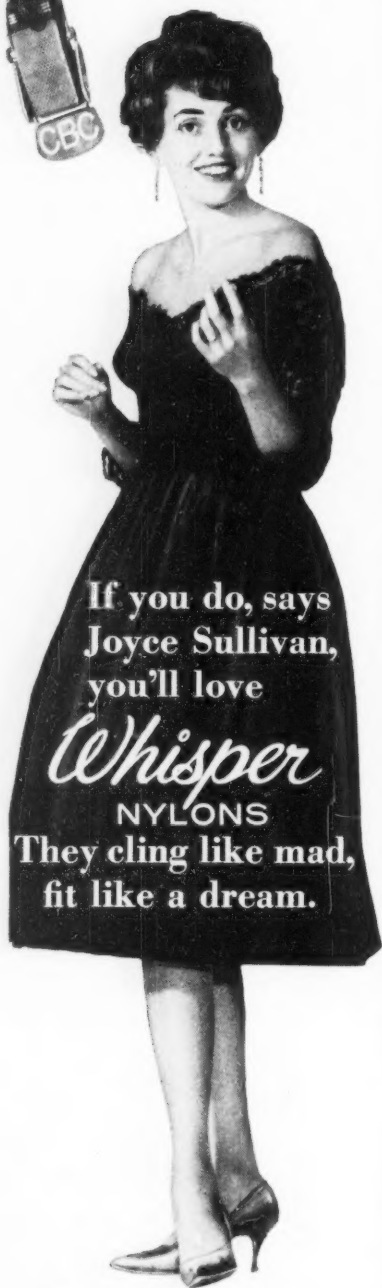
Classic, poised and self-assured

A busy beauty in the frenzied world of business, Betty-Jean Talbot, twenty-one and Toronto-born, likes the elevated ups and downs of the financial world. Betty-Jean holds membership in the Association of Administrative Assistants—comprised mostly of young, wise women with executive ability. Best advice on how to get along with the boss: "Humor him. If keeping ash trays clean pleases him most, put this duty on your Important list. And the office is no place for a 'copelessness' attitude." Betty-Jean keeps small emery boards in her desk drawer as first aid for nails, avoids eye fatigue after long working hours by covering closed eyes with flexed palms and "thinking black." She likes clothes to be simple, immaculate and tailored. Her wardrobe is color co-ordinated—black, brown and grey. She always wears a hat; spends twenty-five minutes each morning on her make-up—likes pancake type for daytime; light-tinted liquid for nights. Hairstyle by the Joseph Bobyk Salon; suit is a Junior Sophisticates N.Y., for J. H. Warsh.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Do you
enjoy
being a
woman?"



If you do, says
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you'll love
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NYLONS
They cling like mad,
fit like a dream.

Whisper nylons are
on sale at fine stores every-
where, in mesh or plain knit,
seamfree or seamed—and in
all the new fashion shades
worn on TV by Joyce
Sullivan.



SUPERSILK HOSIERY MILLS
LONDON CANADA

IS THERE A TYPICAL CANADIAN BEAUTY? Continued from page 116



JEANETTE
CASSELS

Being a ballet dancer requires all the stamina and verve of an athlete. Proper nutrition, Jeanette has learned, keeps her in top performing condition. Jeanette devours every word written about foods—memorizing their caloric, vitamin and protein count. Here are some she rhymed off to us: Vitamin C keeps skin and bones supple, the body more youthful and you'll find it in oranges, grapefruit, lemons, tomatoes, cantaloupe, pimento, green peppers. Vitamin B is for vitality; look for it in liver, milk and wheat germ. Protein foods are mainly meat, cheese and eggs. The energy foods are grapes, dried prunes and fresh fruit.

ALL BALLET dancers know the benefits of a relaxing steam bath and soothing body massage. When these are not available, Jeanette uses a small portable massage machine. The massage relieves the muscle tension induced by long hours of strenuous activity which ballet requires. Often Jeanette does this exercise (you, too, would find it helpful) to relieve tension in feet and legs: in a sitting position, grasp foot between hands and slowly work upward, massaging every inch of toes, foot, ankle, leg and thigh with small circular motions. This improves circulation and muscle tone. (Tense muscles make walking jerky and awkward.) Here's another good exercise to strengthen your arches: Stand with feet together. Rise up on toes. Lower left heel. Bend right knee. Lower right heel and bend left knee. Inhale deeply as you rise. Exhale as you lower heels. When you start this exercise, repeat ten times; gradually increase to twenty.



Anne Buckley



JACQUELINE GILBERT

Perfume is a traditional French beauty habit which Jacquié learned to appreciate from the age of ten. She considers its selection a highly personal thing and says that French women can "type" another woman by the scent she is wearing. Some of Jacqueline's thoughts on perfume: "Wear enough to create an attractive aura—if it tickles the nose, that's too much." A French woman's perfume ritual: After scented bath or shower, spray the body with a light cologne or toilet water. Dab the pulse points (wrists, elbows, between breasts and back of knees) with perfume. Scent the hair lightly. Keep scented handkerchiefs in handbags.

JACQUELINE follows a thorough schedule of cleansing and creaming to maintain her "cover girl" complexion and she pampers herself with regular salon facials and body massages. To meet the demands of décolletage, here is her "bare-shoulder" facial: Commencing at the bosom and including throat and arms to elbows, cleanse the skin thoroughly with a facial masque. After tissueing off, apply a lubricating cream, using an upward circular motion. Leave it on fifteen minutes or longer, then tissue off and rinse upper body with skin tonic. Smooth on an after-bath lotion. Beauty bedtime story: smooth hand and body lotion on shoulders, back and arms. For prettier feet in sandals, Jacquié smooths on some body lotion, then applies pancake make-up, moistened with an astringent lotion for lasting effect; she glamorizes the nails with a pastel sparkling polish.



LESLIE VAN STRAUBENZEE

Leslie has a weight problem in reverse — she tends to lose weight quickly and must exercise regularly to maintain a good muscle tone.

BEAUTIFIER for every figure to firm the muscles of the bosom: Stand "tall," head up, chest up, abdomen in. Place fingertips lightly on your shoulders, drop head forward. Commence inhaling deeply as you slowly raise the head high, and slowly bring elbows forward and up. Still inhaling, slowly swing the elbows out to the sides at shoulder level, keeping the head high. Exhale. Lower elbows and return to the starting position. Repeat seven times.

FOR A PRETTIER NECKLINE: Sit tailorwise with

spine straight, abdomen in, chest high. Slowly raise head and stretch backward with chin high. Inhale. Lower head, leading with chin, into chest. Exhale. Stretching neck, slowly turn head till looking over left shoulder; then swing head like pendulum to the right—then back to the left. Repeat seven times. To strengthen and develop the chest muscles: Lie on the floor. Clasp hands firmly. Push hard from side to side. Do ten times.

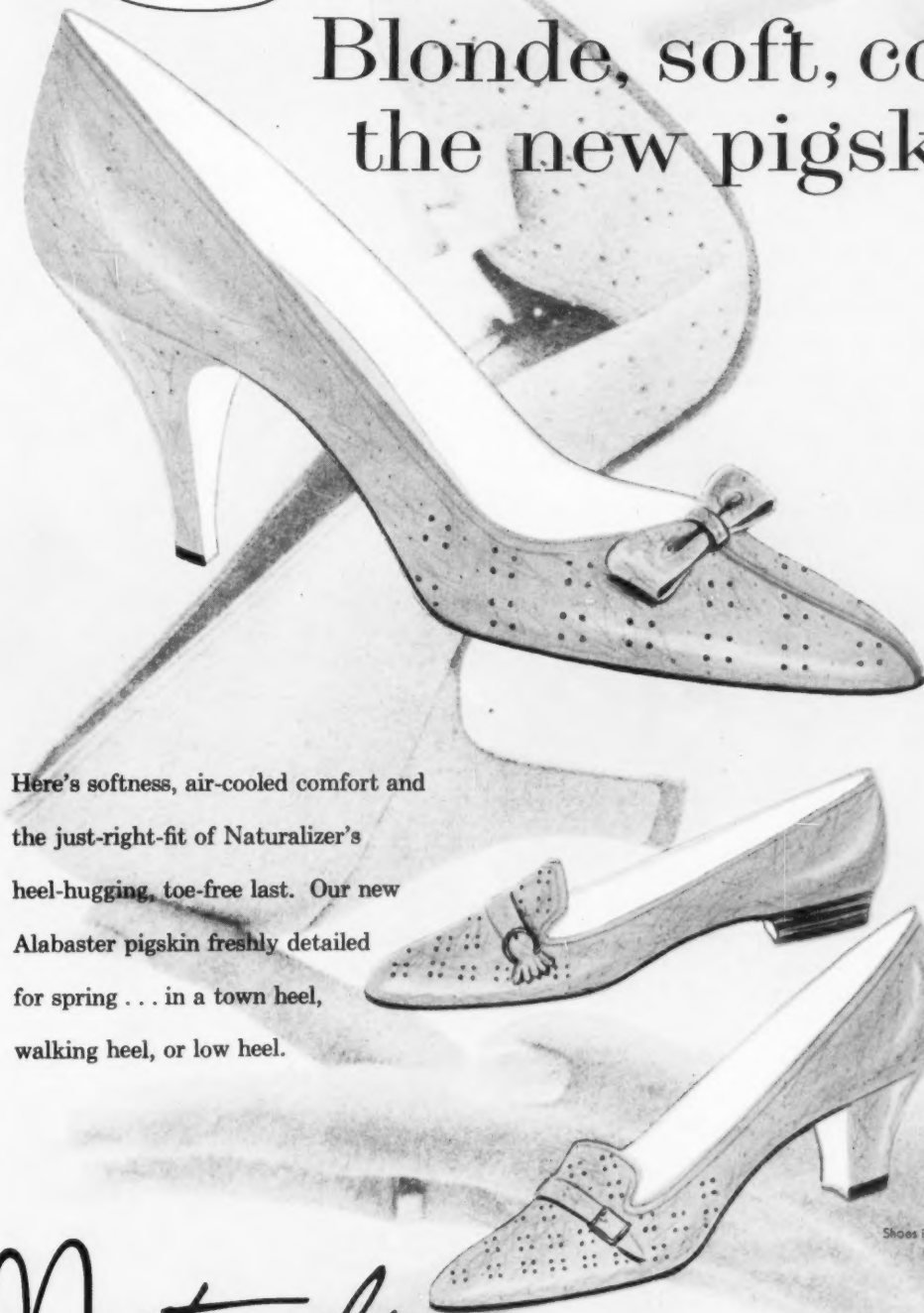


CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

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Blonde, soft, cool...
the new pigskins



Here's softness, air-cooled comfort and the just-right-fit of Naturalizer's heel-hugging, toe-free last. Our new Alabaster pigskin freshly detailed for spring . . . in a town heel, walking heel, or low heel.

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these Naturalizer Shoes

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BURLINGTON	Mel Howden Shoes
CHATHAM	Clements Shoe Store
COLLINGWOOD	McIntosh Shoe Store
DUNNVILLE	Wm. A. Coons
FORT WILLIAM	Freeman Fine Footwear
GALT	Bruce Leckie & Son Ltd.
GRIMSBY	Harry Holcomb
GUELPH	Paul Mercer Limited
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LISTOWEL	S. Miller Shoe Store
LONDON	Simpsons London Ltd.
OWEN SOUND	Wilkinson's Shoes
STAMFORD	Grice's Famous Shoes
ST. CATHARINES	Burt's Shoes Ltd.
ST. THOMAS	Raven's Shoes
TILLSONBURG	Bill Popham's Shoe Store
TORONTO	The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.
WALKERTON	Roy Ross Shoes
WATERLOO	Lloyd Schweitzer Shoes
WELLAND	Harry Holcomb

MANITOBA

BRANDON	Knowlton's Boot Shop Ltd.
DAUPHIN	The People's Store
FLIN FLON	Blue & White Store
SWAN RIVER	Kelly's Shoes
WINNIPEG	Blond's Shoe Salon
WINNIPEG	Hudson's Bay Co.

NEW BRUNSWICK

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SAINT JOHN	Wiesel Bros. Ltd.

NOVA SCOTIA

HALIFAX	Wallace Bros. Ltd.
SYDNEY	McCurdy & Co. Ltd.

QUEBEC

MONTREAL	Simpson's Montreal Ltd. Dept. 721, (Second Floor)
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SASKATCHEWAN

ESTEVAN	Earl's Shoes Ltd.
NIPAWIN	Bill & Clark's
SASKATOON	Hudson's Bay Co.
SWIFT CURRENT	Webster's Shoe Store
WEYBURN	McDonald Shoes Ltd.
YORKTON	Spence's Shoe Store

ALBERTA

CALGARY	Amantea Shoes Ltd.
CALGARY	Hudson's Bay Co.
EDMONTON	Hudson's Bay Co.
EDMONTON	Sample Shoe Store Ltd.
LACOMBE	Leal's Dept. Store
LETHBRIDGE	Avenue Shoes
RED DEER	Maurice Shoes Ltd.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHILLIWACK	Payton & Buckle
COURTNEY	Searle's Shoes
CRANBROOK	Regal Shoes Ltd.
KELOWNA	Geo. A. Meikle Ltd.
PENTICTON	Geddy's Boot Shop Ltd.
PRINCE GEORGE	Morrison's Shoe Store

BRITISH COLUMBIA (continued)

REVELSTOKE	Revelstoke Co-op Society
VANCOUVER	Ingledew's Ltd. Downtown—Oakridge
VICTORIA	Hudson's Bay Co.
VICTORIA	Ingledew's Ltd.
WESTVIEW	Lock's Shoes



awake to find...
every curl beautifully
in place with a

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IS THERE A TYPICAL CANADIAN BEAUTY? continued from page 118



ELIZABETH PATTON

Elizabeth has long slender hands and well-shaped fingernails. She early learned that to protect them from the rounds of household chores and daily washings was a "must" despite the help of automatic machines. She makes a practice of wearing household gloves. "It was a little difficult at first," she says, "but it pays beautiful dividends." Elizabeth uses hand lotion frequently throughout the day and gives herself a manicure once a week. "I wear nail polish always—I think it makes my hands much more attractive. I apply two coats of colorless topcoat over my nails for extra protection, add several coats of this same liquid during the week." Elizabeth's best manicure tip: let polish dry thoroughly for longest wear.

HERE IS an exercise to help hands to become more supple, more graceful: Press your wrists and forearms together, fingers loosely closed, as if making a fist. With pressure, flip palms of hands back. Separate hands and arms; spread fingers wide, being careful to keep fingertips touching.

PRACTISE the following exercise to improve the contours of the upper arm: Raise the elbows to shoulder level, forearms hanging in straight lines, fingers pointed forward. Swing forearms like pendulums. Repeat ten times.



BETTY-JEAN TALBOT

"I like a hairstyle that neither snow, rain, nor hectic working hours will disturb." Betty-Jean's beauty budget affords a salon hairdo once a week. She usually has her hair set in a casual but sleekly smooth pageboy with a dip at each side and the ends turned smoothly under. The setting lasts three or four days without nightly pinups.

HERE'S HOW to set this hairdo:



1. Front and side hair is set in rollers all turned downward from a low imaginary part, as indicated. Make a large forward-turned pin curl before each ear. Keep the curls flat.



2. The rollers at centre-front are back-flanked by two large rollers which are back-turned.

3. Back has short smooth crown. Set ends in a row of sideways-turned rollers. These are to be turned right if the part is on the left side; left if the part is on the right side. Then divide lower hair evenly and set in a single row of downward-turned rollers.

4. Hair at nape of neck is set in two rows of flat up-turned pin curls as indicated.

THIS IS the season for blondes and Betty-Jean is admittedly a blonde by choice. She found her right shade (most blondes don't) after several months' experimenting. Could you become a blonde? The truth is, anyone can. But a word of caution: attempt the extreme shades of blondness only if your hair is medium brown or lighter, or light brown commencing to grey. For then your skin tones are fair and will be complemented by the new lighter coloring.



(The dark-haired woman usually has a darker complexion.) The newest before-the-tinting trial now available in salons is various-colored hairpieces which you can use as "try-ons." Try this pre-bleach preview in daylight (an artificial light deceives). Only hair in tiptop condition should be bleached.

The newest idea in blond-ing is to color the hair three or four shades of blondness: light at the crown; lightest around the front hairline; darker tones at the back of the head and nape of neck. Hair isn't normally all one color and shading cuts down the frequency of retouching trips.

STRIPPING and bleaching dry the hair, so steam and oil treatments are helpful. Use special shampoo for tinted or bleached hair; follow with a conditioning creme rinse.

CONSIDER all the aspects of blond-ing: to complement your new coloring you will need a new paler make-up, subtler eye shadow — and new wardrobe items.

END

NEW MEANING FOR LUXURY



NEW TISSUE TRICOT OF DU PONT NYLON



LUXITE-KAYSER creates the finest in fashion lingerie with new Tissue Tricot of Du Pont nylon! Beautifully silken-soft, Tissue Tricot Nylon has a radiant pearl-like opacity. And it's whisper-light... blissfully comfortable springtime, summertime — any time! Discover Tissue Tricot Nylon now — the new dimension in lingerie elegance made possible by Du Pont nylon.

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Elusive... yet so lasting,
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4711 TOSCA
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TOSCA - a creation of "4711" imported
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ADDED ATTRACTIONS FOR YOUR BATHROOM

See story on page 40

Right: Combination tissue and magazine
holder of birch to hang on the
bathroom wall at home or at the cottage.

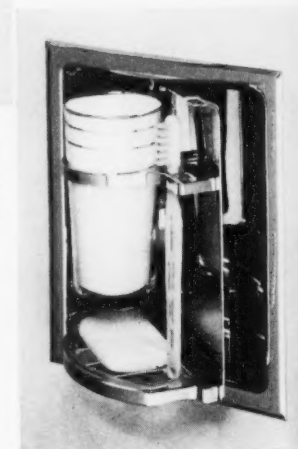


Left: This chrome extension
rod with four sections
extends from 4 to 14 inches.



Left: This towel rod extends
at each end to create space
for stockings or guest towels.

Right: For a clean uncluttered wall
surface just flick a finger and toothbrush,
soap and glass disappear in the wall.



We wish to thank the following Canadian companies for their participation in 3-Way Switch on One Bathroom.

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All plywood units specially designed for CHATELAINE by Plywood Manufacturers Association of B. C. Plans for units are available at lumber dealers.

For your complete list of furnishings clip coupon below. Mail to Chatelaine's Home Planning Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.

Please send me the complete list of furnishing specifications of Chatelaine's 3-Way Switch on One Bathroom.

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Noxzema works 3 ways to prevent rough, chapped hands. 1, it *moisturizes*—regular use keeps hands soft and supple. 2, it *soothes*. 3, it *helps heal*—Noxzema's exclusive medication penetrates, helps nature repair the little cracks that make chapped hands so red and sore.

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Noxzema... *naturally*



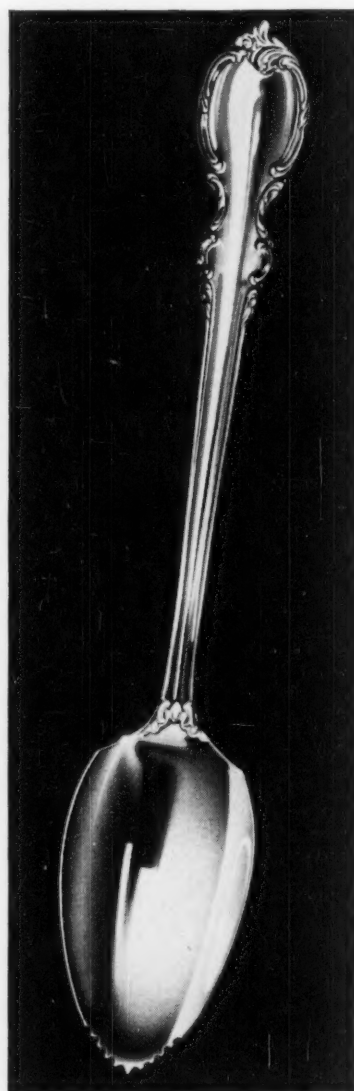
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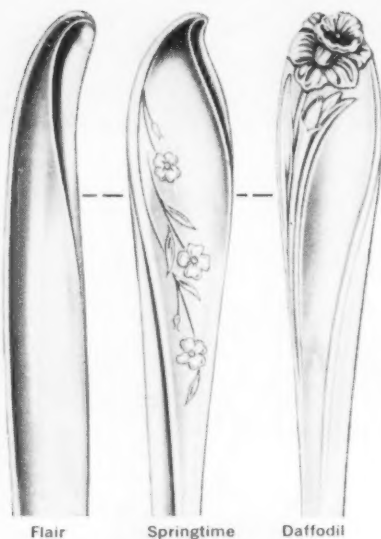
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We offer you this exceptional buy because we want you to examine this smartly designed, practical beauty in your own home. These grapefruit spoons with serrated edges scoop out chunky segments quick as a wink... spell an end to grapefruit "juice in the eye." They're perfect too for other fruits and frozen desserts.

Sophisticated modern, contemporary or traditional—you'll find the pattern you'll cherish and you'll appreciate the fine detail, the perfect balance, the superb craftsmanship... things that are synonymous with 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.



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Please rush me the following:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Reflection (illus. above) | <input type="checkbox"/> Flair |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Springtime | <input type="checkbox"/> Daffodil |

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

HOW GOOD ARE TV SHOWS FOR WOMEN?

Continued from page 31

Private TV has made these hostesses local stars



Joy Perkins, CKCK-TV, Regina



Jane Weldon, CFCY-TV, Charlottetown



Wendy Hicks, CKVR-TV, Barrie, Ont.



Sally Merchant, CFQC-TV, Saskatoon



Helen Crocker, CKCW-TV, Moncton



Hope Garber, CFPL-TV, London, Ont.



Laura Lindsay, CFRN-TV, Edmonton

Continued from page 31

My research has convinced me of three things:

1. Eighty percent of imported American daytime television is tasteless, mediocre and superficial.
2. CBC programming is more intelligent but some shows lack gusto and others (trying to be all things to all women) often wind up entertaining only themselves.
3. So long as women watch soap operas and quiz shows and continue to buy their sponsors' products, there's unlikely to be any great change in

present imported daytime television.

A year ago I wrote a piece about children's television programs for this magazine and quoted the hope of educators that TV would be "a window on the world." If the kind of television I've been watching lately is indicative of the world we live in, it's a world that I, for one, can do without.

Which is not to say I didn't find some shows I liked. I thought that CBC's afternoon network show, Open House, was usually satisfying, thanks largely to the attitude of its producers

This special offer will be withdrawn when present stocks are depleted. (Good in Canada only)

(all women) that the Canadian housewife has a brain in her head, and to the quiet charm of emcee Anna Cameron, who declares, "I can't bear coyness or silliness or fripperies—all that 'us girls together' stuff." I found many women who told me they wouldn't think of missing Open House every afternoon at two-thirty. On the other hand, many others told me they find the program slow and "chatty" at an hour when they're tired and crave a bit of stimulating fun. P.M. Party, which follows Open House, aims to fill this need but as far as I'm concerned lacks impact and personality.

An American show I liked was *Woman!* (CBS), which is actually a series of "specials" with intriguing titles like *The Marriage That Failed*, *You Can't Raise Children By The Book*, *Who Tells Me How To Dress?*, and *Are They Marrying Too Young?* Its producer, Fred Freed, told me that a single program takes two or three months to prepare, and costs close to one hundred thousand dollars, almost as much as an evening show.

In lighter vein, I liked *On The Go* (CBS), a midmorning show with brief interviews and vignettes of people in different jobs, different backgrounds, different ways of life; *The Verdict Is Yours* (CBS), a late-afternoon program of simulated courtroom dramas with real lawyers and a jury verdict which producer Eugene Burr swears is not known in advance; and *The House on High Street* (NBC), which relates human interest stories based on the files of the Court of Domestic Relations. Reruns of old movies, with stars such as W. C. Fields, Rosalind Russell and Humphrey Bogart, were often the highlight of my day.

Whether my likes and dislikes are of any importance is questionable. As a writer with two school-age sons and a part-time housekeeper, I'm apparently not the girl the sponsors are after. An audience research bulletin from Ottawa recently declared, "Most daytime programs are designed to appeal to the tastes and interests of Mrs. Canuck on the assumption that she spends most of her rather lonely time in the house, with either the radio or the TV on for company."

At any rate, very little daytime TV was good enough to make me want to keep looking.

Somebody must look. Canada has 200,000 homes with television sets and 61 TV stations, including the CBC. Some private stations channel in early in the morning; others, like the CBC, aren't available before noon.

Most of them boast a regular hostess and a daily women's program featuring cooking and sewing demonstrations, fashion shows, interviews with local and visiting celebrities, music, art, handicrafts and decorating.

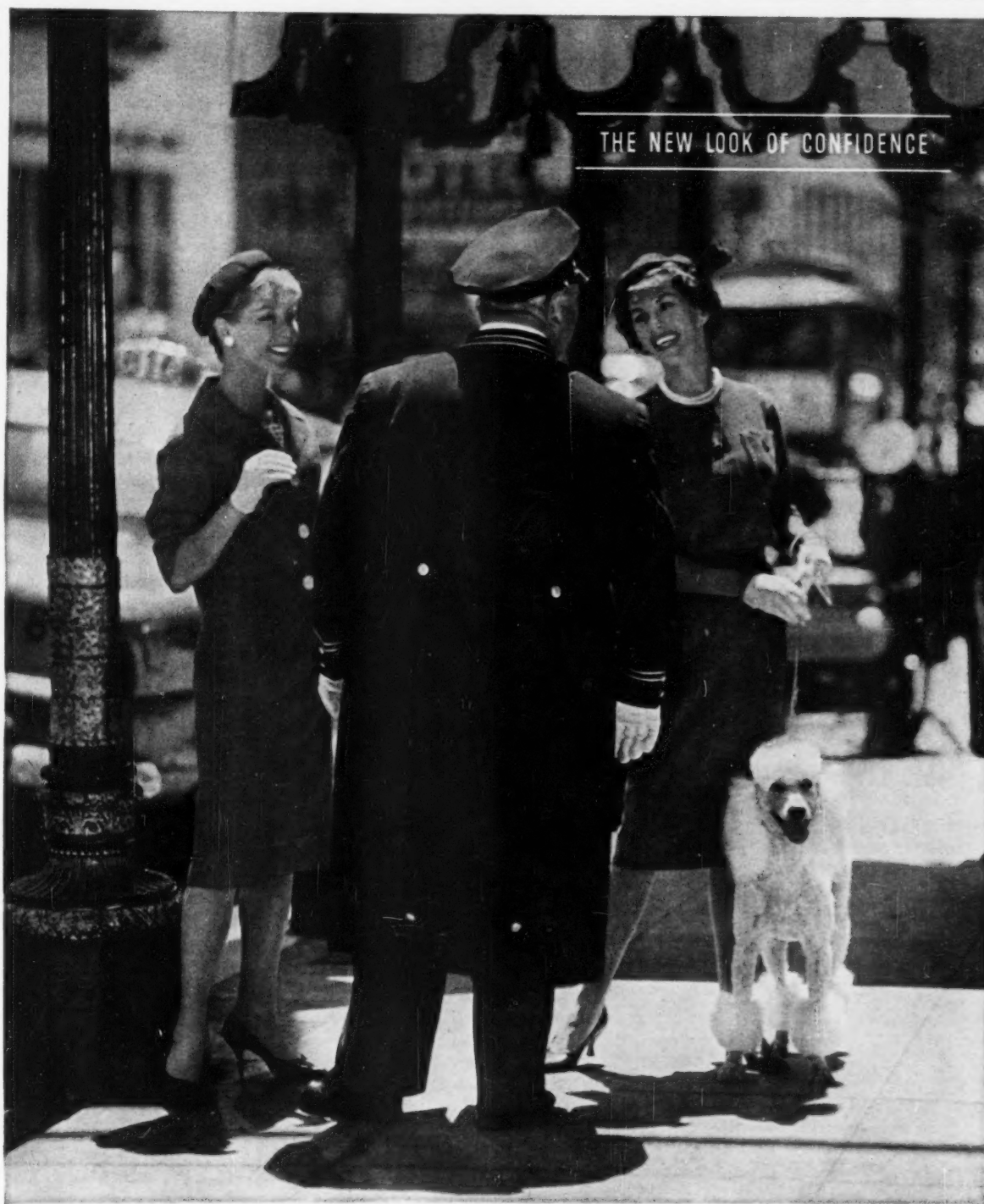
According to audience surveys and the letters which pour in, the hostess

on a private-TV women's show is a pretty popular person in her community. Large and loyal followings attest to the status of such well-known personalities as Hope Garber (CFPL-TV, London); Wendy Hicks (CKVR-TV, Barrie); Sally Merchant (CFQC-TV, Saskatoon); Kay MacLeod

(CJLH-TV, Lethbridge); and Marion Sherman (CKBI-TV, Prince Albert). The list is endless.

For most Canadian women, of course, the best-known daytime shows are the CBC's two network programs, *Open House* and *P.M. Party*.

Open House, an unsponsored show,



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New Kotex napkins—choice of most women





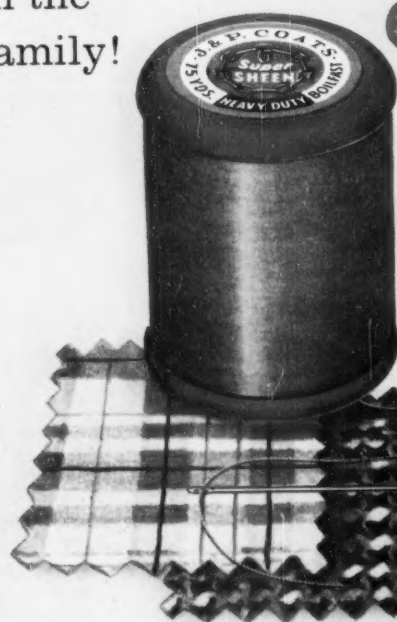
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For many decades Coats Super Sheen has been a household word for the very best in thread.

Now, because of the demand for a superior thread for heavy fabrics requiring stronger stitching, there is new Coats Super Sheen Heavy Duty Thread. Mercerized and colour-fast, this quality thread is available at better stores near you.

For discerning homemakers — it's Coats / J. & P. COATS (Canada) LIMITED
6002

is now in its fifth year. Its aim? "To provide a varied, interesting, informative, entertaining half-hour show for an audience composed mainly of women." Its producer is Peggy Nairn, a Kitchener, Ontario, girl with a Fine Arts background, and its program organizer is Joan Lorraine, formerly senior program assistant for the CBC in London, England. Four years ago the well-known TV host Fred Davis joined Anna Cameron as joint emcee.

As well as regular program features like Mme. Benoit's inimitable cooking lessons and beauty hints by attractive Lydia, who receives a tremendous amount of fan mail, Open House has presented everything from child guidance to space travel, hat-making to anthropology, marriage counseling to amateur dramatics, geriatrics to Chinese art.

In lighter vein were interviews with the man who makes Marlene Dietrich's hats, a recipe for Christmas cookies which brought in five thousand requests, and a do-it-yourself vocal kit entitled Everybody Can Sing.

Even Open House is not every woman's cup of tea. "Dull..." "Too refined..." "Not enough life on it" were some of the answers I got when I asked a cross-section of Toronto housewives what they thought of the show. It didn't surprise me too much, therefore, to discover that on an average day in 1959, Open House was seen by 303,000 people in 213,000 homes, whereas P.M. Party, immediately following it, was watched by 733,000 people in 333,000 homes.

"Entertainment-plus" is the way youthful producer Sid Wayne de-

scribes P.M. Party. He hails emcee Alan Millar, an agreeable-looking young man from Vancouver, as "an appealing personality and a creative interviewer." Backing Millar are Daniel the Spaniel, the show's mascot; Donna Miller and Allan Blye (vocalists); and Rudy Toth's orchestra.

According to Sid Wayne, this year's P.M. Party is more sophisticated, and unwilling to stake all on pure entertainment. "Five years ago a show could sell glitter. Now we have to take a stand," he told me. Accordingly, mixed in with the songs and patter are panel discussions (Is The Christmas Season Too Long?) and interviews with guests like the extrasensory perception expert who predicted that Princess Margaret would be married within the next two years to a man whose initials are some combination of R.J.T. Several days in a row I forgot to turn this show on, and when I did there seemed no good reason not to turn it off.

In five Canadian cities — Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg and Vancouver — the CBC also maintains local women's shows. In Toronto, half a dozen of these were screened for me: Vancouver's Be Our Guest, with the Mortimers, a husband-and-wife team, questioning an East Indian in a turban about how to make good curry; Winnipeg's Mary Liz Show, featuring a demonstration of Mexican art; and the Joan Marshall Show from Halifax, dealing with a visit to a private school which puts stress on old-fashioned ways of learning. Montreal Matinee is hosted by a man, sportscaster Burt Adkins, and carries news and weather bulletins,

WHAT KIND OF TV SHOWS FOR WOMEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MORE OF?

We're offering no prizes — no cars, mink coats or even passes-for-two to the local Bijou. All we want to know is what you feel is missing, or not plentiful enough, in today's TV programming for women. Mail the coupon below to Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. In a future issue we'll report on what you tell us.

"I wish TV would give us

....."

My city or town:

interviews, fashion features and a short kiddies' program. In Ottawa, two women (Angela Burke and Edie Houser) and a man (David Scrivens) host a lively twice-a-week local called Afternoon Edition. Like the private shows, all these local programs find their strength in their regional appeal.

Why isn't there more daytime stuff on our own CBC network?

"Lack of time, lack of studios and staff, lack of money," says a CBC spokesman.

"Lack of initiative," says an advertising man. "There's no network leadership in the CBC. The CBC's got to be more aggressively progressive." He added, "In all fairness, Canada has only been in the television business for about eight years."

Busiest of all CBC studios in the daytime hours are those of CBFT in Montreal, the French network. Because of its language difference French Canada must manufacture its own TV fare, including five different dramatic series of which *Pension Velder*—concerning life in a Montreal boarding house—is most popular with women.

CBFT's one daytime show for women is called *Bonjour Madame*, and appears three afternoons a week, with Monday's show discussing *madame* as

wife and mother; Wednesday's, travel, news and intellectual matters; and Friday's, fashion, beauty and health. Once a week there's a short cooking lesson. CBFT enters more than a million homes a month, including Winnipeg and New Brunswick.

Generally speaking, women in the prairie provinces and the Maritimes are a captive audience of Canadian TV, getting either the CBC brand, a local private station, or both. Women in southern parts of British Columbia and Ontario, in Montreal and a few border cities can get American programs as well. Canada's largest TV viewing audience lives in the Toronto-Hamilton area.

Before Maritimes and prairie readers wither with envy, let me tell you about one recent day I spent watching American television.

It was nine-thirty when I finally settled down with a cup of strong coffee and *Life of Riley*, a show that never fails to rile. William Bendix was still interpreting the American husband as a bumbling idiot-child, and his wife was still her wise, sweet, gay, efficient self. Along with an estimated 829,000 people in the Toronto area, (82 percent of them women) I saw the thing to a predictable finish, and

then I switched channels to NBC.

NBC's four morning shows are *Dough-Re-Mi*, a guessing game built around song titles; *Play Your Hunch*, explained more or less by its name; *The Price Is Right*, a giveaway show with a panel of four contestants, and *Concentration*, "the game where the ability to concentrate pays off."

Of these, *The Price Is Right* is undeniably the slickest and the most wildly generous with its gifts, which are likely to include such baubles as yachts, ermine scarves, ruby bracelets and cupboards full of lead crystal. Panelists bid against each other for each gift; whoever winds up closest to the actual retail price wins it. Emcee Bill Cullen, an ex-Quiz Kid, manages—with the aid of a quizzical grin and an offhand manner—to take the curse off a program that is so clearly devoted to the principle of getting something for nothing.

While NBC runs its quiz shows, CBS contents itself with reruns of *I Love Lucy* and *December Bride*. CBS also runs the *Red Rowe Show*, Rowe being a sort of daytime Jack Paar who CBS hopes will turn out to be another Arthur Godfrey. (Prediction: he'll never make it.) At noon, my two young sons came home and the

TV had to be turned off while we ate lunch. It was one o'clock before I discovered I'd missed the first two soap operas of the afternoon, *Search For Tomorrow*, and *Guiding Light*. Fortunately I wasn't too late to catch *Meet The Millers*, an unconsciously funny husband-and-wife cooking team from Buffalo, N.Y., who were working on a sea-food casserole. Two o'clock found me gawking at what I believe is absolutely the worst show on television, NBC's highly popular *Queen For A Day*.

Queen For A Day specializes in tears and troubles. The day I watched, four unhappy women were competing for the title of Queen, the fulfilment of their "wish," and additional loot. One of them wished for exercise equipment for her child who had polio; another begged for money to buy her aged mother a ticket from Europe to New York; a third wanted a Bible written in Braille for her Born Again mother-in-law, who was going blind; and the fourth contestant needed an electric typewriter so that her paralyzed husband could write his life story.

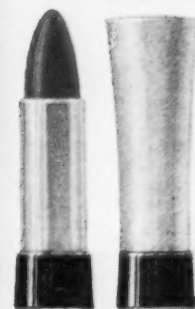
The sad stories were related, a clappometer affair measured the applause, and the woman with the paralyzed husband was crowned *Queen For A*



Makes you irresistible... this saucy sorcery of POND'S High Lustre Lipstick. It's vibrant... exciting... tantalizing! Now, lip loveliness becomes *more than colour*, for POND'S unique softening, enriching ingredient, "Allantoin," adds a lustrous depth and sparkle never before possible.

Try it! See how the new glow on your lips starts a spark in his heart... when you wear POND'S High Lustre Lipstick!

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You'll love "Rascal Red"—fiery golden-red, just one of the 10 ravishing POND'S High Lustre shades. The handsome swivel case is gold-colour metal with black base—just \$1.00. Smaller sizes, 49¢ and 29¢.



NOTHING does so much for a woman...

Beautiful eyes are your most important feature, so bring out all their hidden loveliness with Maybelline, the safe, natural-looking eye make-up preferred by women of good taste the world over. Maybelline makes every woman's eyes beautiful. How very beautiful, you'll never know until you try

Maybelline Mascara, Solid or Cream Form
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Nothing Does So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful



Married women are sharing this secret

... the new, easier, surer protection
for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful *germicidal protection* Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that *guards* (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' *deodorant protection* has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than any-

thing it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what *convenience*! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert — no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 for \$1.50 and 24 for \$2.50.

Mail the coupon TODAY



Tested by doctors...
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FREE informative Norforms booklet

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36 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario

Send me the explanatory Norforms booklet in a plain envelope.

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(PLEASE PRINT)
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City..... Province.....

Day. The music soared, the cameras focused on her tearful face, the bouncing emcee planted a professional kiss on her cheek, and sexy-looking models wheeled in further gifts: an electric dryer, a sewing machine, nineteen volumes of an encyclopedia and a lifetime supply of porcelain china!

This is the program that has been attended, in the past fourteen years, by six million visitors; that has chosen 3,660 Queens; has given away more than \$16 million in gifts; received 17 million letters from enthusiastic fans.

Close on the heels of the worst show on TV came the second-worst show: Art Linkletter's House Party. Linkletter, whose book, *Kids Say The Darndest Things!*, is still on the best-seller lists, was busy interviewing a line-up of precocious tots. Sample questions and answers were:

Linkletter: "Hello, sonny. What in your opinion is the problem age?"

Small boy: "Thirty-five to forty. That's when men lose their hair and women lose their looks."

Linkletter: "Hello, sonny. Who in your opinion are the two greatest men in the world?"

Little boy: "You and Jesus."

When I subsequently asked an American producer whether the children were given their answers in advance, he said, "The show's made in Hollywood. I understand he just goes into California schools and asks for some of their bright youngsters."

Well, I have my own opinion.

At half-past three I faced a tough decision: should I channel in to NBC's daily soap opera, *From These Roots*, and discover whether Liz, a New England journalist, can have a career and marriage too? Or should I watch CBS's *The Verdict Is Yours*, involving a young wife who is accused of (1) having a love affair with her husband's restaurant partner, and (2) poisoning the soup that was sent to the orphanage.

Because the soap opera (according to a *Family Tree* sent me by the network) involved twenty-two characters, and I'm terrible at remembering names, I settled for *Verdict*.

Discussing *The Verdict Is Yours*, producer Gene Burr told me, "We build these cases ourselves, but our legal staff makes sure they're legally correct. We engage real lawyers to present the cases, and we lock the jury into the dressing room until they reach a majority verdict. Nobody knows their verdict in advance: our production staff even bets on it." *Verdict* has been on TV for two years

and has won the silver gavel of the American Bar Association for excellence. Another human interest program that's winning good critical review is NBC's *House On High Street* (based on Domestic Court cases) whose producer worries, "It's almost an axiom in this business that if it's good, nobody looks at it."

Talking to other producers, I heard the same thing: everybody cries for intelligent TV fare, but nobody looks at it. Everybody praised Captain Kangaroo as the best children's show, but CBS had to pour eight million dollars into it before it broke even. Everybody loved *Home*, starring glamorous Arlene Francis, but women mysteriously shunned the program after a while. And as an advertising man said to me, "Most sponsors are interested in just one thing: how much will it cost them to talk to one thousand women per commercial minute."

When I asked an American producer how come his network provided nothing all day for preschool children whereas CBC has several afternoon programs, he admitted, "Our programs are slanted to the housewife who has the purchasing power. It would be unrealistic to pretend otherwise." Said another: "The recipe for a good TV show starts off the same as the old French recipe for rabbit stew, to wit: first get your rabbit."

So long as programs are rated solely on how many rabbits—that is, women viewers—they can get for a sponsor, it appears unlikely that U.S. TV will improve. Why should it?

The CBC is less sponsor-conscious, but even here no motivational research has established what sort of shows Mrs. Canada wants to watch. Is she keen for morning exercises? Nutrition hints? Dressmaking courses? More interviews and news of the world? Or is she too tired and listless for anything more demanding than variety programs, quiz games, and the long-discussed, but as yet unwritten, all-Canadian soap opera?

One slim hope arises in the new private television stations which are currently being licensed, and which are expected to present keen competition to the CBC within the next couple of years. Will Canadian private TV offer us something new and better? Or will it be the same old story of the U.S. sponsor and his indiscriminating rabbit?

I rather think we're in for more of the same old stuff.

Let's hope I'm wrong.

END



Spring showers mean extra health hazards

ONE ¹ DAY MULTIPLE VITAMINS

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Provide your family with an extra margin of vitamins and help guard against spring colds and other illnesses which may be associated with vitamin deficiency. Each tiny ONE-A-DAY* (BRAND) MULTIPLE VITAMIN tablet contains *seven* essential vitamins, including B₁₂ — all the vitamins a normal adult or child needs to take.

Ask for and insist on ONE-A-DAY* (BRAND) MULTIPLE VITAMINS!



100 tablets \$4.49

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By SUSAN COOPER



Have you a problem family? If you want to learn to get along with other people, there's no better place to begin than right at home

Sis is a brat — and Mother never understands

Your sister is always borrowing your clothes and returning them in a shambles—if she returns them. Your little brother embarrasses you to tears. Your father's not around much, and when he is it's to announce you have too much lipstick on or that you have to be home at a ridiculous hour.

But your mother is the worst problem of all. Whenever you have the girls in, she has to be the life of the party. Other mothers don't act that way, so why does she? And she's always asking what you think and where you're going and what you're doing.

If they'd only leave you alone. There are times you're absolutely sure no one else has such a difficult family to live with! When this happens—and it almost invariably does to all of us—it's time to stop short and take a wider view.

Every member in the family has his own personal life and feelings. All are individuals—like you.

Your sister may be careless but probably she'd lend you her last pair of nylons if you needed them.

She's at least generous. Are you? Your brother teases because you take the bait so beautifully. Instead of sulking, can't you see what he's doing and laugh?

As for parents, they're just you—grown up. They're not strange and alien beings who are selfishly trying to curtail your interests and activities. They once went through the same uncertainties, qualms, embarrassments and fears. Often they're trying to save you from something painful when they say a definite, "no."

Imagine yourself being a mother. How would you be with a daughter? When your mother asks what you're doing and thinking, maybe she's doing a little remembering, not prying. And your father—have you ever confided in him, asked for his advice, or have you made him fall into the responsible-father figure who simply gives orders and doles out money?

The family doesn't revolve around you for your own selfish interests. You've got to bend and give with it, not just take what you want without considering the other members.

Why can't you wear black?

"All I want in the world is a black dress to wear to a special party. Mother says I can't have one, and I don't see why."

There are many sophisticated dresses in red, green or even white, if it's sophistication you want. Your mother might think you'd look ghastly in black, and unless your coloring is good, you just might, so consider that factor. However, if your mother objects because black is an "old" color, try to compromise. Find two or three dresses that are mostly black, or have bright touches, then ask her if she won't come shopping to help you choose one that you can both agree on. She may be afraid you want to look like something out of Charles Addams.

Steadies: it's a dog's life

Many are the ways of marking a staked claim. Across the country they vary:

In Nova Scotia, the boys and girls going steady wear the same hats. When the beautiful relationship is ended, the injured party buys a new hat, telling the world he (or she) is flying solo again.

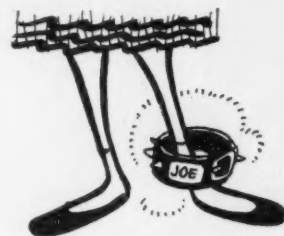
Joan Graham, Dartmouth, N.S.

In one part of Ontario the girls wear a dog collar around their ankle with their steady's name on it.

Sue Pratt, Kitchener, Ont.

And in British Columbia the girls hang a noose of ribbon from the ceiling to his height.

Linda Madsen, Kelowna, B.C.



His private museum could help write history

John Willard, nineteen, of Saint John, is deep in a hobby that could become his life work—and a source of fascinating data for future marine historians. He's building up a Museum of Ocean Travel. Haunting the public library, the New Brunswick Museum and the shipping offices of Saint John, where ships the world over berth during the winter season, he's collected so far: 250 photographs, 400 menus, 35 passenger lists, a number of ship models, a cigarette box made from

timbers of the Aquitania, an enameled pin with the ship's crest from the Lusitania, and notebooks full of information.

John's ambition crystallized when he read about the Andrea Doria disaster and decided that someone should chronicle disasters to ocean liners and collect any available relics of them. Currently John hopes for a job afloat as stenographer on a North Atlantic liner where he can add even more to his ocean travel lore.

— MARY McKINNEY.

Starting next month you can share your problems with Susan Cooper. If your letter isn't answered in this column, it will be by mail. No names will be published. Write to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.



Reassurance... a mother's gift to her daughter!

No words can reassure your daughter better than yours.

Maybe she's a gay, carefree extrovert . . . or a mysterious, thoughtful introvert. Perhaps she's suddenly become too sophisticated for that wonderful "Little Girl" closeness you used to share. But under it all, of one thing you can be sure—there are moments when you are the *only* one she trusts.

Don't let her down. Here's your chance to recapture

that warm, wonderful relationship once more—*on a woman to woman basis.*

Don't leave it up to the school system . . . a sympathetic friend . . . whispered gossip in the gang. This is *your* opportunity! For nothing can replace a mother's love and reassurance.

Share this first step of "growing up" with her—and you will grow closer to her and be worthy of her trust.

Introduce your daughter to TEEN-AGE*—the first and *only* napkin designed for active young women!

- Extra absorbency *without* extra bulk gives sure protection—no matter how active a girl may be.
- Slimmer contoured and compressed, Teen-Age was specially designed to fit lithe figures.
- Exclusive new "Feminine Fabric"* cover in dainty pastel blue design that absorbs *instantly*.



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☐ "How shall I tell my daughter?"—a 13 page book to help you answer your daughter's most perplexing questions.

☐ "Growing up and liking it" contains 24 fact-packed pages on feminine protection; what's taboo, what's O.K. on "those days" and tips to help her feel her best.

* Miss Anne Gilbert, Box 6326, Montreal, Quebec. *

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* * * * *

I was steno to the stars

Being a public stenographer is more than a job — it's an adventure. With Burt Lancaster and Kay Thompson I staggered through days as improbable as a movie. Gregory Peck turned me dizzy. And Adlai Stevenson left me limp with work — and blushing with a compliment By SUSAN THACKERAY

I plodded despondently through commercial school convinced that a typewriter was simply a machine through which one churned great stacks of dull work. Later I made the surprising discovery that it could also take me into a world of exciting personalities, such as Hollywood's Burt Lancaster and Gregory Peck; Kay Thompson, the vivacious singer-actress-author (she writes the entrancing Eloise stories); and the American politician with the statesman's mind, Adlai Stevenson.

But it didn't happen all at once. As a public stenographer in London, England, I worked out a pretty grueling apprenticeship before I was given any "star" assignments. I spent the first six months going from office to office, never staying long enough to become familiar, let alone bored, with any one job. Then came pro-

motion to hotel work which was far more fun—and far more nerve-racking.

Offices are much of a muchness, but the oddest people stay in London hotels. Like the New Zealand horse dealer with a penchant for working from the tub—the door modestly bolted, of course. But until you've tried taking dictation over the roar of bath taps, you haven't really lived!

I traded my first movie star for a timber merchant after one maddening day. Burt Lancaster was not well known in England at that time, although he had been a Hollywood name for quite a few years. He arrived with a flourish of publicity and an entourage of managers and associates and moved into the Savoy Hotel.

I must admit that I had never heard of him in those days and was quite taken aback when he said, "Suppose I give you my autograph now and get it over?" This



While Kay Thompson rehearsed, my "office" was a café table.

Burt Lancaster bustled, aides yelled, bells rang—my head split.



may have been a friendly joke—I don't know. I said I didn't collect autographs, which was unpardonably rude, and I blush now when I think of it.

That wasn't a good start to the day and it didn't get any better as time went on. The telephone rang incessantly; there seemed to be dozens of people running in and out of the suite, pushing bells and yelling for room service. It was all quite bewildering.

Burt Lancaster seemed nice enough—a little larger than life, perhaps. But he was so busy being the dynamic Hollywood personality that we never got around to doing any work. "Now then," he would say with determination—and the telephone would shrill again and a member of the troupe would rush in to tell him of an appointment or a good idea for the movie they were apparently planning. I left at five o'clock having achieved nothing but a splitting headache and a nasty feeling that I must have been Mr. Lancaster's most useless secretary.

I was so upset by the whole day that I traded assignments with another agency girl, knowing that I would be doing everyone a favor. Janice was thrilled to work for Burt Continued on page 134

that Formfit Feeling!

Look at me! I feel free . . . in my action-designed new Romance Bra!

Q. What's the bra you're mad about . . . so glamorously glad about?

A. New action-designed Romance by Formfit! It makes the most of elastic . . . and it's the only bra that really does!
Only Romance has equalift straps for balanced uplift.
Only Romance has breathing elastic front band.
Only Romance smoothes with ladder-stitched cup sections.

Q. And what else does Romance do?

A. It looks pretty, too! Romance's circle stitched cups permanently shape and control, and the back strap release is of non-binding elastic.

Q. Of course you're mad about, glad about Romance!
It gives you . . . ?

A. That Formfit Feeling.

There's a Formfit fashion to give every figure That Formfit Feeling.

Romance Bra #562
Cotton Broadcloth
32-38A; 32-40B and C.
\$2⁵⁰

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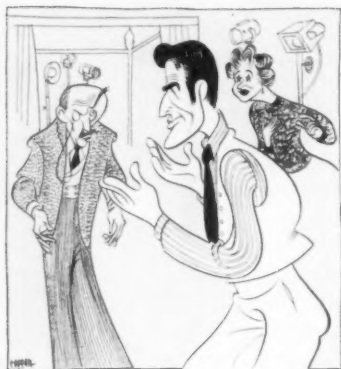


"Heaven help me if I didn't produce what Kay wanted the moment she asked"

Continued from page 132

Lancaster and spent three happy weeks amid all the noise and confusion. They got along famously and the last I had heard, she had gone to Hollywood on his advice and was making a fortune as a free-lance secretary.

Strictly speaking, Kay Thompson couldn't really be classed as a movie star. There were a few more years to go before she starred with Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn in *Funny Face* and before she created her precocious Eloise. But she was already the biggest cabaret sensation that London had had in a long while, and



Gregory Peck soothed an aging actor, and left me starry-eyed with a smile.

she and her three dancers packed the Café de Paris night after night.

Kay Thompson was the most exciting and the most exhausting employer I ever had; she was also the most conspicuous. She always dressed in slim black slacks, white silk shirt and a vast mink coat. Off-stage she wore no make-up, except a slash of scarlet lipstick, when she remembered, and her blond hair was scragged back into — well, it was more of a spaniel tail than a pony tail. The effect was bizarre and bore no resemblance to the immaculate Kay Thompson who now appears occasionally on the Jack Paar television show. She had — and still has — a deep throaty voice, a raucous laugh and was the friendliest person in the world.

Kay lived in a Chelsea apartment, did her own cooking in a tiny kitchen and had rolls of beef specially flown in from Paris, which seemed to me to be about as exotic as you could get. Food was still rationed in England and lunch at Kay's apartment was the high spot of my day. It was also, more

often than not, the only meal of the day because from then on she ate or drank nothing until after her midnight show — by which time I was thankful to be sent home in a taxi, too tired even to be hungry.

3 days with Gregory Peck

Much as I loved her, Kay Thompson could be tiresome to work for. She had more vitality per square inch than anyone I'd ever met; half an hour's casual conversation left me panting with the effort of trying to keep up with her. She seemed to talk about eight different things at once and at the same time was probably mapping out a new dance routine and a lyric or two. She had a terrifying temper and heaven help me if I didn't produce exactly what she wanted the very moment she thought of it. And she had no time to waste on explanations.

Most of my work was done in the café where she was appearing, typing against the din of rehearsals, with people squabbling around me and admiring waiters hovering about to get a glimpse of Kay.

She never did get the hang of English currency. I would be sent to buy groceries, clutching great wads of folding money, but Kay was quite disinterested in the accounts I presented. "Keep the change," she would say, giving me enough money to pay my own grocery bills for a month. But let the dancers suggest they get more money and she flew into an immediate fury.

When she left London I crawled into bed and slept for two solid days.

Then there was the wonderful time when I was sent to work at Pinewood Studios where they were filming *Man With a Million*, starring Gregory Peck. I was thrilled to find that he was to be in the scenes being shot while I was there and I spent three blissful days gawking happily like any other fan.

Gregory Peck was loved by everyone who worked with, for or near him. He was reserved, never threw his weight around in the studio and always seemed mildly surprised when anyone asked for his autograph. He insisted on meeting everyone on the set — including me, to my great joy. We had a quick chat about the movie

and the fact that it hadn't rained since he arrived in England — all of which left me dizzy with excitement and almost incapable of holding a pencil.

One actor in particular must always remember him as a charmer. Overcome with nerves after being brought in at the last minute to play a scene with Gregory Peck, this elderly actor was fluffing take after take. He only had a few lines but he stumbled over them every time. After the seventh attempt, Peck sauntered over to him. "Don't let it throw you," he said. "I had thirty-two takes on a line in one movie. There's no hurry. We've got all the time in the world." The next take was shot with no trouble at all.

Kay Thompson never dictated one word to me all the time I was with her, but Adlai Stevenson's correspondence was overwhelming. He insisted that his letters be word perfect—and he remembered exactly what he had said.

He had come to London at the end of a world tour and stayed at the Dorchester Hotel, along with his young son, John Fell Stevenson, and Bill Blair, his private secretary. I was flattered when I was sent to work for Mr. Stevenson—and very nervous.



Adlai Stevenson's correspondence was vast, and typing filled my evenings.

Adlai E. Stevenson confirmed my theory that the more important the man, the more considerate he is to his staff. He always took the time to greet me with a friendly smile each morning and to ask how I was. Not, I imagine, that he particularly wanted to know, but it made me feel good for the rest of the day to think that such

a busy man could even pretend to care.

He worked in the drawing room of his suite overlooking Hyde Park. There each morning he would go through his vast personal correspondence, answering each letter with care. He dictated quickly, without pause—and all morning long. After lunch I was handed over to Bill Blair who was in charge of the mechanics of the trip and liaison with Stevenson's home office. He would give me thirty or forty more letters, and at the end of the day I staggered home, sometimes with two shorthand books full of dictation. There was never any suggestion of slave driving; I'm sure that if I had not managed to get through all the work everyone would have been most kind and understanding. But somehow it was unthinkable that I should fail to return the letters as neatly typed as I knew how by nine o'clock the following morning.

"A celebrity on the staff!"

The whole atmosphere around Stevenson was one of efficiency and neatness. Nothing ever got mislaid. He was courtesy itself, but he once embarrassed me beyond belief—in the kindest way.

I never mentioned the fact that I had ever done any acting. The word "actress" didn't inspire much confidence in the business world, I felt. But a theatrical columnist discovered that I was working for Adlai Stevenson and called him up to confirm the story. I arrived the following morning, went blithely into the drawing room as usual, to be greeted with: "Well, Miss Thackeray, I had no idea we had a celebrity on the staff!"

This from the man who had so nearly become the most important figure in the Western world and who was a celebrity in his own right wherever he went. I felt very, very small indeed.

Having been so stuffy with Burt Lancaster about autographs, I should be unimpressed by the signed copy of his book of speeches that Adlai Stevenson gave me. But I am impressed and so very glad to own it that the fact that Mr. Stevenson has spelt my name wrong in the inscription doesn't bother me at all. That book is my most prized souvenir of eight years' hard but happy labor.

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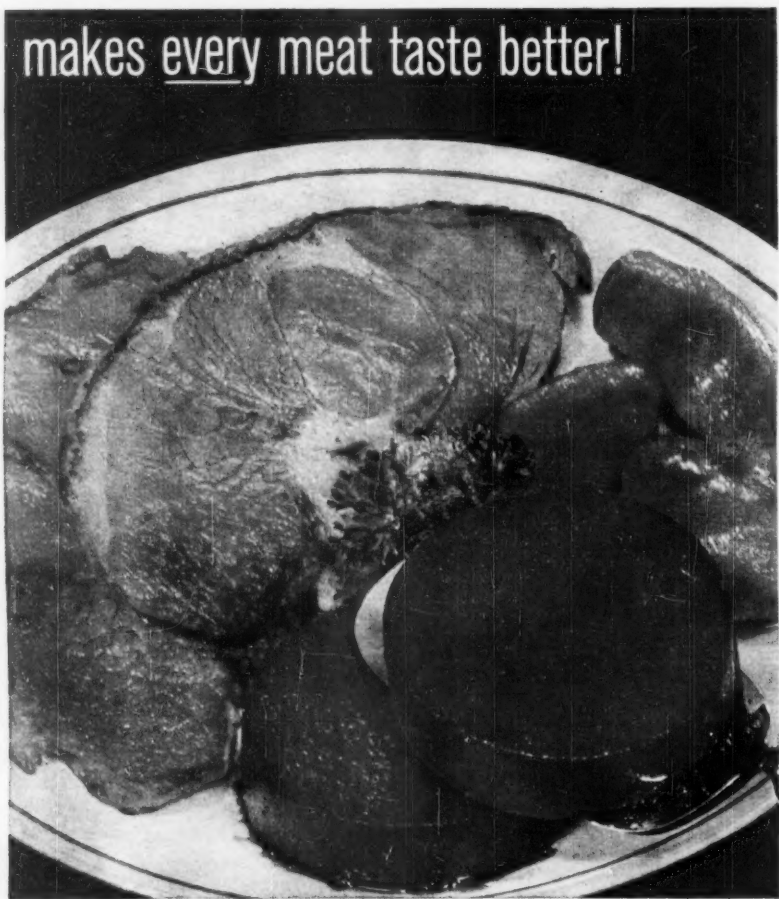
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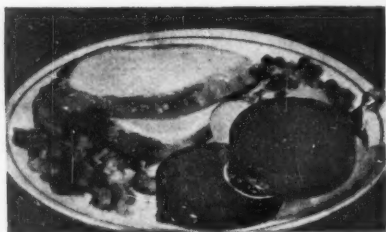


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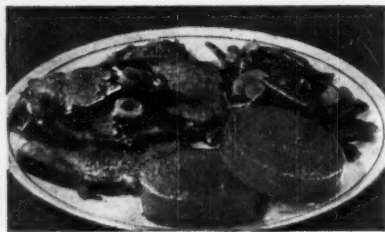
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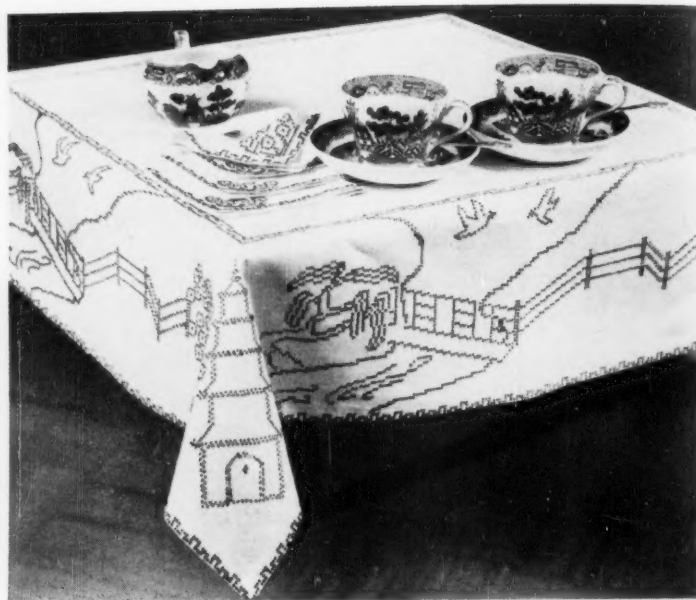
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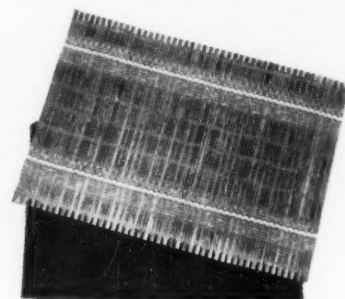
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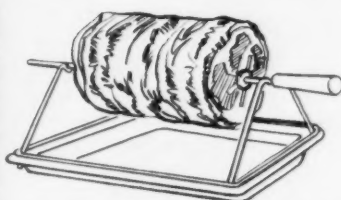
Basically you want a kitchen pal that will help you tempt your family with delicious looking recipes you've admired in magazines — and you want a range that's easy to clean. You want these features in your 'ideal' range: a rotisserie for succulent roasts in less time . . . plug out elements so element bowls and rings may be washed at the sink . . . an easy to clean oven with a picture window that won't fog . . . deep fat frying that's safe and clean . . . range top, as well as oven cooking that's automatic, and with a roast meter that buzzes when your roast is done to perfection. Yes, housewives all across Canada want these features in a range. And these are the very features that make

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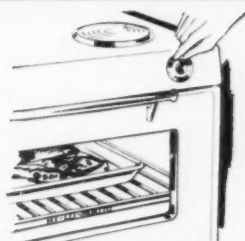
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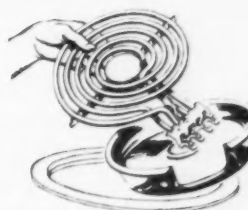
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SPEAK OF LOVE ... AND MURDER

Continued from page 28



finally going to marry the prince.

As clearly as the view before her now, she could see the little town of Milrock, and the white clapboard cottage where she had grown up. The cottage had been intended merely as a temporary refuge, where she and her mother, Cornelia Warren, could wait for the war to end and Maggy's father to return. He did not return and the temporary refuge became a permanent home. Of all the cogent arguments for remaining in Milrock one of the strongest was Cornelia Warren's close friendship with Emily Beall. When the young navy wife became a widow Emily became a tower of strength.

There were others, of course, who made Cornelia Warren feel that Milrock was her home. Dr. Mason and his son Josh, who lived in the house next door. Josh, who had no mother, loved Cornelia and tried as a boy might to look after Cornelia and consequently Maggy.

Indeed at her last meeting with Josh—well, that didn't mean anything she thought swiftly and with, even now, a touch of amused surprise. In any event Josh had gone off to his stint of military service, she had returned to graduate from nurses' training school and her mother had gone to Paris. Cornelia Warren's job in Paris sounded glamorous; Maggy suspected that it was not, but it was, as her mother explained, a job. The white cottage was sold. But the Beall house remained just as it had been during the days when Maggy's visits there were hours of enchantment. In those days, too, Kirk had been as glittering and far away as the stars.

THERE WAS a crash of footsteps and the rustle of undergrowth. Whoever was coming through the woods came in a rush, as if sliding on the carpet of pine needles. Then he came around the arbor and stood outlined against the low, western sun, at the very edge of the rocks.

Maggy cried, "Josh!" He turned around quickly, his hazel eyes bright with astonishment. "Maggy! What are you doing here!"

She met him at the door of the arbor. She didn't remember that Josh was so much taller and bigger than she was; his arms went around her and lifted her up a little to meet his light kiss on her cheek. He drew back, still holding her while he looked down into her eyes. It was a long look, half-laughing, growing more serious, and suddenly lighted. He drew her close to him again and kissed her mouth.

The sun enfolded them in its golden warmth. The river rippled and purred, seeming very far away. His mouth and his arms were warm and strong. But then Maggy thought: this is what happened the last time we met!

That time it had been at the little railway station, in Milrock—at night with the crickets chirping away and the light at the station door haloed with fog.

Surprise caught her, as it had then, but this time dismay caught her, too. She drew away from him abruptly but Josh let her go as abruptly.

He was surprised, too, she thought. He passed one hand over sandy hair and looked at her with, now, a gleam of laughter in his hazel eyes. He remembered too. "Last time you kissed me was when I left to go to camp."

"You kissed me, you mean!"

His eyes narrowed. "Oh, you kissed back."

He was teasing; she knew that bright gleam away back in his eyes. She said shortly, "You're not the only man I've ever kissed... It's cooler in the arbor."

She went back to the rustic chair.

Josh followed as far as the doorway, where he stood, framed by the roses and sunlight, his back to the river. "Tell me about the others," he said lazily, the bright teasing gleam still in his eyes. "I want to hear all about it."

"Well, you're not going to. When did you get back?"

"Last night." He put his hand on a corner post and shook it. "I expected this place to have crumbled and fallen into the river by now."

"Then you've seen your father?"

"As a matter of fact I haven't. I got out of the army last week. Came to New York and..." he paused briefly and then said rather tersely, "got my old job back. Came up here late last night. My father was out on a late call and was gone by the time I got up this morning. We've talked over the phone but that's all." He drew a package of cigarettes from his pocket, offered it to her and held a lighter for her.

Above the little flame she took a quick look at his face, so near her own. It was older, a little firmer around the wide mouth, a little tighter around the hard jawline. He was aware of her scrutiny and looked up, his grey-green eyes twinkling. "You'll know me next time."

"I knew you the instant I saw you."

"Well, I knew you." But he gave her a long, measuring look and said, "You've changed."

An age-old feminine instinct nudged her. "Have I changed?"

Immediately she wished she hadn't said it for one of Josh's sandy eyebrows quirked up. "Fishing for compliments?"

"No!" Josh could always prick any little balloon of vanity she tentatively launched.

"You were a long-legged, nice little girl. You were an exasperating teen-ager—pretty and you knew it. When I last saw you, you were—how old, twenty?—and beautiful and you didn't know it. Now you're a woman and..." Josh paused and then said dryly, "and you'll do. But don't let it go to your head."

She laughed. "I'm not likely to. You haven't changed one bit, Josh."

"Nothing has changed." He looked around him thoughtfully.

PROBABLY FOR him, too, the shabby little arbor, the long view of the river were packed with memories—herself, Josh and Kirk and Clare.

Kirk, of course, in those days, was a dazzling and far-off figure—a young man in university when she and Josh were still children.

There had been a vast age barrier between them all, once.

Now that they were all adults there was no age barrier at all. Josh said suddenly and rather soberly, "I was thinking about Kirk. I was going to be like him—dashing around in grand new cars, taking over a failing company and putting it on its feet." He broke off. "What are your eyes so big about?"

"Josh, you haven't heard. Oh, Josh you've got to stay till Thursday. You've got to come to the wedding."

Josh's face was completely still. "Whose wedding?"

"Why, my wedding! To Kirk."

He gave her a long, straight look. "So that's why you're here. Tell me about all this. When did it happen?"

"Why—well, really just all at once. I mean, this spring."

"I see. A whirlwind courtship?"

"Not at all! I've known Kirk all my life! Don't tease, Josh."

"I'm not teasing. Go on. Tell me about it."

She eyed his broad shoulders and sandy head doubtfully. It was hard to tell just what Josh was thinking but he didn't seem to be in the mood for tender confidences.

She said, "I came to Milrock this spring to see about some books Mother had stored. Miss Emily invited me to stay. Kirk was here and... it was the first time we'd seen each other—I mean, I'm grown up now and—well, that's the way it happened."

"A romance."

"Yes!" There was the faintest edge of defiance in her voice and she heard it. "We're going to be married on Thursday. Then we'll take the night plane to Paris. And..." she looked out over the river to the distant hills, lighted now with sunset and said softly, "and I feel just like Cinderella."

There was a rather long silence. "I'm sorry, Maggy. But the glass slipper won't fit. You can't marry Kirk."

Josh really sounded as if he meant it. "But... why, that's... I'm twenty-two! I'm quite capable of—"

"And Kirk if I'm right is about thirty-seven."

"Suppose he is!" She rose. "I've got to go back to the house. I've got lots to do and—"

"If you've got so much to do, why are you sitting around here? Looking at the roses?"

"Never mind what I was doing." She took a quick breath. "Oh, Josh, let's not talk like this! I am glad you're home. And I do so much want you to come to the wedding—"

"I told you. You can't marry Kirk."

"But Josh—why on earth not?"

"Because Kirk is not the man for you."

He walked out to the ledge of rocks and looked down. After a moment he said over his shoulder in a curiously absent way, almost as if talking to himself, "You could scream here until you were blue in the face and nothing but the roses would hear you."

It was an isolated place, the little lookout point so high above the river, but there was nothing to scream about, Maggy thought. Nothing at all. Kirk shouted from the path lower down, "Maggy—are you up there?"

SHE TURNED toward the path as Kirk came around the curve of pine trees. "They want you at the house—Why, Josh Mason!" Kirk's smile was always one of great charm and friendliness. "When did you get back?"

They shook hands. It seemed to Maggy that Josh's hand broke away rather quickly. He said, "Last night."

"Just in time for the wedding! Maggy's told you?"

"Yes."

"If I'd known you were coming I'd have asked you to be my best man. Let's go down to the house. We'll have a cold drink."

"Thanks. I just came up through the woods to take a look at the old place. I've got to be getting back. It's a long walk."

Kirk lifted his black eyebrows. "You walked all the way from Milrock! That's two miles."

"Well," Josh said rather dryly, "I just got out of the army."

Kirk's light-grey eyes ran over Josh's figure. "You look like a fit physical specimen, but I'll take you on at tennis any time. How about tomorrow?"

"All right," Josh said after the barest pause.

"Splendid. Clare and Cousin Emily will want to see you too. And you remember Alroy Fisher—Clare's husband."

"I remember Alroy."

"Good. I'm afraid the tennis court is



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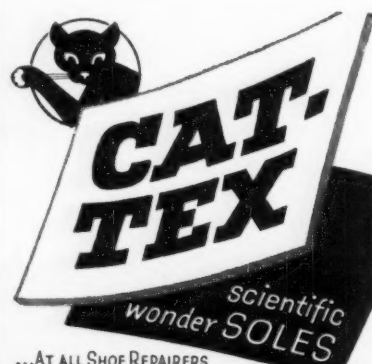
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not up to much. But come on anyway." Josh didn't look at Maggy. And he was different — polite and pleasant enough but remote and impersonal at the same time. He said, "Thanks, Kirk. Tomorrow."

Kirk looked up at the tangle of greens behind the arbor.

"You must like the woods and brambles—strolling through on such a hot day. The underbrush seems to have gone wild."

"So have the roses," Josh said. "Too many of them."

The blood-red clusters surrounded them closely, as if to listen. There was no shadow over the sun, but just for a second it was as if some swift shadow passed over all three of them, standing there together. Then it had passed and had never been. Kirk said, "See you tomorrow, Josh," linked Maggy's arm within his own and they started back down the path.

There was no sound from behind them, no rustle of Josh's departure. Maggy didn't look back but she was sure that Josh was standing perfectly still, watching until they were out of sight.

KIRK LIFTED a loop of roses so she could pass below it. He laughed down into her face and said, "No thorns for you, my darling. Ever."

The path descended steeply. From the level lawn the view of the river was cut off by the great trees, and the crowding willows that went to its very banks. From the opposite end of the terrace other steps led to a flagstone path and onto the small landing which jutted out over the rocky shallows of the river. A canoe floated in the water beside the landing and a rowboat lay upside down on the grass, below the willows. There were bright chairs on the terrace, which was now cool and shady. A tray with glasses and ice stood on a low glass table.

Kirk pulled up a long chair for her, sat down near her with a sigh and leaned back. "Good to be home," he said.

His slender, aquiline features were outlined clearly against the greens beyond the terrace. He had already changed from office clothes. His black hair with its unexpected few strands of white was crisp and damp, as if he had just taken a shower. He had startlingly clear, light-grey eyes which looked clearer and lighter because of his black eyelashes and black eyebrows.

"A real glamour boy," one of the nurses had said and sighed. "Good looks, charm. And money."

"He's a financial genius," Emily Beall had said with pride.

After the wedding Emily was to travel; she was to go to Switzerland and if she liked it buy a house there.

Kirk was going to give his sister Clare and her husband a house of their own, as he had given Alroy a job at the Works.

Already, Maggy thought, she was capitalizing the Works in her mind as it was capitalized whenever Emily or Clare or Alroy or Kirk spoke of the factory.

She said, "Did you have a good day?" He was lost in some intent thought of his own; he gave her a quick smile. "Excellent. How is everything going here?"

"Cousin Emily and Clare have been perfectly wonderful. Doing everything my mother would have done! Seeing to all the wedding plans and the reception—I didn't know there was so much to do."

He laughed indulgently. "But I told you. They're delighted about our marriage. If your mother could have come, Cousin Emily would have wanted her here, too. Have you tried your new car?"

"Oh!...no." She felt herself blush-

ing a little. It was not possible to explain that the long luxurious car didn't seem to belong to her but belonged instead to somebody who didn't really exist, somebody in a magic world who wouldn't even be Maggy.

He said, dreamily, looking out across the lawn, "When our plans for the Works mature, you can have as many cars as you want."

She laughed. "One is enough. How are things going?"

"Very well. As soon as we get the stock on the market we're going to branch out. The sky is the limit."

She knew something of the Works. They had been started by Kirk's grandfather, on a shoestring, a one-man



ADVENTURE IN THE AFTERNOON

Today he walked alone and saw

A chimney topple from a roof.

He ran and caught it, flung it back,

Then walked on, unperturbed, aloof.

A lion from a zoo escaped

And prowled upon a hill nearby.

He stalked it and subdued the beast

And did not voice one fearful cry.

Two oak trees seemed to block his path;

With ease he pushed them both aside,

Then with a haughty laugh he looked

Upon his mighty deeds with pride.

Who was this strong and fearless man?

Was he a madman or a fool?

He was not either of the two.

But Junior coming home from school.

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE



business, manufacturing small tools in a small way. He had lived a long and busy life, keeping the reins in his own hands.

Kirk's father's tenure had been brief and all but disastrous. But when Kirk, driving hard through school, had taken over the management, things had been different. Kirk had been, as naturally he would be, Maggy thought with pride, spectacularly successful.

She said rather timidly, "I don't understand about the stock, Kirk."

He didn't smile and he didn't put her off. "It's simple. The business is growing, so we want to get the stock on the open market. First through some of the brokerage houses, and later on an exchange."

"The big board?" She knew, at least, what that meant.

"We're not up to that yet. The good brokerage houses require a sound and promising financial situation before they get under the wire—and then on an exchange. Once a stock is on the open market it sells. We use the money for expansion. Expansion brings more

money, and that means for you, darling, anything you want. Furs, jewels, trips abroad..."

A light breeze touched her face and suddenly and disconcertingly seemed to bring with it the touch of Josh's mouth upon her own. For a second she really felt as if Kirk might sense it.

And that wouldn't do, she thought unexpectedly. A deep instinct told her that Kirk wouldn't recognize that absurd and surprised kiss for the slight and unimportant little spark of... well, affection, that it was.

But Josh himself—and the preposterous things he had said—stubbornly came into her mind, too. Even supposing he did mean it, there was no possible reason for opposing her marriage. Certainly he had no quarrel with Kirk. Certainly there was no ugly little incident in Kirk's life which might give Josh a reason for taking a stand against her marriage; she'd have known it. There were no secrets in Milrock.

Kirk said, "What are you thinking about?"

It was as if he had read her mind. She said, startled, "I don't know! Nothing really. You can hear the river from here but you can barely see it."

"The shrubbery has grown too heavy. I haven't paid much attention to the old place. I'll have it fixed up. Any way you like it. What did Josh have to say?"

It was never any use trying to change the subject, not with Kirk. He never missed anything. She wished furiously that the army had kept Josh just for another week. She said, "He's just out of the army."

"So I gathered." Kirk leaned his black head back against the chair so his fine face was tilted toward the sky. "What's he going to do? Go back to his old job?"

"So he said."

"Baller and Yule, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I think so. It's a brokerage firm."

Kirk laughed shortly. "It's *the* brokerage firm. They must think pretty well of Josh to keep his job open for him. I don't remember just what he did."

"Neither do I."

Kirk didn't say anything for a moment. Music came from the library windows, piano music played with strong hands and rippling cascades. It was Clare, of course.

A very slight shadow crossed Kirk's face. It was not disapproval exactly, merely a kind of stillness. Then he returned to Josh. "How long has it been since you've seen Josh? Before this evening I mean?"

Oh damn Josh! Maggy thought. But she had to reply; if she didn't Kirk would ask her in another way, and another, until she did reply. "It was just before my mother left for Paris. We had sold the house and were packing. He came in and helped. He was home for the weekend."

"Didn't he write to you while he was in the service?"

It was a light and casual question but she knew that she must reply to that too. A telephone rang inside the house; the music broke off with a clatter and something that wasn't a frown, that wasn't even a wrinkle between Kirk's black eyebrows smoothed itself away. Maggy said, "No, he didn't write."

"Why didn't you say good-bye to him?"

"What?"

"You didn't say a word. I invited him to our wedding. I invited him to come here tomorrow. You didn't say anything."

"But... but I..."

"The fact is—well, it's absurd of course—but it actually occurred to me that perhaps you and Josh had quarreled about something."

We had quarreled, Maggy thought,



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with a little flare of anger, which almost irresistibly impelled her to say it aloud: we had quarreled because he said I couldn't marry you.

She wouldn't say it, of course. Kirk had a temper; she didn't know how she knew that but she knew it. She said, "I'm sorry. I just didn't think."

Kirk swung his legs around, sat up to face her and smiled so his whole face lit up. "We'll forget Josh. He's not important. You are. Three more days..."

He rose, came to her, took her hands and she lifted her face to him. But the door behind them clattered and Clare came out.

"Whoops — sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you two lovebirds. But guess what! Lydia Clowe is home."

Clare came around the chairs and perched herself in a flurry of wide, orange-colored skirts on the stone balustrade.

"Really?" Kirk said.

There was a strong family resemblance between Clare and Kirk, brother and sister; they had the same black hair and startling light-grey eyes between black eyelashes, the same strongly aquiline and decisive features.

She nodded. "She got home last night. She phoned just now."

Maggy said idly. "Who is Lydia?"

Kirk turned. "Oh, my dear, I forgot you didn't know her. She's lived here only since her marriage. She is George Clowe's wife."

George Clowe was by profession a lawyer but he worked for Kirk. What exactly he did at the Works, Maggy didn't know. Clare said to Maggy, "They closed their house when Lydia went abroad. She's been away—how long, Kirk?"

"I don't remember. Three months... four."

"Three months at least. She's been all over everywhere. She'd already heard about the wedding."

"I expect George told her," Kirk said and looked at his watch.

"No, the expressman told her the minute she got to town. She asked me about it and about Maggy, of course."

Clare gave Maggy a sudden flashing smile which had some of Kirk's charm. "I told her you were a beauty, Maggy—I thought it would do her good. She's been the beauty of the place ever since she married George. Then I told her that George had already done his full duty with a wedding present."

Clare said with an edge in her voice, "Another enormous silver pitcher! Just like George. He's been in this house hundreds of times and still didn't see that it's bulging with silver. I am glad you'll have to see to it all, Maggy. I've had enough."

"You can take anything you want, you know, Clare," Kirk turned away from the terrace.

Clare seemed to think for a moment. "I would like the piano, if you don't mind, Maggy."

"Why, of course," Maggy said. "There must be some other things you have some special — oh, sentimental attachment for."

Kirk laughed. "Clare is not very sentimental." He looked at his watch again. "It's after six."

"Oh!" Maggy got quickly to her feet. "I must go and change."

EMILY HAD given Maggy the big guest room directly above the terrace and overlooking the lawn, the thick line of trees and shrubbery, and at that height, a long stretch of the Mattox.

Her wedding dress hung over a closet door on a padded hanger and in the soft light was misty and ethereal as a cloud. Her mother had sent it to her. Maggy had scarcely believed her own image in the mirror with the soft folds of white silk fitting closely at throat and

waist and then billowing out in wide swirls. The veil was gathered into a close little cap of lace. "That's real lace," Emily had said. "Cornelia must have paid a fortune for it."

She hadn't; she had written to Maggy. "It really is a dream. But don't worry. It didn't cost much. That's one of the perks of fashion scouting. My feet may ache but I can dress for next to nothing. Everything else will be waiting for you here. I can't wait to see you. What fun we'll have."

Maggy turned on the shower, dressed hurriedly and went downstairs where Emily stood in the middle of the living room, a worried look in her vague blue eyes and a list in her hand.

"Dear," she said, "we'd better give all these another check. It would be dreadful if we missed one." Her eyes focused on Maggy. "What a charming outfit! Did your mother send you that from Paris too?"

Maggy laughed. "New York. Fourteen ninety-five plus tax."

Emily eyed the thin, full-skirted cotton dress, black, but frosted with blue and white so it looked cool, and the high-heeled piqué slippers which Maggy had had dyed black. Everything pleased Emily. She smiled. "Kirk is getting a thrifty wife. He's at the phone. Clare and Alroy won't be home for dinner. They are going to look at a house which has just come on the market!"

Maggy and Emily spent the evening checking wedding presents and writing thank-you notes. They hadn't finished by eleven, but Emily was tired and sent Maggy to bed. Kirk heard them in the hall and came out of the library where he had been dictating. When Emily's back was turned as she fussed with the night lock on the front door, he took Maggy in his arms and kissed her hard.

She tingled as she went up the stairs. It was odd, she thought as she closed the door of the guest room, that she knew Kirk so well, yet when he took her like that in his arms, she was half-afraid and a little shy as if he were a stranger.

She lay awake for a long time, in the enormous bed, listening to the sound of the rain on the terrace. It must have been very late when she awakened with a kind of start and a moment of bewilderment, finding herself in a strange bed, and a strange room, and dreaming of roses.

It had been a frightening dream in which the roses seemed to become enormous and threatening creatures shooting out and strangling holds everywhere, encroaching steadily upon her as if they had some secret purpose. She sat up, her heart racing. Somebody, sometime, had said, "...Scream and nothing but the roses will hear you..."

Then she heard the rain like soft footsteps on the terrace. She saw the dim outlines of her wedding dress. She lay back. An absurd dream!

It was due to Josh, of course. Josh had said something—what was it? Yes—"You could scream till you were blue in the face and nothing but the roses would hear you."

He had said too, as if he meant it. "The glass slipper won't fit."

Josh! she thought, with a little stab of irritation. But the uneasy dream still held her. She got out of bed and without turning on the light crossed to the big bay windows. As she stood there she heard, distantly, a car spattering gravel, turning past the house and into the garage. The sound diminished and stopped. It was probably Alroy and Clare returning so it wasn't as late as it had seemed. She didn't hear the front door open or close; she heard no footsteps on the stairs but they would know that the house was asleep; they would be very quiet.

The rain drummed softly on the terrace below, and on the whole house,

the river, the trees and the roses. When she slept again she didn't dream anything; indeed, she slept so late that by the time she got downstairs Kirk and Alroy had already gone.

THE DAY was a stepped-up version of the previous day, with the wheels of the wedding preparations going faster and faster—almost, Maggy thought once, as if now the whole intricate machine were going down a long slope with no brakes, accelerating with every inexorable second.

She didn't go to the lookout point. There wasn't time but she wouldn't have gone anyway. It was after four when Emily said exhaustedly that they couldn't do any more that day. "You girls go straight and clean up. You look like chimney sweeps."

Kirk and Alroy came home while Maggy was getting into a fresh dress, a thin white cotton with a scarlet belt and scarlet sandals. They brought George Clowe home with them. Maggy heard Kirk call him from the hall. "Get out some cold drinks, George. I'll be down as soon as I've had a shower."

But when Maggy went downstairs, through the living room and out to the terrace, Josh was sitting like a rock in one of the green-canvased chairs.

"Oh!" Maggy said.

The barest flicker of amusement touched Josh's face. Then he rose. "I want to talk to you."

And all at once again he looked different; he looked as he had looked when he greeted Kirk the day before—older somehow, a little remote and yet curiously alert and watchful. Maggy put her hands on the back of the nearest chair. "No!"

"But, Maggy—" The door opened and George came out, carrying a tray that tinkled with glasses.

"Hello, Maggy," he said. "How's our bride?"

Josh turned to the table and swept off newspapers. George put down the tray. "What will you have, Maggy?"

George, his face red with heat, his bald head shining below wisps of light hair, began to sort out tall glasses and fill them with ice. "Hot today," he said. "Tom Collins all right for you, Maggy? How about you, Josh?"

Josh brought her the tall glass. "Let's go up to the lookout point," he said, his hazel eyes intent. "The others aren't down yet. George can do with a rest—"

"No," Maggy took a firm, defensive hold on the arm of her chair and Josh saw it. He took a quick step toward her and Emily came out of the house, fresh in one of her embroidered linen dresses, and said, "Josh, my dear! How nice!"

Josh's face cleared. He went to kiss Emily's faintly powdered cheek. She held him away from her and looked him over deliberately.

Josh's eyes twinkled. "Everything all right, ma'am?"

"I think so. I really think so," Emily said approvingly and put one hand on his shoulder.

The door banged again and Clare came out in a flurry of green skirts, kissed Josh and cried, "You look marvelous! I'll have—oh, a long drink, George, with lots of lemon. Josh, you got home just in time for the wedding." And Alroy lounged out, tall, big, yet somehow rather slack and too handsome, shook hands with Josh and made for the table of drinks where he mixed a tall pitcher of Martinis and gulped one down before it was cold. He sat down, holding the pitcher on one knee. Everybody was talking. Maggy did not know that Kirk had come from the house until she felt his hand on her chin, turning her face upward to him.

He kissed her slowly, prolonging it a little, which as a rule Kirk did not do when others were present. She knew

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that Josh was watching and felt her face grow pink. But when Kirk released her Josh was replying to something Alroy had said about the Works. "I haven't visited the Works for years," Josh said. "I hear you've been going great guns."

Kirk was in an unusually exuberant mood. "Come and see," he said. "I'd like to show you around myself."

Alroy filled another glass, put back his fair head, which always seemed somehow a little larger than life, and downed the Martini. "Come on, Josh, and take a look at the Works. Kirk wants to show you around himself because you may be getting a chunk of our stock to sell one of these days. You're with Baller and Yule aren't you?"

Josh nodded. "Does that mean you are getting out a new stock issue?"

For no reason Maggy looked at him sharply but there was nothing to see—only Josh sitting with one long leg crossed over the other, looking at Alroy with a kind of impersonal politeness.

Kirk gave Alroy one clear, cool look, then laughed lightly and sat down.

"Alroy's getting a little ahead of himself—or us, rather. But expansion does seem to be indicated. Right, George?"

George had picked up a newspaper and was fanning himself. He gave a little start. "Oh, yes. Yes, certainly." His eyes went beyond Kirk, fixed and widened. He gave a kind of gulp and clumsily started to get out of his chair as Clare, looking down toward the end of the terrace, cried, "Lydia!"

EVERYBODY turned to look. A woman and a man were coming up the steps at the south end of the terrace. "Hello, everybody," the woman said gaily.

"Lydia!" Emily cried and rose to meet her.

There was a little hubbub of greeting. Somewhere behind Maggy a door closed softly.

Clare introduced her. "Maggy, this is Lydia. Kirk's bride, Lydia."

"How do you do?" Lydia said.

She gave Maggy one swift bright look from eyes that were brilliantly, almost stonily blue. She was a beauty as Clare had said, with flawlessly regular features, a round firm chin and a rose-petal complexion. Her golden hair was cut thickly, parted on one side and waved back in an oddly old-fashioned way, but not a hair was out of place. Her pale-pink lipstick matched her pale-pink dress which stretched only a little too tightly over opulent but decorously restrained curves. Her teeth were so white and regular that her smile looked oddly cold. Kirk said, "And here is Ralph, Maggy. But of course you know Ralph Hewitt."

Maggy put out her hand and Ralph Hewitt took it briefly, and as always with Ralph, rather awkwardly. He seemed a kind of dim and shriveled train to Lydia's dazzling blond comet. Ralph, too, was a lawyer; he had set up his office on Milrock's main street.

Emily looked around vaguely and said, "Where's George? Why, he was here just a moment ago..."

Lydia sat down; she drew her pink skirt modestly around her legs and looked at Emily. "I'd better get it over with, Miss Emily," she said clearly but with the utmost composure. "George and I were divorced last month."

It was so still for a moment that Maggy could hear the soft murmur of the river.

Then Clare said, shrilly, "Why, what a surprise!"

She couldn't be laughing, Maggy thought quickly. Yet there was something very bright in her grey eyes.

Emily sat down with the effect of a collapse. "Oh dear! Oh, dear me—but you both *must* come to the wedding!"

Clare, then, did laugh, a short little gasp which she didn't try to conceal. "But nobody knew it! Kirk, why didn't you?"

Kirk shrugged. "What will you have to drink, Lydia?"

Clare persisted. "But Kirk, didn't George tell you?"

"No," Kirk said briefly.

"Nobody knew," Lydia said coolly. "There was no reason to make a fuss about it. I'll have iced tea, Kirk, if there is any."

It diverted Emily. "Oh dear—I'm afraid—I didn't think about iced tea."

"It doesn't matter," Lydia said. "Give me what everybody else is having, Kirk. Except—" Her brilliant eyes took in Alroy, still standing with the Martini in his hand, watching her. A look of distaste came into Lydia's lovely face, "—except a Martini. How can you drink those things in weather like this, Alroy!"

"Nothing like it," Alroy said defiantly and downed another.

Emily said vaguely, "I'd better go

Maggy turned to look. Lydia was already seated in the canoe as decorously as if she were at a ball, with the sun making a nimbus of light around her blond hair. Ralph crawled rather gingerly into the stern seat and took a paddle. Kirk untied the canoe, glanced up at Maggy with a kind of smiling shrug as if hospitality required too much of him, and took the middle seat and the other paddle. Alroy said, "If I were Kirk, nobody would get me out in that canoe! Not with the river as high as it is this year."

Maggy glanced at him, surprised, and he gave the net another tug, mopped his forehead and said, "Kirk can't swim. Didn't you know that?"

"Oh..." Maggy did remember then. When she was a child and her mother brought her to visit Emily, they would often swim—her mother and Emily, Josh if he happened to be there, and sometimes Clare—but Kirk would watch them or bat tennis balls against the high backstop.

Josh came from the other end of the

came out from beyond the rim of willows and headed toward the middle of the river. Lydia was still sitting, facing the house, as the canoe moved over the sun-dappled water. Ralph's thin back swayed as he paddled. Kirk seemed to turn as if to speak to Ralph. One of the paddles, Kirk's, was suspended in the air, drops from it making a tiny cascade which glittered in the bright light.

She turned back into the room just as somebody screamed.

It was a shrill, wild scream of terror. She ran back to the window.

Where there had been a canoe gliding quietly along, there was now a wild flurry of water. The canoe had overturned and was floating upside down in the river. Through the commotion around it she saw Lydia's head rising, dripping with water. Ralph and Kirk were thrashing about near the canoe. A bright orange spot bobbed between them. Lydia screamed again.

Maggy whirled and ran—down the stairs, through the shadowy living room out to the terrace.

It seemed to take forever. She saw and heard no one. Lydia screamed again.

As she ran along the flagstone path to the landing, she heard footsteps pounding along behind her. Josh passed her, tearing off his coat.

By the time Maggy reached the little landing, Josh was wading out through the rocky shallows.

Alroy came puffing along, and swung himself down into the water.

Clare shrieked from behind her. "Turn on your back, Lydia! Turn on your back and float..."

Josh had reached the deep water and plunged into it, swimming strongly. Alroy dipped down like a porpoise, his arms flailing. Maggy didn't know that she was snatching off her own sandals until Clare's strong hand came down hard on her shoulder. "You can't swim in that current. Besides, Ralph will get them out. He's an expert swimmer." She screamed, "Float, Lydia, turn on your back..."

Lydia had drifted away from the canoe—or the canoe, caught in the current, had drifted swiftly away from her. Her arms were flailing the water helplessly. "She's panicked," Clare cried. "The little fool. She's lost her head."

The canoe swirled farther out into the river. Someone, either Kirk or Ralph, had got hold of it, for Maggy could see a head traveling along with the canoe. Clare said, "It's—yes, it's Kirk. He'll be all right if he hangs on. Alroy," she called out over the water. She waved her arms and pointed toward the splashing commotion around Lydia. "Lydia!" She screamed. "Lydia!"

Alroy didn't hear. He was making slowly but steadily for the canoe. Apparently Kirk saw what was happening. One arm came up in an imperative wave back toward Lydia. He shouted something at Alroy and Alroy heard that, for he took another survey of the river, shouted "Okay" and headed upriver for Lydia and Josh. Then Clare shaded her eyes with her hand and cried, "There—Josh has almost reached her. Oh, she's fighting him."

Maggy couldn't see what happened but Clare said, "He's knocked her out. Only thing to do."

Josh was making slow progress, pulling Lydia along with him, fighting the current. The canoe was now drifting closer toward the shore. Kirk's black head was beside it. A bright orange dot bobbed in the wake of the canoe. It was, she saw then, a cushion, probably a kapok-filled cushion from the canoe, intended as a life preserver.

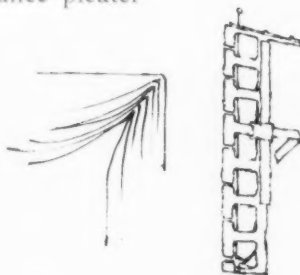
The bank south of the land was low and crowded with shrubbery. The canoe

Continued on page 146

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...I've got to see about..." and went into the house.

Clare's thin mouth was really smiling now. "She's going to talk to George. You upset her, Lydia."

Josh was standing beside Maggy, his hazel eyes taking in everything. There was again something rather watchful, yet unnaturally polite about him.

Lydia said to Clare, "Don't be absurd!"

And Josh said, "Didn't you say something about tennis, Kirk?"

"Tennis!" Alroy groaned. "On a day like this!"

Kirk laughed. "A good idea. Come on Alroy. Work off some of that extra poundage. We might have some doubles. The net's up—"

"Sagged to the ground," Alroy said.

Ralph lingered with Clare at the table for a moment, talking, while the others strolled down the steps to the flagstone path. At the tennis court Clare and Ralph caught up with them.

But once arrived at the long, weather-beaten benches beside the tennis court, Ralph demurred. "Too hot," he said, and eyed the river which, now being close at hand, looked cool and sparkling. He strolled down toward the landing.

WHAT HAPPENED then was not very clear, ever. Clare drew Maggy to a seat on the bench. Kirk and Lydia wandered on with Ralph. Alroy presently came along the path from the garage with tennis rackets under his arm and Josh began to tighten the net. Alroy dropped the rackets and went to help him. It was Alroy who paused to mop his forehead, glanced at the river and said, "For Pete's sake, they're taking out the canoe."

net and paused to watch the canoe, sliding gently away from the landing.

Alroy sighed. "Are you sure you want a game, Josh? I'm about beat with this heat."

Josh laughed a little but a gleam of purpose came into his eyes again. "As a matter of fact, I'd like to take a look at the Matoax from the lookout point. How about it, Maggy?"

Maggy was on her feet before she realized that she had moved. "I've got to pack," she said and walked quickly toward the house.

It was abrupt. She could feel Clare's questioning glance following her. But then she heard Alroy say lazily, "Hot up there at the lookout point. Right in the sun."

That was all Maggy heard. But she wasn't going up to the old arbor with Josh.

SHE WENT into the house and through the long living room. Emily and George were in the library. She heard voices and a few clear words as she went up the stairs. George said, "Lydia didn't want anybody to know until it was over. You know how Lydia is—conventional—hates talk..."

Maggy went quickly on up the wide dark stairway. It was dusky now all along the east side of the house with its windows heavily draped in vines, but in her room on the west side there was a burst of sunlight.

She went over to the bay window and looked down. The terrace directly below was bright and gay with color but no one was there. She could see the benches beside the tennis court and nobody was there either.

As she looked, the canoe, which had apparently been edging along the shore,

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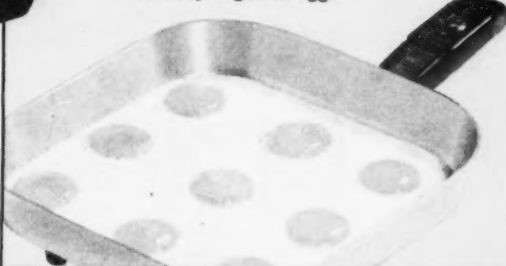
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Continued from page 144
was heading directly for it so Kirk was safe. Alroy had reached Josh and Lydia. There was again a kind of commotion in the water; then Maggy could see that Alroy and Josh had got Lydia between them and were returning. Emily said behind her, "I'll get the doctor," and the planks thudded as she ran heavily toward the path.

Josh and Alroy had hauled Lydia up among the willows. Josh turned Lydia over on her face and knelt astride her, pumping his hands up and down against her back.

Maggy scrambled her way toward them. "Here, I can do that, Josh..."

Lydia was breathing steadily, on her back now. Her eyelids fluttered and opened. Her eyes were blue and blank, staring at the sky and the trees above her. She gave a kind of shudder and said, clearly, "He tried to kill me."

Josh jerked forward. "Lydia! What did you say?"

Her blank, pale face didn't change. She stared at the sky for another second or two and then closed her eyes.

"Lydia!" Josh caught her shoulder and shook it. "Lydia—who tried to kill you?"

She didn't answer. Her lips were as pale and set as stone.

Kirk came plunging through the willows. "Is she all right?" he cried. Lydia still would not open her eyes. Maggy said, "Yes, yes—she's all right," but nobody heard it for Clare's high-pitched voice came from the landing. "Where's Ralph?"

Josh pulled himself up and started to run toward the landing. Kirk wheeled around, shouted to Maggy, "See to Lydia," and ran after him. Alroy had heard Clare, heaved himself up and plunged heavily toward the landing too.

Nobody had thought of Ralph. "But he could swim!" Clare said. "It's practically the only thing he could do well. He must have got to shore somewhere!"

But they waited, it seemed a long time, while the wide, old Matoax took its even journey, dappling with sunlight, past them.

"No sign of him anywhere," Alroy said. "Nothing we can do. I'm going to the house."

He looked exhausted; his big face was tinged with blue. They all trudged up the path to the house. Lydia was lying back in a long chair on the terrace and Emily was holding a cup of hot coffee for her. Emily didn't ask if they'd found Ralph; her pale, troubled eyes saw that they hadn't. "Dr. Mason is on his way," she said. "Maggy, I think Lydia has fainted."

Maggy stooped down over Lydia. Her eyes remained obstinately shut, but her pulse was strong. She turned to Emily. "I think this is just shock. She should be taken upstairs and put to bed."

LATER, IN her own room again, Maggy took a long hot shower to check the exhausted tremor along her nerves. How could they have forgotten Ralph — missed him entirely — thought only of Lydia and Kirk! It was strange and dreadful that somehow Ralph Hewitt was the kind of person one did forget.

She was fastening her fresh blue linen dress when she heard in the distance the swift chug of a powerful motor launch and went to the window. Kirk had phoned the police. As she watched, the launch zigzagged back and forth and turned and headed downstream, making, she knew, for the bridge where the river narrowed between steep and rocky banks in a hurtling current.

She felt chilled in spite of the heat of the day which lingered on in the big room. She turned toward the door and as she did someone knocked and Dr. Mason called to her. "Maggy," She opened the door and he came in and a

kind of reassurance and warmth came in with him, exactly as it had done when she was a child. He was tall, like Josh, but stooped; his hazel eyes were deeply pocketed in wrinkles but were keen and friendly.

"How is Lydia?"

"Oh, she's all right. Strong as a horse. Now stop looking like that, Maggy. Ralph, why he could swim like a fish. Nobody would think of trying to rescue him. If he's gone — well it's an accident. Nobody could have helped it." As he turned her face to the light, Emily called from the hall, "Dr. Mason, somebody wants you on the phone."

"I'll bet it's a country call — and I was out all last night. Keep an eye on Lydia tonight, will you, Maggy." He patted her arm and hurried out.

But Maggy felt better. It was an accident. Accidents happened.

She went downstairs and out to the terrace. The beat of the police launch was clearer, as if it were coming back slowly, close to the shore line.

Then she saw that George Clowe sat in a fat, loose huddle in one of the green chairs. His clothes, too, were sodden and dripping. He had a glass in his hand. His face was alarmingly splashed with red.

"George!"



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"They got her out, didn't they?"

"Lydia... yes! Dr. Mason is here. He says she is all right."

George stared at her blankly. "That's good... that's good..." He sounded as if he had been drinking too much; that, or he was in a state of shock. She said, "George, you'd better get into some dry clothes," before the reason for his wet clothes struck her. "Why, you were in the river too! I didn't see you."

"Heard her scream. I didn't get anywhere near her. I got scared and had to go back and she was drowning. I couldn't get there..."

She went behind him, put her hands under his arms and hoisted him to his feet. "Come on now, George. You'll feel better."

"Got in the river... scared... it was awful. They got her out, didn't they?"

"Of course, they got her out. She's upstairs in bed. She's safe."

He stood swaying soggily and he wouldn't move. Josh came across the terrace and at once understood the situation. "I'll take him." He put his arm around George, bracing him, and George shambled unevenly beside Josh, into the house.

Josh had changed clothes; he must be wearing clothes of Kirk's or Alroy's — slacks and a white shirt with no tie. His sandy hair was still wet.

It was a little cooler now, with the evening shadows growing long across the lawn and the terrace.

The red roses looked out of place, festive and untouched by tragedy.

Josh came back, listened to the throb of the police launch, which was now returning, and said, "They are just about opposite the landing. Let's see if they have any news."

SHE WENT with him down the flagstone path to the landing. The police launch was as close inshore as it could come.

Josh shouted and one of the men shook his head and another waved his bare arms in a gesture of negation.

Josh said, "I'm afraid that's it. If I did think of Ralph, I only thought he might get to Lydia before I did. Maggy, you heard what Lydia said."

"Lydia?"
"She said 'He tried to kill me.' Which one tried to kill her? Ralph? — Or Kirk?"

Maggy looked at him with utter blank astonishment. "But that—what on earth do you mean?"

"Are you trying to tell me that you've forgotten what Lydia said?"

"Why, no, of course I remember it. But I never even thought of it again!"

"A woman says that somebody tried to kill her and you never thought of it again?"

"I certainly didn't! Why, that's preposterous. It's—people don't try to murder other people."

"Oh, but they do," Josh said sombrely, watching the police launch. "And I suppose that's how they get away with it. Just because it's hard to believe. So we say, this person whom I know, with whom I've talked and talked, whose hand I've taken in friendship, cannot possibly be a murderer. Yet it happens."

"It didn't happen today. That's a dreadful thing to say!"

"What did you think that Lydia meant?"

"She didn't mean anything! She was flustered and scared. She had come very close to drowning..."

He waited a moment before he said, "Suppose she meant exactly what she said."

"Why she couldn't have! There were only Ralph and Kirk in the canoe with her. Ralph Hewitt wouldn't hurt a fly."

"What about Kirk?" Josh said.

"Josh!" Anger welled up like a tide. "Let's have this clear. Yesterday you told me I mustn't marry Kirk. Now you as good as say he tried to murder Lydia. That's a frightful thing to say."

"Maggy." He turned to face her. "Postpone your wedding." His face and voice were so grave that for a moment she was bewildered.

"Are you—why, are you seriously accusing Kirk of murder?"

"Attempted murder," he said soberly.

"Kirk! Why, you can't—don't you realize what you are saying?"

"Oh, yes, I realize it. I'm not accusing Kirk—or Ralph for that matter. But I'd like to know what happened in that canoe."

She broke in. "I'll tell you what happened. I know exactly. I was in my room, at the window. I saw the canoe come out from behind the trees. Lydia was facing the house. Ralph and Kirk were paddling. There was nothing wrong, nothing at all. I turned away from the window and then Lydia screamed and the canoe had upset."

"You didn't really see what happened at all then."

I did see it. They were talking. I thought, Kirk seemed to turn a little and hold his paddle up in the air to speak to Ralph. Lydia didn't make a move. Nothing happened at all..."

"But the canoe upset. Ralph, poor soul, is almost certainly drowned. Lydia nearly drowned—and then said 'he tried to kill me!'"

Josh, you've got to stop this. It's horrible to talk of... of murder and Kirk and..."

He put his hands on her shoulders. There was something in his eyes that she could not understand. Pain? Tenderness? His hands were gentle yet so strong that she seemed to draw nearer him. "I'm sorry," he said. "Really, I'm sorry, Maggy. I have to—"

He stopped as the planks of the landing quivered. Kirk said, "Have they found Ralph?"

Josh's hands dropped. Maggy moved quickly away from him. But Kirk hadn't seen them—standing so close. Maggy thought, annoyed at herself. Kirk, too, was staring across the river

toward the launch. They hadn't heard him approach; he was wearing rubber-soled moccasins.

Josh said, "No. They've been all along the opposite shore again."

With a half-defiant gesture she linked her arm through Kirk's. It was growing dark. Kirk said, "I never thought of Ralph. I only thought of Lydia—and of saving myself, I suppose. I got hold of the canoe, I don't know how. I tried to push it toward Lydia. I remember that, but it was all I could do to hang on. It happened so fast."

"How did it happen?" Josh asked.

Kirk thought for a moment. "To tell you the truth," he said. "I don't know. It was so quick. Ralph and I were paddling and it struck me that we were getting too far from the bank. I said something about turning around and going back. Maybe that's what caused it—Ralph may have made some motion or misunderstood me or something. Just all at once we started over and before I knew it, there we were in the water. I can't swim—I tried to make it to the canoe. Lydia can swim—but then I heard her screaming. Ralph just disappeared. Then I saw you, here on the

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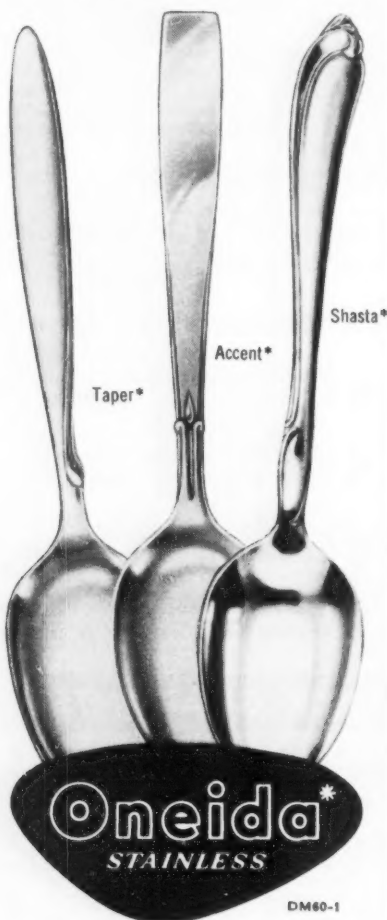
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landing, and by that time I'd got fairly good hold on the canoe. Thank God, you brought her out. I'd have never made it to her."

"Well," Josh said. "Alroy got there in time. I was just about exhausted."

"We saw you send Alroy to help Josh," Maggy said. And that, she thought quickly, ought to answer Josh. Why hadn't she thought of it sooner? If Josh really thought that Lydia had accused Kirk of attempted murder, that argument alone should answer Josh. She said to Josh rather than to Kirk. "Kirk really saved both your lives Josh. You and Lydia—sending Alroy to help you."

Kirk said, "Oh, no. Josh would have made it. I was never so thankful for anything in my life as when I saw you running down to the landing."

"We didn't have far to come," Josh said. "We were in the garage looking at the new car you gave Maggy. We heard Lydia scream."

"It was my fault," Kirk said. "I knew the river is high. We shouldn't have gone out in the canoe."

"I suppose Ralph suggested it," Josh said in an oddly toneless voice.

"Well, no," Kirk said. "I believe it was Lydia's suggestion."

"That canoe has air pockets, hasn't it?"

"Air—" Kirk looked a little surprised. "Why yes. I believe it has. I'd forgotten."

"Funny it upset like that. So suddenly," Josh said.

A little alarm bell seemed to ring somewhere along Maggy's nerves. In another moment, she thought, Josh would accuse Kirk of upsetting the canoe.

Kirk said, "All canoes upset at half a chance."

Maggy said, "I saw it from my window. I was telling Josh. One minute the canoe was there and the next minute Lydia was screaming... and, but I never once thought of Ralph."

Josh said, "None of us thought of Ralph. We were all to blame, Maggy."

"If it's anybody's fault it's mine," Kirk said. "Shall we go to the house? The police will phone if there's any news."

EMILY AND Clare were sitting on the terrace in a kind of listening, stunned silence. Alroy was standing at the balustrade, looking down toward the gleams of the river between the trees. Clare said as they came up on the terrace. "The police just phoned. They are afraid the body has drifted on down the river. They've posted policemen along the way."

Emily's hand went unsteadily to her lips. "They seem to think there's no hope."

"There's always hope. Cousin Emily," Kirk said gently.

Alroy gave a jerky laugh and came to stretch his big slack body on a long chair. "Don't tell her that Kirk. We all know the old Matoax. Pretty as a picture and murderous as a tiger. What happened to George? He's up there on my bed, out like a light."

Josh replied, "He was here on the terrace. I got him upstairs. He kept mumbling about Lydia and the river. He must have tried to swim out to her and didn't make it."

"Yes, that's what he said," Maggy explained it briefly. Clare said thoughtfully, "That's queer. I didn't see him."

Emily looked at Josh. "Your father had a call to make. He said he hoped to be home to dinner."

"Thanks," Josh said. "I'll just phone... home if I may." He went into the house.

Emily said sadly, "Ralph was so proud of being a good swimmer."

"He got a cramp," Alroy said.

Emily sighed. "And just before the wedding." She seemed to struggle with

some troublesome thought and finally said, "But of course it isn't as if he were a relative. Or even a close friend."

Clare instantly grasped the question behind it. "Certainly not! It's tragic. But it was an accident. We can't possibly change anything about the wedding plans."

Alroy struck a pose and said with burlesque drama, "The wedding must go on!"

It was a jarring, ugly note. Emily caught her breath sharply. "Alroy!"

Kirk's black eyebrows made a line across his white face. He said in a low voice, "Shut up, Alroy. You're drunk!"

Clare was swiftly, shrilly angry, but she flashed out at Kirk instead of Alroy. "Suppose he is drunk! He's got a right to be. If you hadn't taken out that

Clare looked up at him defiantly yet her face seemed to soften. Maggy slipped quietly behind Emily's chair and into the house. She knew exactly where Josh was and what he was doing.

SHE WENT up the wide, oak stairway. In the upper hall an open door gave her a glimpse of a shadowy room and George, full length on a bed. They must have put Lydia in one of the two or three small rooms, around the corner of the hall. She heard Josh's voice. "Go on, Lydia. What happened?"

There was a kind of murmur from Lydia. Maggy came to the open door and stopped.

It was a small room. Lydia lay in the bed. The blankets had been flung in a tumbled heap at the foot of it. A sheet came up to her chin. Her light hair had partially dried and was still stringy and disheveled. Her lovely face was pale but somehow, sometime she had replaced the pink lipstick on her mouth so it looked curiously bright. Neither Josh nor Lydia saw Maggy.

Josh was sitting on the arm of a small chintz-covered chair, leaning over Lydia. His face looked pale, too, under its tan and as intent, Maggy thought, as a hunter's.

He said, "Go on, Lydia. You said he tried to kill you. Tell me, Lydia, who?"

"Josh!" Maggy blazed with anger.

Josh didn't move, didn't even look at her. He put his hand on Lydia's round white arm and shook it. "Tell me, Lydia. Who tried to kill you?"

Lydia's pale face looked slack; her dull eyes had tiny black pupils. Maggy cried, "Stop it, Josh! Your father gave her a sedative. You can't talk to her now."

But Lydia was going to talk. Her pink lips moved slowly. "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Lydia, listen. You said when we got you up on the bank — you said, 'He tried to kill me.' Why did you say that?"

Lydia's eyes were fixed yet something seemed to move behind that blank blue wall. She said clearly, "Nobody tried to kill me. I don't know what you mean."

"Josh," Maggy cried, "stop it!"

Lydia clutched the sheet around her and sat up, leaning on one elbow. "Nobody tried to kill me. It was an accident. It was an accident..." She stared at Josh and then slowly settled back upon the pillows and closed her eyes.

She wasn't going to talk again. That was as clear as if she had said it.

"All right," Josh said and stood. He looked down at Lydia for a second and then turned to Maggy, took her arm, and drew her out into the narrow corridor. "You heard her say that?"

"I heard her deny it, too."

"Of course, she denied it. She's scared out of her wits."

"Scared?"

"Scared. She's afraid whoever tried to kill her today will try again."

"Get out of this house!" Maggy cried fiercely.

"Lydia was telling the truth the first time. And I'll prove it to you, you little fool!" Josh said with a strangely quiet deliberation and walked past her and out of sight around the corner of the hall.

She went back into the room confused and shaken by waves of anger. Lydia was sitting bolt upright. Her eyes were glassy but full of purpose. "I am going home. Get me some clothes."

She didn't look as if she could walk across the room, Maggy said. "Did the doctor say you could go home?"

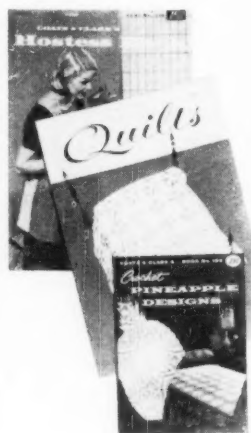
"That doesn't matter. I've got to go home. Get me some clothes."

Maggy said, wearily. "Try getting up. If you can make it I'll help you dress."

"I don't need help. I'm not going to stay here." Lydia managed to prop her

Continued on page 150

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canoe, nothing would have happened. You knew the river was high. Or you ought to have known it. You can't swim. Nobody ought to go out in a canoe if he can't swim...

"Clare," Emily cried, knotting her hands together again and leaning forward. "Please, Clare..."

And Maggy thought suddenly, where is Josh?

He had had plenty of time to telephone.

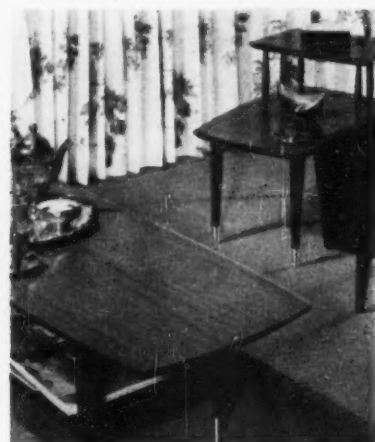
Kirk went to Clare and put his arm around her. His white, angry look vanished; he smiled down at her with his own particular warmth and charm. "I'm sorry, Clare. We are all on edge."



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Continued from page 148
 self up. She sat for a moment, her eyes and face completely blank. Then without a word or even a sigh she simply slumped back and closed her eyes.

That'll do for you, Maggy thought tersely, and pulled the sheet up over her. If she awakened again and decided to dress and go home, she'd have to ask for clothes, and it would give them warning. Clearly, she wasn't in a condition to go anywhere until morning.

Maggy went to the windows and pulled the shades down. When she turned, she saw through the gloom in the room that Lydia wasn't asleep, she was watching Maggy closely, her eyes like narrow blue slits.

Maggy went to the bed. There was one thing she was going to clear up. "Lydia, you *did* say that somebody . . . you said 'he' tried to kill you. Why?"

"I didn't. At least if I did, I don't remember it. I was . . . shocked. Frightened. Have they found Ralph?"

"No. Not yet."

"What happened to him?"

"Cramp, they think. Or the current was too strong even for Ralph."

Lydia looked at her blankly for a moment. Then she said, clearly, "He got hold of the life preserver — that kapok-filled cushion. I thought he was bringing it to me. But then I went down again and when I came up I couldn't see anything."

"Go to sleep. I'll leave the door open. You can call if you want anything."

Lydia's eyes closed. After a moment Maggy went out of the room, quietly.

At the corner of the hall though she heard a kind of rustle from Lydia's room and stopped. The door behind her closed and a key rasped softly in the lock.

In spite of herself Maggy's heart gave a painful little thump.

"She's scared," Josh had said. "Afraid whoever tried to kill her today will try again."

She went on, past the open door to the bedroom on the left and the room was now lighted. The bed was tumbled but George had gone.

Alroy or Kirk must have taken him home — that or he had roused and taken himself off. Poor George, she thought, blaming himself because he hadn't been able to fight that deadly current, he'd had to turn back. He must be still in love with Lydia, divorce or no divorce.

She went down the stairs again and out to the terrace.

IT WAS a strange and unreal evening, dark with clouds that couldn't be seen but could be felt, pressing down close above them. Dinner was served on the terrace, and the green hurricane lamps cast waving gleams of light which seemed to distort and change the faces around the table so at one instant Emily seemed exactly like herself, a little worried but kind and placid, and the next instant the lines of worry deepened, so she looked older and secretly troubled.

Clare's pale-grey eyes reflected the lights and glimmered beneath her thick black lashes; she too seemed to change as the flames of the candles wavered so her thin face was momentarily hard and anxious — and then she moved, the angle of the light was different and softer. She smiled at Maggy and said in a matter-of-fact way that it was going to rain.

Alroy's big pale face, however, remained sullen and abstracted. Maggy looked at Kirk across the table and he was watching her, his grey eyes clear,

reflecting the gleams from the table. He smiled. "This time next week," he said "we'll be in Paris."

"Yes," she said.

Alroy gobbled down pie and said between bites that it was odd about George. For George had simply quietly disappeared.

Alroy and Kirk had gone to look for his car and it still stood in the driveway. They had taken a look through the house and George was not there. They had telephoned to the hotel where he was staying and he had not returned. They had even telephoned to the house he no longer shared with Lydia and there was no answer.

"He's in a bar somewhere," Clare said impatiently.

"That's not like George," Kirk said.

And all the time they listened—listened for the return of the police launch, and the police had given up for the night for it did not return to send its sweeping searchlights glancing along the bank. They listened for the telephone and a voice from police barracks saying that Ralph had been found, and the telephone did not ring.

"There's no use sitting up waiting," Emily told them finally.

As the others went into the house Kirk drew Maggy aside. "I'm sorry it happened. Try not to think about it."

"Yes, Kirk."

He took her in his arms and kissed her but that, too, seemed unreal as if they were shadow figures. He sensed it, for he held her closer, his lips against her face. "You are the only woman who ever meant anything to me, Maggy. And you're mine. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes."

Before she snapped off the light at her bedside table she looked again at her

wedding dress, gleaming in its white folds of silk across the room. There was the light sound of rain on the terrace. Gradually her tense nerves and weary muscles relaxed. Her last conscious thought was a curious one. Why, she thought suddenly, with the odd clarity of coming sleep, why had Lydia divorced George, who obviously was still in love with her?

It was no business of hers. She fell into sleep as if it was a deep and comforting haven.

SHE AWOKE with a start, feeling as if she were at the hospital on night duty, certain that she had some pressing and urgent responsibility. Why yes, Lydia! She had forgotten Lydia! Keep an eye on her, Dr. Mason had said.

She wrapped her white dressing gown around her and quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping silent house, went into the hall. All of the doors along it were closed and there was no sound anywhere. She reached Lydia's door before she remembered that Lydia had locked it.

She tried the door though, and it opened. Lydia must have regretted her impulse and unlocked it.

The room was dark and very quiet. A moment passed before it struck her that the room was too quiet.

She took a step or two into the blackness toward the bed and stopped. All her senses told her that no one was in the room. No one lay there on the bed asleep. No one —

Her hand went out, hunted along the wall beside the open door and found the light switch. The little room sprang into brightness.

She was wrong. Lydia was there, on the bed. Her face was turned down into the pillow. Her light hair looked dull.



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And then something Maggy's trained senses had been trying to tell her emerged.

She was at the side of the bed and did not know that she had moved. She couldn't see Lydia's face. She didn't have to see Lydia's face. She didn't have to seek and find Lydia's cold hand flung down over the side of the bed. Lydia was dead.

She couldn't be dead. Strong as a horse, Dr. Mason had said.

She ran, stumbling out of the brightly lighted little room, along the narrow corridor. The telephone stood on a little table. What was Dr. Mason's number? How many times had she called it! She dialed her fingers jerking. There was a distant buzz as it rang. Josh said, "Hello..."

Her voice came in a kind of hoarse whisper. "Josh, I've got to talk to your father..."

Instantly his voice became alert and sharp. "Maggy? What's wrong?"

"It's Lydia. I think she's dead."

I know she's dead, she thought. She said huskily, as if she still felt that she mustn't waken the sleeping house, "Your father — I want him to come."

"What happened?"

"I don't know. I—I went to her room just now. And she—oh Josh, get your father."

"I can't. He's on a country call—wait." There was a short pause. Then he said decisively, "I'll come right away. I'll call him. But I'll be there in a few minutes."

"Yes... yes."

"Maggy," his voice was urgent. "Don't touch anything in the room."

She had died quietly. Perhaps she had never known that she was dying. The blanket still lay pushed down over the foot of the bed. The sheet was smooth.

The room was exactly as Maggy had left it when she had tiptoed into it, pulled up a window shade and then had tiptoed out again.

No, it wasn't quite the same for one of the two pillows lay crumpled on the floor near the bed. So Lydia must have roused a little at some time, pushed one of the pillows away and then drifted back into sleep again.

There were things she ought to do. Josh said not to touch anything in the room!

Her mind leaped then as it felt the sharp sting of a whip. "Don't touch anything!" "She's afraid." Was Josh going to say that Lydia had been murdered?

No, no! She almost said it aloud.

It then struck her that a long time had passed since she had telephoned to Dr. Mason and Josh had answered. Josh would be ringing the bell, pounding at the door, rousing the whole house.

She had to get out of the room.

She reached the steps as Josh did and he put his arms around her. "There now, there now, stop shivering." He smoothed her tumbled hair with one hand and held her close in the curve of his arm, her head against his shoulder. "Don't be afraid. I'll see to things. Tell me, are you sure she's dead?"

"Yes! Oh, yes."

Scudding clouds cleared a little and for a second starlight shone down upon the graveled driveway and the black shrubbery, upon Josh's face which looked in that clear starlight very white and

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"Yes... no! I'd better call—"

"Don't call anybody. Do as I tell you."

The telephone clicked sharply.

But she had to try to—well, suppose Lydia wasn't really dead!

She couldn't have made a mistake like that. But she went back, running lightly toward the bright light which poured from the open door of the little room.

SHE DID NOT completely follow the rules which had been drilled into her. She did, however, listen for a pulse beat which was not there. She did take a hand mirror and go to the other side of the bed; from there she could see a little of Lydia's face, dark in the shadow, and a glazed blue slit of one eye, half-open and unwinking. She did hold the hand mirror near enough to catch the faintest misting of a breath. There was none.

After a while she put the mirror back on the dressing table.

Dr. Mason had said that Lydia was strong as a horse. He had listened to her heart only that afternoon. Yet it had to be her heart, taxed beyond its strength in those terrified, struggling moments in the river.



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set. "I talked to my father. He said there was nothing he could do. But he'll come as soon as he can."

"There is no chance—there's nothing anyone can do."

"You're cold. We'd better go into the house."

Josh led her across the hall and into the living room. "Stay here," he said and found a chair, as if he could see his way in the dark, put her into it and turned back into the hall.

He was going to call Kirk and Emily and tell them what had happened. "I'll see to things," he had said.

She was cold, and there was a chill sweep of air coming from somewhere. Then she saw that the door to the terrace was markedly lighter than the windows. The door was open.

She could hear the slow murmur of the river and she thought of Ralph, Ralph—and now Lydia!

It was odd that there was no sound at all above, no voices, nothing.

She was wrong! Josh hadn't gone to rouse Emily, Kirk or anyone.

SHE RAN back through the living room and up the stairs. No one was in the upper hall, the doors were still closed. There was an air of sleep and utter quiet. If anyone had heard their voices whispering at the steps, if anyone had awakened, touched by a sense of uneasiness, there was no sign of it.

The door to Lydia's room was open and light streamed out. Josh was standing at the bedside table looking down. He heard her and swung around. "Shut the door," he said in a whisper.

She did, softly. He said, "Is this exactly the way you found her?"

"Yes."

"Her face was like that?"

"Down in the pillow like that? Yes. I held a mirror—"

"No, I mean was her face that color?"

"Color?" She looked at Lydia and quickly averted her gaze. "Why—why, yes."

"You don't understand me. Has her face changed color at all, since you found her? Come around here, Maggy."

She went around to the other side of the bed. She looked down again at Lydia; not quite half of her face was visible and it was a stony white. "Yes... yes, of course. What do you mean?"

Josh was standing at the bedside table again. His hands were doubled up into hard fists and shoved in his pockets. "There was no real cyanosis?"

"No!" She stared at him. Josh was a doctor's son; he knew something of the vocabulary.

But she had a swift, chilling little memory. When she had run back to the room again after talking with Josh—when she had taken the hand mirror and gone around to the other side of the bed to hold the mirror near Lydia's face—hadn't Lydia's face seemed then dark in the shadow, tinged with a deeper kind of flush than now?

No, no, she told herself violently. That was merely the shadow.

But Josh saw the debate within her. "Are you sure?"

"You... you're saying—"

"There's a pillow on the floor. It's wrinkled, twisted. And look here..."

She looked and didn't want to look, and could not avoid seeing a pale, pink smear on the wrinkled white pillowcase. "That's lipstick," Josh said.

"But she... she must have turned against it, she had on lipstick. That's nothing unusual—"

"She was asleep. Drugged. It would be very easy simply to hold that pillow over her face until she died, wouldn't it?"

"Nobody did that," she whispered.

"It could have been done, and by now cyanosis would have disappeared. I know that much."

"You don't. It isn't true—it was her heart."

"That's only your guess Maggy. Besides all death in the end is heart failure." His voice was low and suddenly, savagely angry. "I should have stopped it. This is murder."

She didn't hear the door open. She only saw it move, quietly out into the room. Kirk came in. He stood for a second, his face perfectly still and pale above his red dressing gown. His clear grey eyes touched her, went to Josh—saw Lydia. Without a word he went to stand at the bed and looked down.

The little room was so quiet that Maggy could hear the low voice of the river. Then Kirk said, over his shoulder, "When did it happen?"

Josh replied. "Not long ago. Maggy found her like that. She called my father. He's on a call. I came." As he spoke he put his hand on Maggy's arm and drew her out, into the small corridor. Kirk followed them. Josh reached out and closed the bedroom door.

They stood together, in the small, dimly lighted corridor. It was still, yet Maggy felt as if currents of violence

and Josh and Kirk were waiting at the top of the stairs. Josh was leaning against the wall smoking; Kirk had one hand on the newelpost. They were quiet and poised as two duelists waiting for their signal and Dr. Mason was the signal. Kirk said, "I want to talk to you, Doctor. The others are downstairs. Will you come in here?"

They went into a narrow little room, once a sewing room apparently and Kirk said directly, "Josh says that Lydia was murdered."

Dr. Mason turned an utterly stunned and disbelieving face to Josh. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Murder," Josh said. "Kirk told you."

Dr. Mason's eyes narrowed. His face tightened, his strong nose and chin jutted out fiercely. "What's been going on here that I don't know anything about?"

Kirk stood in the middle of the room with the bright light blazing down on his red robe wrapped tight around him, his black head, his rather white and—Maggy saw then—angry face.

Josh lounged across to the little sewing rocker and sat down. He still had a cigarette in his hand and he looked

He didn't look at her. Neither Kirk nor Dr. Mason seemed to note Josh's swift interruption.

Mason said slowly, "I didn't see any evidence of cyanosis."

"You wouldn't by now, would you?" Josh asked.

"Well—it depends. What about this, Maggy? Did you note any cyanosis?"

Had she, or hadn't she?

THE ROOM was very still, too still; she wished somebody would move or speak. She wished Josh would put the cigarette he held in an arrested, waiting way, to his lips. She wished Kirk would come to her rescue and say, how could Maggy possibly have noticed something that wasn't there? Or was it there?

It was a courtroom and she was the witness and she saw then that everything depended upon her answer. There was no murder, no case to be tried without her testimony. She had to reply. "There may have been a sort of shadow from the light... I mean her face was in the shadow—"

"Well," Dr. Mason demanded testily, "was it cyanosis or wasn't it?"

She swallowed hard and forced herself to meet Dr. Mason's piercing, angry eyes. "I'm not sure. I didn't think of it. The light was so bright and her face was turned away. Of course it was in the shadow and—"

"Great Scott in the morning!" Dr. Mason shouted with such shattering force that Maggy jumped. "You call yourself a nurse!" He surged up from the couch and flung the door open. His footsteps thumped down the hall toward Lydia's room.

I should know; I should be able to answer. Maggy thought miserably. The heartening fragrance of coffee fluttered from downstairs up into the room, and in its homely everyday fact denied murder.

Dr. Mason came back and then, flatly and certainly, denied it too. He stopped at the telephone and dialed; they could hear him speak. "Thompson? This is Dr. Mason. Sorry to get you out at this hour. It's Mrs. George Clowe. Died of heart failure just now. No, she's at the Beall place in Milrock... Right away? Good. I saw her this afternoon. There was a canoe accident—oh, you heard about it. Death certificate—oh, certainly... Right, thanks."

He came back into the sewing room. He was still angry, mopping his face with quick jerks of the handkerchief. "Now then, I was surprised to hear that Lydia died. I'll not deny that. My opinion is that there was an unsuspected heart weakness, an almost undetectable one. If I had any doubts at all it would be my duty to report them to the coroner and suggest an autopsy. I have no doubts. I've signed the death certificate. Now then, Josh, you have made a very serious accusation. I expect you to retract it."

Kirk said quickly, "Now wait a minute, Doctor. Josh said that a suspicion of—whatever you call it, cyanosis—was the reason he suggested that Lydia was murdered. But Josh is too sensible a man surely to make so serious an accusation on such a slight and doubtful basis. What's the real reason, Josh?"

"I told you. That's enough, isn't it?" Josh said and again didn't look at Maggy, yet he might as well have commanded her not to tell what she was going to tell. But she intended to have it out.

She said, "I can tell you the real reason. When they got Lydia out of the river she said, 'He tried to kill me.' Josh and I heard her."

Josh's face didn't change, not really—there was only a faintly tighter look.

Continued on page 154

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swirled around her, like the river, about to close over her.

Then Kirk said, "I heard you say, this is murder."

"Yes," Josh said.

Kirk turned to Maggy. "You'd better go to your room, Maggy. Lydia wasn't murdered. I don't know what Josh is trying to do but whatever it is I'll put a stop to it."

His voice was still perfectly level. He smiled a little, reassuringly, but in the dim light his eyes looked icy, as if all the color had drained away from them.

The doorbell rang, a long demanding peal through the house.

Josh said, "That's my father."

"I'll go," Kirk said. He went swiftly down the stairs; his red dressing gown, his black head disappeared into the hall below.

The hall itself lighted as he snapped on a switch.

CLARE OPENED a door and stared at them. She clutched a bright green robe around her. She said, "Somebody's ringing. Who is it? What's happened?"

Kirk said, "Come in, Dr. Mason."

Maggy went with Dr. Mason back to Lydia's room. She watched him, alert to any doubt or question in his face; there was none. "Heart failure," he said. He pulled the sheet up over Lydia's face.

He led the way out of the room,

as if he had all the time in the world to make whatever statement he intended to make.

Dr. Mason sat down too, wearily. His voice was stern. "I asked you a question, Josh."

Josh squinted at the toes of the floppy old moccasins he wore. "Her face was down into the pillow. You saw that. You had taken a look at her late in the afternoon. Obviously, you thought she was all right then. Maggy found her about half an hour ago. There was at that time a slight shadow on her face which may have been cyanosis—"

"Cyanosis—" Kirk said.

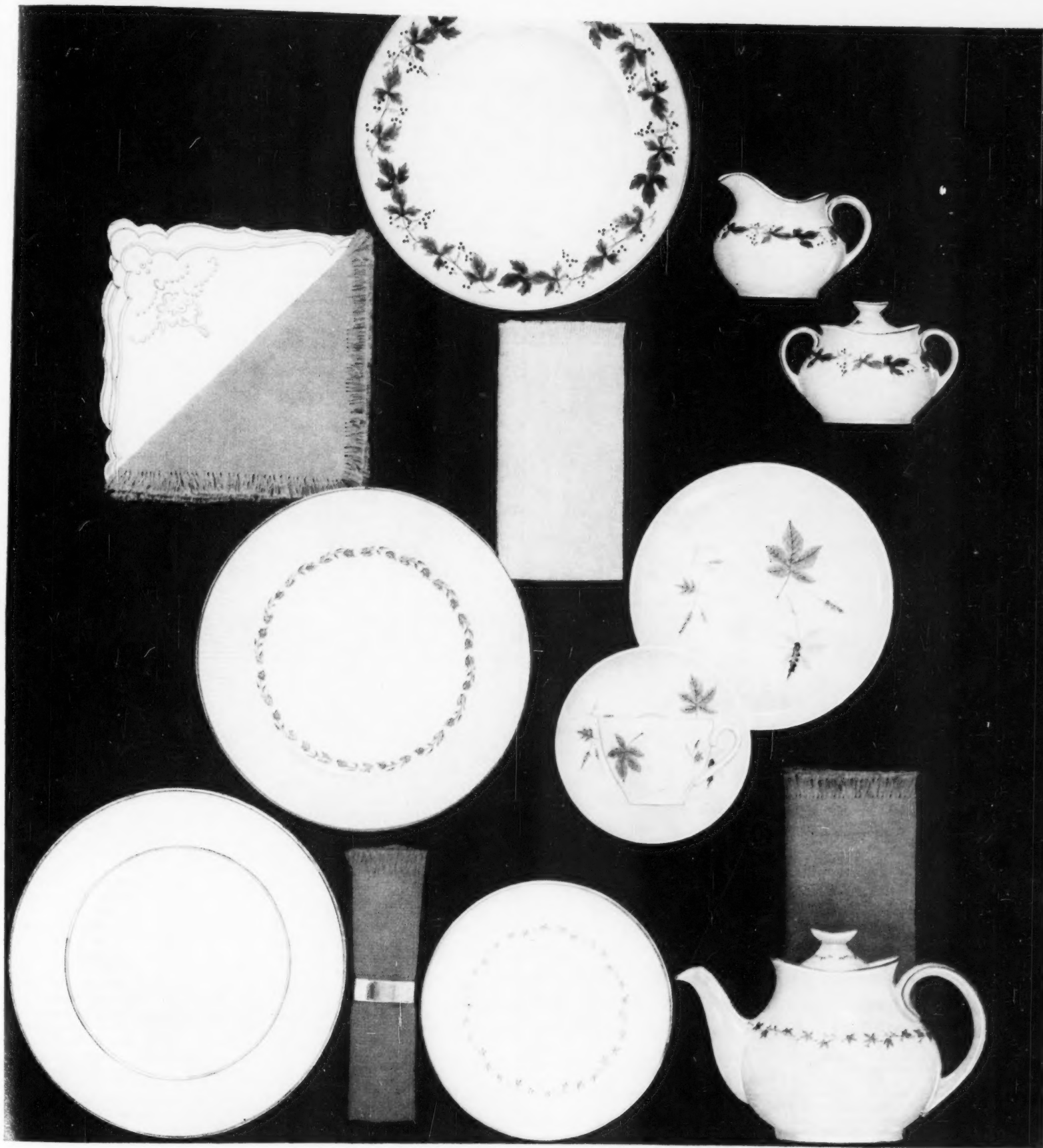
"A deep flush," Josh replied, still squinting at the toes of his moccasins. "Comes from lack of oxygen. Grows less and soon disappears, unless of course it is caused by gas poisoning. A pillow lay on the floor. There were lipstick stains on the pillow. If Lydia had been smothered the cyanosis would have disappeared—had disappeared fully by the time you got here, Dad."

There was a little silence. Then Kirk said, "And is that why you said murder?"

Josh nodded once.

But that was not the reason, at least it was not the whole reason. Maggy did not even debate her course; the word murder was out. She began, "Josh said... that is, Lydia said—"

And Josh said loudly, over her own voice, "That's enough, isn't it?"



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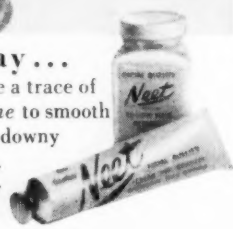
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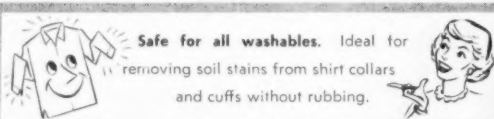
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Continued from page 152
around his mouth. But he hadn't wanted her to tell that.

Kirk stared at Maggy and then at Josh. "Is that the reason for all this talk of murder?"

Josh said, "Naturally I... remember-ed it."

Kirk said, "But, what did she mean? Who tried to kill her?"

Maggy said hurriedly, "She denied it later. Josh asked her who had tried to kill her. She said that she hadn't said anything of the kind."

Kirk said slowly, "I was in the canoe; Ralph was in the canoe. You and Alroy rescued her. Who could have tried to kill her?"

Josh squinted at his moccasins, shook his head and finally spoke. "It's as Maggy told you. She denied saying it at all."

"But look here, Josh, if you believed her at first, even if you had any question, any doubt at all," Kirk said. "Why didn't you tell us about it?"

"Would you have believed me? When Lydia herself denied it?"

"No," Kirk said candidly. "Nobody would have taken it seriously."

Maggy said unexpectedly, "Lydia locked the door of her room."

All three men swerved around to look at her. She said, "After I left her this afternoon. I mean after Josh had questioned her. She pretended to go to sleep and as soon as I'd gone she locked the door. I heard it."

There was a rather long silence which seemed nevertheless packed with speculation. Finally Josh said, "How did you get into her room tonight, then?"

"I forgot she'd locked the door. When I tried it, it opened."

There was another lengthy silence. This time Dr. Mason answered the obvious question. "She unlocked it herself, of course. If she wanted to lock it or unlock it, what difference does it make! Good heavens, if she'd been afraid, if she'd really meant that somebody tried to kill her she'd have told somebody—told everybody, called the police, shouted it to the housetops!"

His anger exploded again, this time at Josh. "And you have tried to stir up a mare's nest because of some fool thing a woman yapped about—a woman just rescued from drowning, didn't know what she was saying. She could have blamed anybody for upsetting the canoe!" Dr. Mason started for the stairs and turned back. "Now, not a word more of this, Josh. Understand? I don't want Miss Emily or... good heavens, the whole town of Milrock..." A puzzled look struggled with the anger in his face. "This isn't like you Josh. What's the matter with you?"

"You've said it wasn't murder, Dad. All right. That should settle it."

Dr. Mason turned and stormed down the stairs. Josh said mildly, "He's tired. Hasn't had much sleep for two nights. I'd better go with him."

"Wait a minute, Josh," Kirk's face

lit up with warmth and candor. "I don't know just how to say this. But I think I know what's wrong. It's Maggy, isn't it?"

Josh lifted a startled eyebrow. "Maggy?"

"I know you're fond of Maggy—always have been, I expect. Now that she's going to marry somebody else—me—well, hasn't it struck you that you want her yourself?"

Josh's startled eyebrow was still lifted. "You mean that I said it was murder in the hope of putting off the wedding?" he said directly.

"Oh, no! At least not intentionally. But you can't help knowing that any investigation into possible murder might..." Kirk shrugged and put out his hand in a swift gesture of friendliness. "All's fair in love and war, is that it?"

Josh eyed Kirk thoughtfully. Unexpectedly then he took a quarter from his pocket, looked at it and flipped it into the air.

Kirk drew back his hand. A tiny wrinkle came between his eyebrows. "Don't play games, Josh."

"Oh, I'm not playing games." He faced Kirk with an odd rather rueful gleam in his hazel eyes. "The fact is you may be right about me—and Maggy. Good night, Maggy," he said pleasantly, walked out of the room and down the stairs.

WHEN THE front door opened and then closed, Kirk turned to Maggy. "Poor old Josh! I'm sorry about all this, Maggy. I think from the first moment I saw Josh, there at the arbor yesterday, I knew something was different between us, something was wrong. He'll get over it. If he didn't know that he wanted you until you're as good as married to me," Kirk said good-naturedly, "then he's not going to die of love."

But he's not in love with me at all, Maggy thought indignantly. "You're too reasonable, Kirk. Too fair. You make excuses for Josh."

"That's easy. I can afford to be magnanimous. I'm getting the girl."

He stood, his hands in the pockets of his red robe, the light shining down upon his half-smiling, half-thoughtful face and crisp black hair with its touches of white. The fairy prince, Maggy thought, generous and fair, understanding and forbearing—why, I'm more in love with him than ever.

Kirk said, "I'm trying to think why Lydia would say just that. You heard it. What do you think?"

"I don't think she meant anything. She said so later when Josh questioned her. She was hysterical, Kirk, she was upset."

The tiny wrinkle appeared between his black eyebrows again. "She'd have been thoroughly scared, of course, and then as soon as she got her senses she might have been just as thoroughly furious. Taking it out on anybody, blaming me or Ralph or... anybody."

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"Josh had to knock her out," Maggy said. "She could have been thinking of that."

He considered it and shook his head. "I think she'd understand that. Josh certainly wasn't trying to kill her—or Alroy. Why, Alroy couldn't have... oh, tried to keep her face under the water at the very time he was helping Josh rescue her. You'd have seen that. Besides—oh, it's preposterous..." The line though deepened between his eyebrows. He looked at her fully, his grey eyes as clear and sparkling as water. "Maggy, did you see exactly what happened?"

"Yes," Maggy said and stopped. Again her reply could establish or demolish any charge of murder. She said slowly, "That is, I was standing at the window of my room when the canoe came out from beyond the trees..." She was frowning, trying with all her will to dredge up every small detail of that flashing picture. "Lydia was sitting, she was facing the house. Ralph was at the other end of the canoe, his back was turned to me. He had a paddle in his hand. You had a paddle, too. You lifted it and turned a little as if you were saying something to Ralph or he had said something to you. Anyway... well, that's all. I had just turned away when Lydia screamed. The canoe had capsized. I didn't see it go over. There was—oh, it was hard to see, the sun was so bright. I ran downstairs."

Kirk was staring thoughtfully at the floor, seeming to survey the picture she had presented. And Maggy saw, with a kind of cold dismay, that it, too, was an incomplete and indecisive picture. It was exactly the way she had replied to Dr. Mason's question as to whether or not there were traces of cyanosis in Lydia's face. Why couldn't she give a flat yes or a flat no!

Kirk said, "You're sure you didn't see Ralph get up in the canoe or make any sort of sudden move?"

"No," Maggy said, "I told you—I had moved away from the window just as you turned around to speak to Ralph. Then I heard Lydia scream."

It was not a clear eyewitness account at all. She sighed and Kirk heard it. He turned to her. "Darling," he said, and she went into his arms as if she were magnetized. She pressed her face against the smooth silk of his sleeve.

"It was an accident," Kirk said. "Josh is the only one who ever thought of anything else, and we both know why Josh brought up such a preposterous question. All the same, since he did bring it up, it had to be answered. Now forget it."

He put his hand around her face and turned it upward. His lips brushed her mouth and then returned, full and urgent, upon her own. The half-frightened, half-shy tingle came at once, swiftly. At the same time as always, she felt for the flicker of a pulse beat that this man holding her so closely, his mouth hard and seeking upon her own, this man whom she had known all her life, was a stranger. She pressed closer, seeking reassurance, and in the same fraction of a second contrarily she drew back a little.

Her withdrawal offended Kirk. She saw the tiny line between his eyebrows. Oddly, she was beginning to dread that faint small line. But then, before she could explain or apologize it vanished. He put his hand gently on her face, on her throat. "Still a little shy, aren't you, darling?"

Someone in the corridor outside coughed and seemed to try to smother it. Kirk said, surprised, "Who's that?" and went to the door and jerked it open. "Alroy!"

Alroy came into view; he wore a white terrycloth robe which made him

look enormous. His slaty eyes swept Maggy curiously. Surely he hadn't been listening to all that talk of murder, she thought. He had been; she was suddenly sure of it. Dr. Mason had shouted—Josh, Kirk, none of them, had bothered to lower their voices.

Alroy said, "I still can't find George." "Did you try his hotel?"

Alroy nodded. "His room doesn't answer. I phoned to his house—I mean Lydia's—anyway, their house. No answer there either."

"He's sleeping off his drunk, I sup-

pose. Get on your clothes and take your car and find him."

"I'm no errand boy," Alroy said unexpectedly, and clutched his white robe defiantly around him.

Oh, don't, Maggy thought, don't try Kirk too far! He's done everything for you. Don't try him too far.

But Kirk's voice was as cold and clear as ice water. "Someone has to find him. Arrangements have to be made—Lydia's relatives, if she had any, have to be notified."

There was a moment's silence. Then Alroy's eyes flickered and lowered.

"Oh, all right, I'll go," he said suddenly, and went down the hall slowly, as if to emphasize his reluctance for the task.

Kirk said quietly over his shoulder. "You said I made excuses. But Alroy rather liked Lydia, you know. It's been a shock to him."

The doorbell rang. It was a long, very decorous peal, as if whoever rang did so with the most dignified solemnity possible. Kirk went to answer it.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

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I'M TIRED OF BEING A NEW CANADIAN

Continued from page 20



Author Sonja Sinclair with her Canadian-born husband, Richard, an RCAF group captain, and their children: six-year-old Tony; Michael, ten; and Helen, eight.

"In Ottawa," I reply truthfully.

"Yes, but where did you come from?"

The answer to that one is Trenton, Ont. Further questioning reveals that my nationality is Canadian, that my "fascinating accent" is due to the fact that I was born in Czechoslovakia.

If, during these interviews, I appear un-co-operative, it is not because I am ashamed of my national origin: far from it. We all have to be born somewhere, but to me and to countless others, that part of our lives is a thing of the past. I am no more at home in the country from which I fled in terror and which has hounded to death the heroes and the ideals of my childhood, than I am in China.

Just what does a New Canadian have to do to become a plain Canadian? Obviously, it is not a matter of time. From the point of view of seniority, my claim to citizenship is older than that of some seven million babies born in this country since I arrived, yet I have no doubt that they too will grow up to think of me as new, even though my years here, unlike theirs, represent a period of conscious, adult citizenship. I shared with Canadians of my generation the unspeakable anxieties of the Dunkirk evacuation and of the Battle of Britain, when they were still in diapers,

I was among the thousands of civil servants who heard the Peace Tower carillon ring in thanksgiving for the end of the war at a time when much of today's college population was just learning to read and write.

I have voted in four federal elections, lived in three provinces, traveled across Canada and given birth to three little Old Canadians. I have even — I might as well admit it — slipped into the habit of asking recent immigrants how they like Canada, and I feel unaccountably hurt whenever their replies lack enthusiasm. If the words *home* and *nationality* mean anything at all, I am a Canadian and I resent having the term qualified in any way.

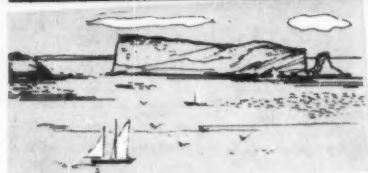
Whose "native land"?

There is, of course, nothing wrong with being a New Canadian, so long as the definition applies. As a matter of fact, coming as I did at a time when refugees in most countries were called anything from "bloody foreigners" to "visitors from abroad" (the polite definition was based on the hope that the visit would be brief), it was heartwarming to be admitted to Canada as a kind of junior but permanent citizen. There is a special place in my heart for the immigration officer who smiled

Continued on page 158



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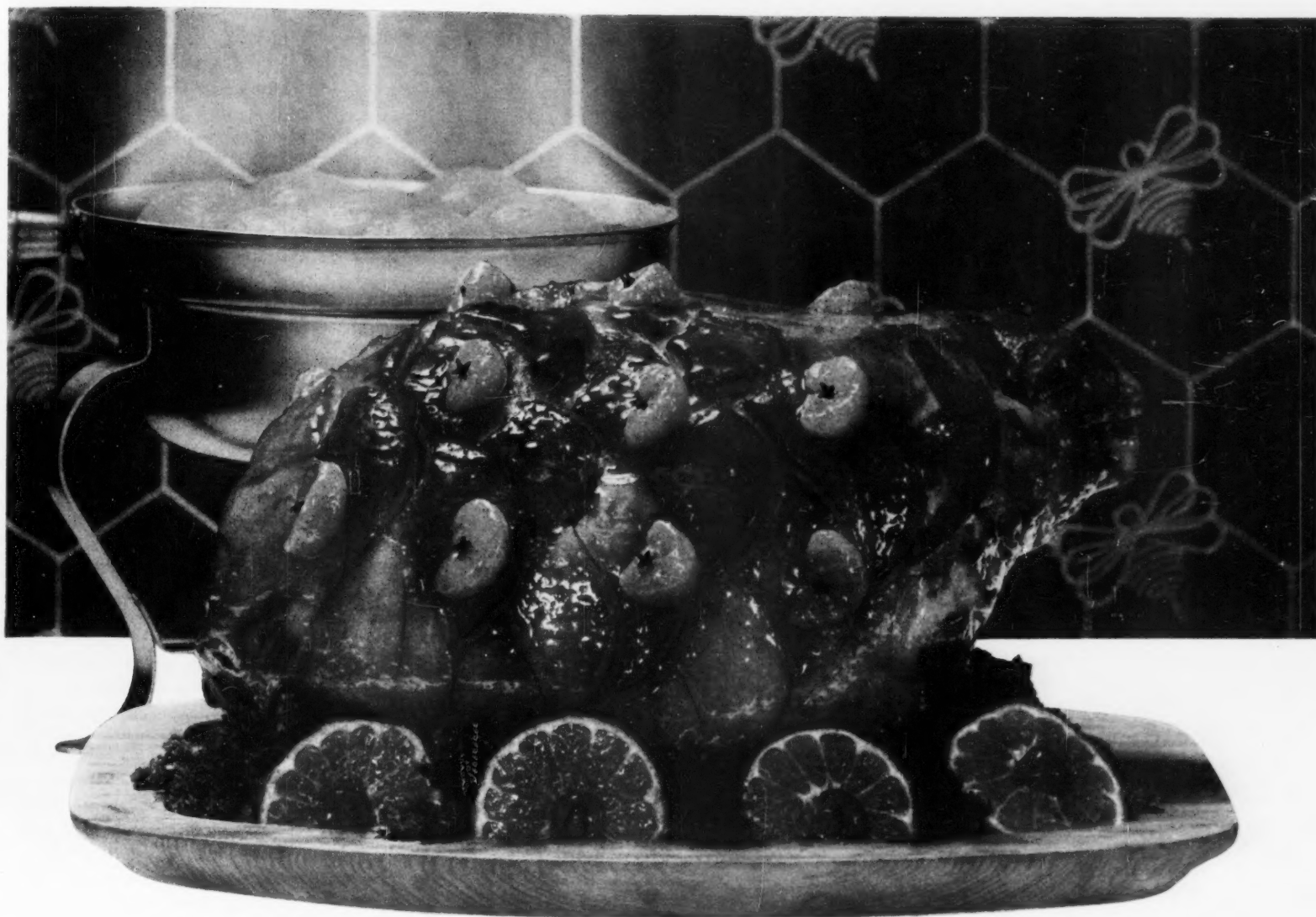
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ORILLIA ONTARIO

Continued from page 156

ingly assured me that I was never going to want to live anywhere else again. I became a New Canadian then and there, and I was happy to be one.

But surely, somewhere along the line, I and others like me must have graduated. At the risk of being told that this country does not need advice from newcomers, I maintain it is a pity that we should even think of adopting as our national anthem a song that must leave literally millions of loyal citizens standing in embarrassed silence, because they cannot truthfully sing of Canada as their "native land." I think it must be downright exasperating for our Ontario-born federal minister of labor, Michael Starr, to be consistently referred to throughout the country as a Ukrainian-Canadian, as though rising above dubious ancestry were his most outstanding accomplishment.

Why do so many Canadians remain hyphenated citizens? It's rarely if ever through personal choice. Perhaps it is because, depending where they come from and what they look like, some New Canadians are newer than others and remain that way for a longer time. On CBC's Press Conference last spring, Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough voiced nothing but a generally accepted doctrine when she said that newcomers from the British Isles make "excellent immigrants." Without being overly sensitive, one might jump to the conclusion that the same cannot be said of other groups, presumably the ones who are slower to assimilate to that mysterious phenomenon known as the Canadian way of life.

Fair-haired, blue-eyed Scandinavians supposedly make excellent citizen material, along with the Dutch and, at least until recently, the Germans. When, a few years ago, Louis O. Breithaupt, the grandson of a German immigrant to the United States, became lieutenant-governor of Ontario, the appointment did not seem unusual enough to raise a single public eyebrow or editorial ripple.

But people from less conventional countries often take generations to achieve unqualified citizenship. Violinist-conductor Eugene Kash, whose exotic features have proved quite impervious to his Anglo-Saxon environment, recalls that when he started job hunting, the first question prospective employers asked was, "Where were you born?" When he answered Toronto, they'd say with a knowing gleam in their eye, "Ah yes, but how about your parents?"

At this point someone is bound to suggest that, if I don't like being a New Canadian, I might as well go back where I came from. I often wonder if people who use that phrase have any conception of what Canadian citizenship means to most immigrants. This is probably one aspect in which some of us are permanently different from our fellow Canadians, that having known homelessness and rejection, we value our new-found status more deeply and more consciously than if we had inherited it at birth.

Must I be "new" forever?

I well remember the day I first arrived in England and looked longingly at the incredibly fortunate people who passed through the gate reserved for "British and Diplomatic Passports," while I lined up where the sign said "Others," wondering whether or not I was going to get through. I have never used my beautiful new passport without thinking of that day and reminding myself that there were then, and probably still are, uncounted people who would gladly trade part of their lives for the right to call themselves British subjects.

The truth is, I'd rather volunteer for travel in outer space than go back where I came from. If I am tired of being new, it is not because I feel the least bit rejected or discriminated against, but simply because I consider myself as Canadian as the next person. I can see no need for naming New Canadian mothers of the year, or for founding New Canadian chapters of old established societies, or for anything else which, by emphasizing and keeping alive a difference between the "old" and the "new," comes dangerously close to creating a dual citizenship.

As for that persistent foreign accent which tends to become an invisible barrier, perhaps it will some day join smelly cheeses, sour cream and garlic on the list of New Canadian specialties which have passed into general usage. My Toronto-born husband, who was brought up to believe that of the world's two languages, English and Foreign, there was no need to worry about Foreign, was recently shattered to the core when a neighbor asked him if he came from Czechoslovakia too. "because," she explained apologetically, "you have the same funny little accent as your wife." It all goes to show that, for better or worse, the processes of assimilation can work in strange and devious ways. EN

YOUR CHILD

"My child is so disobedient!"

BY ALTON GOLDBLOOM, MD



Maybe he isn't, really. Maybe you are asking the impossible of him at his age, says our expert

● First of all, we must make sure that when we speak of discipline we understand the same thing by this word. I am assuming that you are a parent, young enough to have young children who need discipline, just as you yourself were said to need it not so many years ago. What does the word recall to your mind?

Is it a spanking or some other form of punishment imposed by someone in authority to punish you for something you did or something you failed to do? Or is it a series of demands or orders, reasonable or unreasonable, just or unjust, which were imposed on you by the same superior authorities in order to teach you right from wrong, good from bad and desirable from undesirable? Or is it a nice mixture of all these, designed totally to confuse a well-meaning and innocent child?

According to the dictionary discipline is derived from the Latin word *discere*, which means to learn; thus, whatever teaches us is a discipline. Maintaining order in a school room is called discipline, chastisement is called discipline and so is any special-

ized body of knowledge called a discipline.

In the minds of parents, however, the word only seems to mean dealing with obedience and chastisement. You say your child is well disciplined when he obeys your every command or when he is no trouble at school. Or you say, not of your own child of course, that that child needs discipline, which means beating—brow or belt.

Do we ever think of ourselves as needing discipline before we can apply discipline to children? As a rule we do not. We are apt to think that our adulthood and our parenthood somehow, in some mysterious way, endow us with the knowledge of what is right and wrong, good and bad.

Any mature half-wit can father a child and any mature moron can bear one, but not every parent can rear a child. We can safely say that it is the parents who need most discipline, in the sense of learning a craft, before they can impose discipline on their children; and the craft they must learn is the craft of parenthood.

Let us discuss for a while the two



Discipline shouldn't be arbitrary, just for the sake of showing a child who's boss.



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usual connotations of the word discipline, namely obedience and chastisement. When a mother complains that her child is disobedient, I always ask what it is that the child disobeys. Before any mother complains of disobedience she must know not only what she has a right to expect from the standpoint of obedience, but what she has a right to expect at the various age levels of childhood.

An infant is not expected to obey a command to stop crying, but I have known parents to complain of disobedience in their one- or two-year-olds because they banged and threw toys about, and I have known them spanked for these "bad habits."

Parents need discipline

Just what was the frustrated mother punishing? She was punishing the child's native curiosity. She was also punishing him for deriving pleasure from the discovery of new phenomena. When we try to look at it from the infant's viewpoint and try to understand what he is experiencing, perhaps we shall begin to see that he is learning that he can make objects move and that banging creates sound. What wonderful new experiences in a new life!

Can you blame the child for wishing to repeat these new and exciting discoveries over and over again? Shall we punish him for what he has learned for himself? Here is where we as parents need discipline; the discipline of understanding the normal development of the young child's intellect and of his normal progressive behavior at various age levels.

Of course there are necessary disciplines which must be imposed on children; but they must never be arbitrary, never for the purpose of showing the child who is boss. The completely accepted child never needs to be shown who is boss. Such a child willingly accepts the discipline of his family and of his social group; his eagerness to conform and to belong presents few difficulties. Left to himself he will learn through the "discipline of consequences," whereby he is punished by his own misdeeds rather than by his parents. Here the parent remains the wise friend, not the arbitrary taskmaster.

The simplest example of what is meant by the discipline of consequences is that of the child being warned not to touch a hot stove. Disobedience results in a painful burn; the punishment came from the dis-

obedience, the mother or father remains the kind friend who gave good advice. This whole idea was elaborated by Herbert Spencer, a bachelor, who wrote his classic *Essays on Education* (Everyman's Library) one hundred years ago. He said then that it was the duty of parents and teachers to see that children experience the normal consequences of their conduct without putting artificial consequences in front of them.

I regard a spanking as an artificial consequence just as much as sending the child to bed without his supper. I have never favored the infliction of pain as a method of discipline; it smacks of vicarious revenge, giving back to your child what you received from your parents. Remember that the well-loved, accepted child is hurt far more by your displeasure or your controlled anger than he is likely to be by your whacks.

To quote Spencer: "The error made by those who discuss questions of domestic discipline, lies in ascribing all the faults and difficulties to the children, and none to the parents... Judging by educational theories, men and women are entirely transfigured in their relations to offspring. The citizens we do business with, the people we meet in the world, we know to be very imperfect creatures. In the daily scandals, in the quarrels of friends, in bankruptcy disclosures, in lawsuits, in police reports, we have constantly thrust before us the pervading selfishness, dishonesty, brutality.

"Yet when we criticize nursery management and canvass the misbehavior of juveniles, we habitually take for granted that these culpable persons are free from moral delinquency in the treatment of their boys and girls!"

These quotations are enough to show that the vexed problem of discipline is not something that newly concerns our generation in the light of child psychology and a host of new and often revolutionary ideas. There may be restatement, but the basic problem has probably not changed since the Stone Age.

One thing is certain, whenever we talk of discipline and the need of it, we must never fail to include ourselves, and we must never cease to ask ourselves who most needs discipline. Certainly it is we the parents and mentors, first and foremost, before we presume to apply any form of discipline to our children. END

What's best for Baby

By Ruth Parsons
HEINZ BABY COUNSELLOR

Every new crop of babies seems to be a little bit bigger and grow a little faster than the last. Perhaps you've noticed the difference too?

FIGURES PROVE US RIGHT

Our eyes aren't playing tricks—babies are bigger. A one-year-old is likely two inches taller than his Grandad was at the same age. Today's fourteen-year-old is, on the average, five inches taller than a boy his age half a



century ago. Nowadays, babies often begin standing up at six months—many even venture a few steps by nine!

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YOUR CHILD

How can I teach my child to be a good eater?



*It's really not hard. Here's our expert's baby-to-teen
guide to help you through every stage*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD

Well-planned meals won't do your youngsters much good if they don't eat them. So, how can we teach children to eat and enjoy the best kinds of foods? The time to start the training is in infancy.

From about one month on, you'd be wise to give your breast-fed baby one bottle regularly each week. If you start as early as this he'll take the bottle readily. If you don't, he'll probably refuse it obstinately. This "freedom bottle" not only gives you a chance to get out for eight hours or more at a time, but it is a safeguard in case you develop the flu or some other minor ailment, during which it is wise to stop nursing the baby for a day or so.

When does he start solids?

Opinions about the time at which semisolid foods should be added to a baby's diet vary considerably among physicians. Interesting studies on this question were carried out recently at Harvard University in conjunction

with a Boston hospital. In these studies the babies received harmless amounts of radioactive iron from their mothers before birth.

By measuring the amount of this "tagged iron" in the blood after the baby was born, the physicians discovered that normal, full-term babies do not use iron from their food until they are about one hundred days old. Premature babies, because they were born before they had acquired their full quota of iron, needed extra iron sooner. So if your baby is thriving on his formula there really is no need to start semisolid food, such as baby cereals which are high in iron content, before the age of three months.

The first taste of such food is quite a surprise for a baby, and he may register this by screwing up his face. To swallow it, he has to learn to use his tongue in a new way and, until he does, it may dribble out of his mouth. This doesn't mean he dislikes it, but until he learns how to manage it and accepts it readily, I'd just give him tiny tastes.

Some babies will eat every new food with alacrity. Others are much more conservative and have to be taught patiently. If after a few days your child still balks at the new food, stop giving it and replace it with another of the same type. You can try the disliked one again later on, preferably in a little different form. Most babies learn to accept all kinds of suitable foods. Don't expect trouble and you probably won't have any. It is preferable to feed separate foods rather than mixtures—so that he gets used to each distinctive taste.

At about seven or eight months, start giving him a few tiny pieces of cooked carrots or other vegetables. If you keep on feeding him strained or junior foods for too long, he may refuse to swallow chunky foods for months or even years. When he wants to start feeding himself, encourage him to do so, although for a while you will need to help, because he'll get tired and discouraged before he's eaten all he wants. Studies have shown that these early self-feeders are better eaters, probably because it increases their interest in eating and because you are less apt to hover around unnecessarily.

Diet for preschoolers

Two- to three-year-olds normally grow slowly and so their appetites are small. Give them small helpings, say a tablespoon of each food, then more if they want it. Their table manners are poor. I wouldn't try to improve them at this stage, and I'd give them as many "finger foods," such as carrot sticks and crisp bacon, as possible.

Don't overemphasize milk drinking—a pint a day is a good amount for children of this age and often they enjoy it more if they can pour it themselves from a steady little pitcher. Milk puddings provide another way of taking this food and are favorites with children. You can also conceal milk in cereals and thick soups; children also usually enjoy the processed cheeses, which are like concentrated milk. If your child doesn't seem to like eggs as such, incorporate them in puddings, French toast, pancakes and so on. Serve eggs every now and then, however, and one day you may find him eating them with enjoyment, especially if he has youthful company.

Most preschoolers prefer soft, minced meat—they don't like chewing firm meat. Also, cooked wieners and Bologna are usually favorites, and I would

certainly let children have them. Don't be concerned about how much they eat—their appetites vary just as yours does. A little fruit juice when they wake up from their naps and possibly a little in the midmorning, if it doesn't interfere with their noon appetite, is fine. (Candy and biscuits are much poorer snacks.) And plenty of outdoor play and sleep helps them to eat well.

Public-school-age children usually eat quite well, if you have done a good job with them earlier and if you serve them attractive varied meals. In their early teens, many youngsters adopt their parents' eating habits. If you never drink milk, your daughters and

QUICK-TRICK

When defrosting the refrigerator, I place frozen foods in my insulated picnic bag and find they stay solidly frozen.

Mrs. D. Scriven, Oshawa.

perhaps even your sons may want to give it up, too. So it's up to you to set them a good example. Besides, a couple of glasses a day — preferably of skim milk or buttermilk — will at least double the calcium and vitamin B₂ in your meals and so improve them tremendously.

Most adolescent girls are afraid of getting too fat and with this in mind they often give up milk and potatoes and eat little meat or eggs. You can assure them that skim milk and potatoes, eggs and lean meat all cooked without added fat, gravy or dressing are low in calories. In fact, ounce for ounce, skim milk has fewer calories than soft drinks and very little more than coffee with cream and sugar.

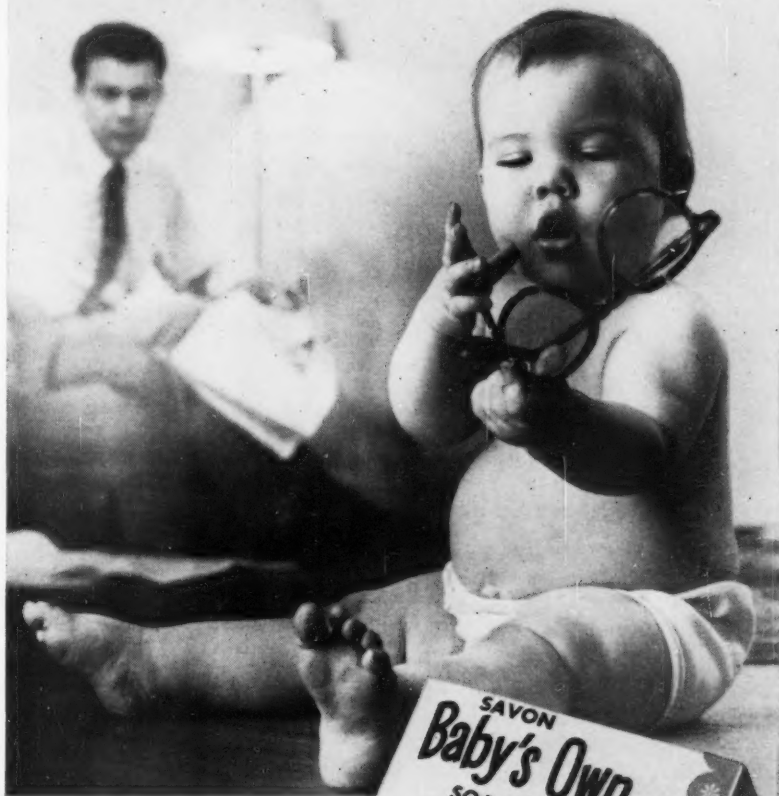
During their teens, some youngsters desert their previously good eating habits in their efforts to assert their independence. Don't take this too seriously — the chances are they will soon come back to the good habits they learned at home.

Many young women marry early and it isn't long before their first child is on the way. Both before and after the time of conception, good nutrition will help to safeguard not only the baby's health, but the mother's as well.

So you are really building for the future when you teach your children to like the best kinds of foods and when you show them that you like them yourself.

END

No matter how you look at it—there's nothing like **Baby's Own** soap



Baby pure!
Baby gentle!
Baby Sweet!
—That's **Baby's Own** soap!

You can look high and low—you'll never find a finer soap for baby than **BABY'S OWN SOAP**! It's the *special* soap for baby's soft, delicate skin. **BABY'S OWN SOAP** soothes as it cleans. That's because it's made with skin-softening Lanolin for *extra* gentleness. Mother and baby agree that **BABY'S OWN** clean, fresh scent really *lasts*! Get several cakes today!

Baby's Own Powder

Keeps baby sweet from change to change. Protects tender skin against irritation while it helps prevent ammonia diaper rash.



Baby's Own Oil

Protects against burning irritation of continuous wetting. Helps heal diaper rash.



The last word is yours —

Do we Canadians need to have our television programs censored? Our February editorial on the CBC and Simone de Beauvoir said No. This month, readers take a stand of three to one for Yes . . . Also, more side lights on the wife (or "fool"?) who takes on a job.

"Who is Simone . . .? What is she . . .?"

• Regarding your editorial [February] We'll Do Our Own Censoring, Thank You Very Much, I heartily agree with the CBC. You state that network time should not be given to irresponsible crackpots, etc. How can a woman of your supposed intelligence feel that anyone who denies the existence of God, and who thinks that marriage in a way is obscene, can be anything but a crackpot?

Margaret Sluth, Ste. Thérèse, Que.

Your editorial was the most courageous and intelligent item I have read in a long time.

Mr. B. E. Field, Flesherton, Ont.

As an editor you have confused strong meat with putrid, poisonous meat.

Mrs. Mary Gibbs, Sidney, B.C.

Thank you so much for the excellent editorial. As the wife of an Anglican clergyman I should probably have been in complete disagreement with much of what Mlle. de Beauvoir had to say, but I do feel that the CBC should have allowed me to discover this for myself.

Mrs. Jane Watson, Cobden, Ont.

Three cheers to the CBC. Anyone who has had a taste of life behind the Iron Curtain will realize that the freedom to flock to theatres and view Baby Dolls or to switch our radios on and hear world-renowned philosophers of Miss de Beauvoir's type is not the kind of freedom that counts.

Elizabeth Kangyal, Oliver, B.C.

You're so right — we should be allowed to do our own censoring — so with "a snappy little twist of my pen" I have stroked CHATELAINE off the list of my favorite magazines.

Mrs. J. L. Jerome, Toronto.

If really "we have reached adulthood" and "can decide for ourselves" why

don't they sell cocaine, morphine and heroin to every adult at the neighborhood drugstore?

Rev. A. Croteau, St. Johns, Que.

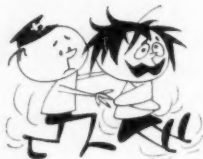
Do you have no concern for the thousands of viewers who are in their teens, and also adults, who have not the capacity to understand or analyze this world-renowned author's philosophy? The people who can appreciate such novelists as Miss de Beauvoir will seek her out and read her works . . .

Vida Nairn, Burlington, Ont.

That's just the kind of TV we should be shown, instead of the trash they are dishing up — neurotics, murders, looting, etc.

Mrs. J. L. Evans, Winnipeg.

In defense of "fools"



As a woman who has been out at work since I left school at sixteen I feel I cannot allow the article by Anita Birt, "Married Women, You're Fools To Take a Job" [January] to go unchallenged.

Being out of the home brings contact with fresh ideas, new outlooks and different personalities — not just the eternal "housy" talk. Housework to me is mechanical and does not require great depth of imagination or intellect. If I were compelled to stay home dusting and cooking, I would soon be a candidate for a mental home.

Betty Carpenter, London, England.

One feels inclined to say something in defense of the many courageous "fools" who work at two jobs . . . Not

the fool goes out to work but the more gifted, more intelligent and more energetic type of woman. The fool stays home for the simple reason she misses the ability and challenge to organize a more exciting and rewarding way of life. I very much hope she makes the best of it.

Johanna Stomp, Toronto.

You named us!



Each time I renew my subscription I intend to ask a question. Can you tell me when the CHATELAINE was first started? If I remember, the first edition had no title and people were asked to submit one. Am I right?

Mrs. Harry Barker, Fulford Harbour, B.C.

"The Chatelaine" first appeared in March 1928, with Anne Elizabeth Wilson as editor. The name previously had been chosen in a thousand-dollar nationwide contest and was suggested by Mrs. Hilda Pain, a rancher's wife in British Columbia.

—The Editors

Rose is a thorn?

Why in the name of goodness will you allow such an illustration [by Walter Yarwood, for Rose, February] to be used in your magazine? The people who get good money for such trash amaze me.

Mrs. T. J. Chandler, Montreal.

Good advice for grandparents

Being a Grandparent Can Be Fun, by Marguerite Brown [February], is the first article I have read on grandparents that was so informative. I gave it to my mother to read and she enjoyed it, also.

Mrs. Loretta Coughlin, Don Mills, Ont.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Jealous of the Templetons?

I was surprised at the unkind letters criticizing the Templetons [Last Word, February]. How do we know they were not the innocent victims of divorce, or how can we judge whether they are helping to make the world a better place to live in? I do not doubt that Templeton did more good in his short ministry than we who read CHATELAINE will do in our entire life.

F. Sloane, Peterborough, Ont.

I can't see why people are so jealous of Chuck Templeton and his wife. They are a nice couple and have taken on a lot of responsibility. More power to them . . .

Mrs. M. McKee, St. Catharines.

Sylvia Murphy has been a shining star to me ever since I first saw her on TV . . . As for Charles Templeton, I think he is a perfect gentleman, with a wonderful personality. I am sure there are thousands of fans who love them dearly and say God bless you both.

Mrs. C. Bartlett, Dorval, Que.

There's only one Mrs. A.



I feel I should reply to the criticism of Mrs. Kate Aitken, by Mrs. Margaret Korell [Last Word, December]. Although I have never met Mrs. Aitken, I sadly miss her witty comments and helpful hints. To me Mrs. A. was a most helpful and understanding person . . . always ready to lend a helping hand in any cause. To her very many admirers it was a severe loss when she decided to discontinue the radio broadcasts.

Mrs. Christene Giddings, Sorel, Que.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

SEX CRIMES:

Are our laws outdated?

WE VISIT STRATFORD STAR

Julie Harris

Should a woman marry a younger man?



Does she...or doesn't she?



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Always so much fun, so fresh and unaffected. You can see *she* knows staying young with one's children is not only thinking young, it's *looking* young too! And when you consider how much a woman's looks depend on her hair... and how easy it is to keep hair beautiful with Miss Clairol, you wonder why *any* woman *ever* should let gray or fading hair age her looks or dim her outlook!

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